

















H I S T O R Y

—OF—

THE EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

CONN. VOLUNTEERS

—IN—

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

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—BY—

CHAPLAIN WM. C. WALKER.



NORWICH, CONN.:

*PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE.*

1885.



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*THE* Committee who have had charge of the compilation of the history of the 18th Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, apologizing for seeming unnecessary delay attending its publication, deem it only just to ourselves to explain that the amount of labor and the difficulties involved in such an undertaking were greatly underestimated by them. The task of gathering the material, historical data, personal incidents, etc., and bringing it into proper shape was begun early in 1884, and it was expected that the volume would be in print in August of the same year : but as the work progressed unforeseen obstacles multiplied at almost every stage. Frequently it has been perplexing to discover the truth among conflicting statements, and to correct inaccuracies in names, dates, etc., while in a very great measure the history has been delayed by procrastination on the part of contributors.

*In conclusion, we desire to thank the members and friends of the Regiment for their coöperation in perfecting this Memorial : for their patience displayed in awaiting its completion, and for the confidence they have reposed in the Committee—a confidence that we trust was not misplaced.*

W. C. WALKER,	} Committee.
H. M. DURFEY,	
GEO. C. SETCHEL,	
JAMES MCKEE,	
WM. CARUTHERS,	}





## PREFACE.

The war for the Union developed as noble a band of patriots as the world has ever seen, men who counted not their lives dear in the cause of their country's honor and safety. Connecticut contributed her full share of soldiers, and both they and their State may accept as strictly true and just the complimentary declaration by Maj. Gen. Hunter: "I have seen none better or braver soldiers in the field."

The Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers take a high rank on the "roll of honor," its record having been one in which its veterans may ever cherish a laudable pride, and of which none of their sons need ever be ashamed. Gen. Milroy, under whom this regiment fought its first battle at Winchester, Va., said in an address to them a few months later: "Boys, I have seen you stand where brave men only could stand." Again, after the battle of Piedmont, where our arms obtained a glorious victory, Gen. Sullivan recognized their achievements in the flattering comment: "Boys, your valor has saved the day."

Surgeon C. E. Goldsborough, of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, who witnessed the battle at Winchester, writes: "I always admired the gallantry of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers in that their first fight. They stood like veterans. Brave men were they."

It is to transmit to posterity this glorious record of heroic services freely given to their country, that these pages have been written. As early as July, 1868, while the events of the war were still fresh in remembrance, the author began to collect material from a variety of sources, supplementary to his own diary and memory, with the view of compiling as complete a history as possible of his regiment. A series of sketches prepared by himself were contributed to the *Soldier's Record* and continued in that publication for nearly four years, thus giving ample time for any criticisms and additions that might be suggested by others as necessary for the perfection of the work in the hands of a future historian. The author had no intention at the time of having these random articles published in book form; his only purpose being to furnish material for a history to be written by an abler hand. For several years the matter of publication had been discussed at the various reunions, until finally a committee was appointed, as noted elsewhere, to take measures for the attainment of this object.

After due consideration it was decided to accept as the substance of the proposed work the author's narrative as originally published; but revised and corrected as the facts demanded. Necessarily the work has progressed slowly, as it has been done with the utmost care, and great credit is due the committee for their patient toil and perseverance to make the history as complete as possible as to facts, names and dates. This task has been a laborious one, attended with many and even with some unexpected difficulties, as it was found that even the adjutant general's reports were not wholly reliable, and thus much labor and investigation was required to secure accuracy of statement. After all, we fear that the work is far from perfect; mistakes will undoubtedly appear. If, however, it is found that some names are omitted of which honorable mention should have been made, or some prominent fact withheld that was especially creditable to those interested and deserving, no one will more deeply regret such a defect than the committee themselves. To have noted all the praise-worthy acts done by this regiment, individually and collectively, would have been an impossibility. "With charity for all and malice toward none," the work is now submitted to the favorable regards of worthy comrades who served and suffered in a just and holy cause.

In order that this narrative might be as attractive and readable as possible, the assistance of a practical editor was secured in Mr. John F. Rathbone, who has carefully perused every page and given much time to the perfection and completion of this regimental story. Many thanks are due this gentleman for his very faithful and acceptable services. In order to suitably embellish the work an effort has been made to obtain a photograph of each officer, and it is a matter of sincere regret that this was impossible. Those which have been obtained are believed to be fair likenesses of the originals, either in the past or at present. Would that the face of each one of the noble men who fought in the ranks could be thus preserved as well.

"Brave boys were they  
Their country's cause defending."

In conclusion, if this memorial shall in any way tend to perpetuate in remembrance the brave deeds of the Eighteenth Regiment, to add lustre to individual achievement, or stimulate by their example the fire of patriotism in the hearts of those who may hereafter turn its pages, the result will amply fulfill the expectation and purpose of the

AUTHOR.







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James A. Smith



## CHAPTER I.

### ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT.

The late civil war has been called a continuation of the "irrepressible conflict;" it was rather the tremendous issue of that conflict, the inevitable explosion of the storm that half a century of contention between irreconcilable principles had engendered. The grand uprising of the North was in defense of the principle, vital and fundamental, of this republic, that "all men are created free and equal, and alike entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The antagonists of this imperishable democratic idea, as embodied in the preamble to the Constitution, finding themselves thwarted in every attempt in their scheme of aristocratic usurpation, and maddened by the apparent futility of further effort in the line of political chicanery and peaceful coercion, determined on an appeal to the sword. The long desperate struggle of the Rebellion, the most momentous civil war in history, was the result. More than two millions of men were suddenly called from their peaceful avocations to contend on the battle-field for and against the principle of constitutional liberty and human progress. To have lived in such a time, participated in such a conflict, and survived, is to have achieved the most glorious reward of a noble ambition.

The soldiers of Connecticut, who rallied to the support of the national banner when it was assailed by the cohorts of oppression and rebellion, may well feel proud of their record, and be

grateful that they shared the privilege of fighting to uphold and perpetuate the free institution of their nation, or adopted country; while the graves of fallen heroes, honored or unknown, shall receive the crowns of flowers from the hands of comrades who survived them. And in the years to come, the memory of the patriot soldiers shall be twined with the flowers of loyal and tender recollection and provoke the tribute of grateful homage.

In the great struggle our State had, in all, fifty-four thousand eight hundred and eighty-two men. The first and second calls of President Lincoln for troops were responded to by about fourteen thousand men; while the third call, in July, 1862, brought forth more than seven thousand three years' men, and about an equal number of volunteers for nine months.

Of the former class was the Eighteenth Regiment of infantry. It was on July 3d that Governor Buckingham issued a call for six regiments of three years' men. His proclamation was as follows:

"Citizens of Connecticut! You are again called upon to rally to the support of the government. In the name of our common country I call upon you to enroll your names for the immediate formation of six or more regiments of infantry to be used in suppressing the Rebellion. Our troops may be held in check, and our sons die on the battle-field, but the cause of civil liberty must be advanced; the supremacy of the government must be maintained. Prompt and decisive action will be economy in men and money. By our delay the safety of our armies, even of the nation, may be imperiled. The Rebellion, contending with the desperation of a hopeless and wicked cause, must be met with energy. Close your manufactories, and work-shops, turn aside from your farms and your business, leave for awhile your families and your houses; meet face to face the enemies of your liberties. Haste, and you will rescue many noble men now struggling against superior numbers, and speedily rescue the blessings of peace and good government."



Previous to this time the recruiting business had dragged heavily. The first and second uprisings of the people had nearly spent their power, and the results had disappointed general expectation. The people had been waiting for some decisive victorious movement which should annihilate the armies of the Rebellion, and bring hostilities to a speedy and triumphant close. But the nation was now fast awakening to the gigantic nature of the struggle. The soldiers' illusion that the war was to be merely a holiday jaunt had dissolved and the hard cruel lines of the stern reality stared forth. The question of enlisting had become a grave and portentous one to every citizen. The novelty of war was over. Moreover, the business prospects of the North were every day brightening, work was plenty, and there seemed to be no unemployed multitude from which to recruit our armies. The Twelfth and Thirteenth Regiments had been a long time forming and had just left for the front; while the Fourteenth, which had been a month or more in camp, had but two or three hundred men in the ranks. Hence the late call for six additional regiments could not have come at a more unpropitious time. But something must be done to give a fresh impetus to the recruiting service. Regiments previously raised had been encamped either in Hartford or New Haven. Governor Buckingham, who was fruitful in lawful expedients to arouse the loyal people to meet the emergencies, ordered the new regiments to go into camp at different points: the Fifteenth at New Haven, the Sixteenth at Hartford, the Seventeenth at Bridgeport, and there was at once increased activity for an advance. On the 28th day of July the Governor issued an order for the Eighteenth Regiment to go into camp on the New London County Fair Grounds at Norwich. The order was an appeal to local patriotism, and fired the citizens with noble zeal to hasten to the rescue of their brothers in the South who were struggling against superior numbers.

"Camp Aiken" was established and the tents pitched on Mon-

day, August 4th, and on the evening of the same day Capt. Hakes, (Company E) with one hundred and ten men, marched thither, being the first company on the grounds. On Tuesday, Company A, Capt. H. C. Davis, followed with one hundred and four men. Six companies were in camp on Saturday, August 9th, three others followed on Monday, and the last one on Tuesday. Just nineteen days after Governor Buckingham had issued his order more than one thousand men had been enlisted and were in camp ready for military drill and discipline. This statement seems almost incredible, and it reflects great credit upon the people of Eastern Connecticut. New London and Windham Counties were thoroughly aroused. The greatest excitement and enthusiasm everywhere prevailed. Public meetings, to encourage enlistment, were held in all the principal towns and villages, and the cry rang throughout the country side: "Brave men to the front! Let us rescue our brethren and save our imperiled liberties! The country needs the services of every able-bodied citizen. Let no ordinary excuse detain you. Nothing but the certificate of the examining surgeon should exempt any man from the duties of patriotism." This stirring patriotic appeal kindled intense excitement among all classes everywhere. At no time since Sumter was fired on had the people become so enthusiastic in filling up the national army, fathers and sons hastened to meet the fresh demand for soldiers. The outburst of popular feeling would be a record for future generations to read with deepest interest and admiration could the name of every hero be given, and his patriotic utterance be recorded. It was astonishing how speedily the different companies obtained their full quota of men, and with what enthusiasm they marched into camp by companies and in squads.

The historian has not far to search in assigning a sufficient reason for the great popular demonstration we have recorded. It may be found in the people's ardent love for their country, and high appreciation of those civil, educational and religious

principles bequeathed to them by their patriotic ancestors. It was sorrowfully evident to them that the success of the Rebellion would be the destruction of all they held dear and valuable; and after the terrible disaster of Bull Run a prominent citizen of Eastern Connecticut was heard to say: "If our government is crushed by this Rebellion, let me be buried beneath its ruins." And his expression seemed to embody the universal sentiment that inspired the people a year later when the government was again in imminent peril by the advance of a desperate and malignant foe.

With a single voice the people cried: "Let us rally round our standard bearer! Our country's honor must be maintained, and our flag, which has been trampled in the dust, must wave again over all the land, or let us perish in the attempt."

It was such noble sentiment as this that inspired parents to give their sons, and wives their husbands to the perils and hardships of war. This patriotic feeling took the form at all public gatherings of earnest appeals for the encouragement and active personal promotion of enlistment. Thus was it strikingly manifested at a mass meeting held on Franklin Square, Norwich, at which Hon. John T. Wait presided. The crowd at the square was immense. Long before the time announced for opening the meeting thousands of citizens and strangers thronged the streets, filled the window seats, and crowded the roofs in the neighborhood. At a quarter past one the Greeneville Company, Capt. Henry C. Davis, headed by drum and fife, marched into the square, followed shortly after by a delegation from Norwich Falls, also accompanied with martial music. Both were received with hearty cheers by the multitude. Mr. Wait, upon taking the chair, expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him in electing him to preside over so vast an assemblage of the citizens of New London County convened to raise men to assist in preventing the disruption of the Union, and the destruction of the Constitution. The question is to be decided in the next six

months, and perhaps in the next sixty days, whether the Union shall be preserved and the supremacy of the laws maintained, or whether we shall have in place of its blessings a reign of lawlessness, anarchy and misrule. As our fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in defense of the solemn compact of our liberties, so let us now pledge our lives, devote our fortunes, and solemnly swear that we will give all our energies and our means to the suppression of the most causeless, unnatural and accursed Rebellion that ever threatened the existence of a nation. The President of the United States has made his appeal to the country for three hundred thousand additional volunteers. In this connection Connecticut is most urgently invoked to do as she did in the Revolutionary struggle: pour forth her treasure and the blood of her sons to sustain the government established eighty years ago. Our young men in the field call on us for assistance, that the war may be speedily concluded, and they allowed to return to their homes with the blessings of peace re-established over them. We can respond to this call, and if we do our duty, with our numerical superiority and great pecuniary resources we shall soon end the war. In concluding, he expressed the hope that his native State would not be laggard in responding to the call of the country. Let us but do our duty and we shall soon see the glorious emblem of our national freedom floating as freely in every city in the South as it now does from every hill-top in the North.

The chairman then introduced Rev. Mr. Quinn. The reverend gentleman said that he gloried in that he was a citizen of American birth. He was a Catholic clergyman and he gloried in that also. He referred briefly to the history of the American nation. For seventy years we had been rapidly increasing in wealth. Our commerce and agriculture had increased till our mountains and villages resounded with the hum of labor, and our ships whitened every sea. But Rebellion, foul, sanguinary Rebellion had raised its head, had endeavored to overthrow the gov-

ernment and destroy that commerce and agriculture. There was not sufficient time to enter into a discussion of the causes of the war. The principal cause appeared to be the inordinate pride of the South—the intense aristocratic feeling which pervaded that portion of the country. They would not live with us of the North for we were mud-sills and greasy mechanics. Now, said the speaker, I would rather earn my bread every day by a greasy machine than by the sweat of a greasy nigger. [Applause; “That’s so.”] But if they boast of their aristocracy, we are the representatives of the respectability of the country. We have the education, the free press, and all the stays that make up the respectability of the nation. But to come to the practical matter; why are we here to-day? The object of this meeting is to induce men to shoulder the musket. He would make no personal distinction. The crisis demands every man, from the richest to the poorest. Let the millionaire lead off, and the poor and strong will not be behind them. The speaker said that he was descended from one of the Limerick women who stood in the breaches when the men fell back, and drove the British invaders from the city. The rebels call us Yankees. Well, the British called us Yankees when we whipped them in the Revolution, and swept them from the seas in 1812. Washington compelled Cornwallis to surrender his sword at Yorktown to the tune of “Yankee Doodle,” and McClellan compelled them to run from the same place to the same tune. Now give us more men and we will compel them to flee from Richmond to the same strain. [Great applause.]

At the conclusion of the gentleman’s remarks the chairman called for three cheers for the man who had stood so nobly by our brave boys in the field. They were given with a will.

The chairman then announced that fourteen young men from Greeneville, a part of a company being raised there, now numbering about fifty, would sing a patriotic song written for the occasion. The song was received with hearty applause.

Mr. Richard Busteed, a New York Democrat, was the next speaker. He said if he understood the meaning of the great gathering before him, it was that the time had come to lay aside party distinctions and differences in a joint effort to save our common country. He did not understand that Governor Buckingham was here as a Republican, nor was he here as a Democrat. We are here with one purpose, and resolved upon one end: to encourage loyalty and rebuke treason. He was from his infancy until the 11th day of May, 1861, a Democrat of the straightest sect, neither seeing or looking for any good outside of that party. On that day the shackles of party were torn from his limbs by the high priests themselves. The booming of treason's gun on that day awakened him from a political sleep to the life of an unquestioning patriotism. On that day, and until the war was concluded by the re-establishment of the national authority over every acre of our territory, he ceased to be known by any other designation than that of an Irish-born loyal American citizen; bound not more by his interests than by his oath and his honor to defend his country from foreign and domestic foes.

When this war is over he would discuss with the most jealous partisan every measure of government, past, present or to come, but now he would argue no question of mere expediency or politics. We are to-day acting the grandest drama of real life. We stand upon the threshold of momentous events, and touch the garment of occurrences which are to shape the future condition of a continent.

What our duty is in the premises is to preserve the Union to hand down with all its blessings to our posterity. When the great North, the wise East and the brave West get ready for inglorious national oblivion the vain, supercilious and barbaric South may play the hand of empire alone; but till then her boasted chivalry will be made to march and keep step to the music of an undivided Union. He was not an Abolitionist, or a black Republican, but simply a patriot. If your home is on fire,



and you have a bucket of water handy to extinguish it, you would not be likely to disclaim using it because the color of the bucket was unpleasant to you. It is our duty to use the negroes in every possible way, and to put a musket into the hands of every one who can bear one. He was sick of this squeamishness about negroes. If the views he expressed were Abolitionist, then George Washington was an Abolitionist, for he did not refuse or neglect to use negro soldiers. If this was Abolitionism he was willing to be counted in. The question is, and the only question: Will you subjugate the South, or be subdued yourselves? This is the question we are trying to solve. He was tired of this everlasting talk about conservatism. He believed that in the influx of this conservation there was more danger to the country than in any other one thing. In closing, the speaker said that whatever else is uncertain, one thing is clear and settled beyond peradventure, the pen never will write down the destruction of this government.

Upon the conclusion of his remarks the crowd gave him nine enthusiastic cheers.

Senator Foster spoke next. He said he was cheered and encouraged by the large audience. Before he left Washington the government was anticipating the necessity of a draft. But the large gathering of to-day speaks a different language. At this time, speeches, processions and meetings alone will not save the country. It can only be saved when men will lay aside their peaceful pursuits and shoulder the musket. We need earnest, mighty effort in order to succeed. We must make sacrifices—parents must give up their sons, and wives must let their husbands go. We need only one regiment from this congressional district to make up the quota of Connecticut. The way to fill it up is for every man to put down his foot and say, "I will go myself." The government is afraid the people are asleep, and the people seem to think that the government is asleep. The best way for us to wake them up is by the tramp of our regiments

marching into Washington. The speaker closed with a spirited appeal to citizens to shoulder the musket.

Gen. Daniel Tyler, and Hiram Willey, Esq., of New London, were called upon and spoke with stirring eloquence and power. At the conclusion of the meeting the chairman called for three cheers for the Connecticut boys who had gone to the war, and they were heartily given.

The enthusiasm of this meeting was nobly seconded by that of the surrounding towns, giving great impetus to the recruiting service, and zeal to every loyal heart throughout the army and the country. Windham County was already awake, and would not be outdone by her sister county. The deep interest and enthusiasm of her people were appropriately expressed by J. Q. A. Stone, editor of the Transcript, published at Danielsonville, as follows: "We can inform the people abroad that our county is awake to the demands of the country, and our people are stirred with an enthusiasm that declares that she will honor every demand upon her patriotism. The feeling is eager and strong among the sons of patriotic sires that we are ready for any sacrifice. The home of as pure a patriot (Gen. Lyon) as has fallen during the war, whose blood cries for vengeance, will have no conscripts from her borders. The question now is, not who is going, but who is willing to remain at home."

The Willimantic Journal, in the western part of the county, was not laggard or faint hearted either in arousing public enthusiasm for the work of the hour. Public meetings were held in every town in the county. The people flocked to the recruiting offices and enrolled themselves in the army of the Union.

The patriots of New London and Windham Counties, standing side by side for the government, vied with each other in devotion to the public good. The rapid mustering of the Eighteenth Regiment presented novel and interesting features. On Tuesday, August 12th, Company B, Capt. Thomas K. Bates, led by an enthusiastic drum corps, entered camp amid enthusiastic cheers

and great rejoicing on the part of the soldiers and citizen spectators. The company was fresh from Danielsonville, where they had been treated to a fine entertainment by the ladies of that place before their departure. At this reception everything in the way of enjoyment and comfort that affection and delicate taste could suggest had been offered the departing soldiers. After the bounteous supper short and encouraging addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Davenport, Rev. Mr. Palmer, "Dan" Tyler, Esq., Henry Hammond and Mr. Gleason. At the conclusion of the speeches, E. L. Cundall, Esq., presented Capt. Bates with an elegant sword and belt. The company then filed out of the hall, and soon the cars moved off amid the cheers of the soldiers, the responses of the assembled crowd, and the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies.

Similar demonstrations were made in nearly all the towns out of which companies or large squads marched for the camp. Capt. Warner's company (G) was attended from Woodstock and Putnam by a large number of citizens. Through the streets of Norwich they marched with martial music, and other demonstrations, which elicited general enthusiasm, arriving in camp about 11 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, August 14th. Another incident worthy of note was the arrival of the "Lebanon boys," with their friends, in single and double teams, who drove around the camp with cheers and songs, flags flying and drums beating. The scene presented was rather that of a holiday frolic than of preparations for the grim realities of a war. Similar entertaining or exciting scenes were witnessed nearly every day with the advent of soldiers and citizens, making the period one of unparalleled interest in the history of New London County. Every day saw not only fresh accessions to the ranks, but evident improvement in discipline through the indefatigable exertions of Col. Ely and subordinate officers. The men were mustered and equipped with despatch, and in the most perfect manner possible. The quartermaster's department was managed with admirable system and efficiency,

and each company was abundantly and promptly provided for upon its arrival.

The medical examination of the men indicated a remarkable degree of health among them. Out of seventy-five men comprising the Greeneville Company, examined by Dr. Carleton, only five were rejected; four for pulmonary complaints, and one for deformity of the right hand. This record was a fair average for all the companies, and the comment was often heard from visitors, "What a gallant and healthy-looking regiment." The citizens of Norwich, and visitors from other towns, were proud of their soldiers, and frequently demonstrated their interest and admiration in bestowing substantial tokens of respect. Many pages of this record might be filled with interesting incidents in illustration of this popular regard, and it is a matter of regret that so few of them can be noted, for these exhibitions were the tokens of the sincere affection which was cherished for the defenders of the flag. The ladies, especially, exhibited the deepest interest in the regiment, and provided innumerable articles of convenience and comfort for the members, such as only their own thoughtful wisdom could devise and prepare. The camp was visited every day by many of them, whose presence and gifts animated the soldiers, and cheered them in their work of preparation.

In several instances flags were presented to companies and swords to the officers by the ladies. The Greeneville Company received these appropriate emblems from the women of that place, which were duly acknowledged by Capt. Davis, in behalf of the company, as follows:

"The members of the Greeneville Company desire, through me, to return to the ladies of Greeneville their sincere thanks for the beautiful, costly, and well-selected banner presented to them on Monday last. We know something of the cheerfulness attending the contribution for its purchase. We shall bear it wherever any property of the company is borne, and treasure it, especially

in the hour of danger and conflict, as a reminder of home, and as an incentive to deeds worthy of the homes we represent.

"Lieut. Adam H. Lindsay and Lieut. James D. Higgins also return to the ladies of Greenville their hearty thanks for the unexpected, but no less heartily appreciated, gift of sword and belts and sash for each. To the cause in which they peril their lives, they will try to prove as true as their unsheathed steel.

"I desire to acknowledge to the citizens of Greenville the gift of a beautiful sword, with belt and sash. Receive my fullest thanks, not only for this, but for all your sympathy for and co-operation with me, and the noble company you send from your village. I will try and do my duty. Now accord us your prayers.

Respectfully yours,

Capt. HENRY C. DAVIS,

Company A, Eighteenth Regiment C. V."

On Monday, August 21st, First Lieut. John E. Woodward was presented with a sword, sash and belt in behalf of the Hook and Ladder Company of Norwich.

Not less prompt than were the ladies, in the administration of their kind offices, were the authorities in the fulfillment of their pecuniary obligations. On Monday, August 18th, the selectmen of the town of Norwich paid the town bounty to the four companies raised in Norwich and surrounding towns, and a few days later the regiment received the United States bounty of one hundred dollars per man.

The command of Camp Aiken had devolved upon Brig. Gen. Daniel Tyler until the arrival of Col. William G. Ely, who had been promoted from the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the Sixth Connecticut, then stationed at Port Royal, S. C., to the Colonelcy of the Eighteenth. Col. Ely arrived upon the grounds on the 11th of August, and entered upon the work of perfecting the organization with energy and promptitude.

Col. Ely's military career commenced as a private in the First

Regiment of three months' volunteers. He was promoted as Captain and Commissary of the Connecticut Brigade, to fill a vacancy, and at the first battle of Bull Run acted as Aid-de-camp to Gen. E. D. Keyes, and was recommended for promotion for gallant services during the battle. In September, 1861, he was commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixth Connecticut Regiment, commanded it at the taking of Port Royal, S. C., and subsequently during the long illness of Col. Chatfield.

Of his promotion the Providence Press spoke in the following flattering terms: "Capt. William G. Ely, First Connecticut Regiment, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixth C. V. Lieut. Col. Ely's courage and capacity were tested at the battle of Bull Run, where as volunteer aid to Gen. Keyes he was twenty-seven hours in the saddle, winning honorable mention in the official reports. He is, if we mistake not, a "Brown-bred" boy, and we know he has many friends here who will rejoice at his success."

With such a record, the promotion of Lieut. Col. Ely to the command of the Eighteenth was a well merited honor, one that gave great satisfaction to his numerous friends in Norwich, and was hailed with delight by the members of the regiment, who were to share with him the privations and dangers of the battlefield.

The Norwich Bulletin commented upon his appointment as follows: "The first thing necessary to make an efficient body of men is to have it well officered, and judging in this way, the Eighteenth ought to be a miracle of efficiency. No regiment that has rallied under the banner of old Connecticut has been led to the field by any nobler officer than Col. William G. Ely. During the short time the regiment has been organized he has endeared himself to every man of his command, both officers and privates. He won his commission by his gallantry in the field, but his connection with the Eighteenth Regiment has shown that he combines with that the rare quality of organizing and making effective regiments of men."





Lieut. Col. MONROE NICHOLS.



Ten days were occupied in mustering and preparations for departure. In the meantime the greatest activity prevailed in camp. Every new arrival of companies or squads was greeted with enthusiastic cheers of welcome, and the heartiest and most hopeful feeling seemed to prevail throughout the encampment.

On the 20th day of August, New London and Windham Counties, including a part of Tolland County, were represented in Camp Aiken by a regiment of ten companies of soldiers, as intelligent and patriotic as any loyal State could boast. The reader will be interested to know what towns were represented in this body of men, and how many each town sent forth. Other statistics of varied and equal interest are added, which will show the excellent quality of the men. The roster is as follows, the men being enlisted chiefly by the captains and lieutenants of their respective companies:

Company A, Capt. Henry C. Davis: Norwich, 75; Bozrah, 6; Canterbury, 9; Preston, 2; Griswold, 1; Scotland, 1; Hampton, 1; Lebanon, 1; Lowell, Mass., 1; Waterford, 1. Total 98.

Company B, Capt. Thomas K. Bates: Killingly, 55; Brooklyn, 13; Putnam, 15; Woodstock, 12; Plainfield, 6. Total 101.

Company C, Capt. Isaac H. Bromley: Norwich, 49; Preston, 5; Lebanon, 33; Lisbon, 2; Lyme, 4; Griswold, 2; Berlin, 1; New London, 1; Stonington, 1; Scotland, 1; Greenwich, 1; Franklin 1. Total 101.

Company D, Capt. Joseph Mathewson: Thompson, 63; Pomfret, 17; Woodstock, 8; Hampton, 3; Eastford, 6. Killingly, 1; Union, 1; Brooklyn, 1. Total 100.

Company E, Capt. Isaac W. Hakes: Norwich, 30; Colchester, 25; Salem, 13; Columbia, 7; Griswold, 6; Lebanon, 4; Sprague, 3; Andover, 6; Bozrah, 1; Coventry, 4; Scotland, 2. Total 101.

Company F, Capt. Henry Peale: Norwich, 63; Griswold, 10; Preston, 8; Mansfield, 3; Franklin, 3; Colchester, 2; Bozrah, 3; Plainfield, 1; Scotland, 1; Ledyard, 2; Canterbury, 2; Chaplin, 1; Voluntown, 1; Waterford, 1. Total 101.

Company G, Capt. George W. Warner: Woodstock, 46; Putnam, 27; Pomfret, 1; Killingly, 4; Windham, 8; Sprague, 1; Norwich, 1; Colchester, 1; Tolland, 2; Eastford, 2; Lebanon, 1. Total 94.

Company H, Capt. Charles D. Bowen: Windham, 57; Coventry, 13; Chaplin, 8; Tolland, 13; Hampton, 1; Thompson, 3; Willington, 1; Ellington, 1; Franklin, 1. Total 98.

Company I, Capt. Samuel R. Knapp, Norwich, 31; Preston, 7; Lyme, 10; Griswold, 9; Sprague, 9; Plainfield, 5; Brooklyn, 1; Killingly, 1; Plainfield, 1; Willington, 2; Canterbury, 2; Coventry, 1; Mansfield, 2; Tolland, 3. Total 85.

Company K, Capt. Ezra J. Mathewson: Killingly, 79; Plainfield, 14; Brooklyn, 2; Pomfret, 2; Sterling, 3. Total 100.

Of the whole number, Windham County furnished 472, New London County, 439; Tolland County, 58; from other parts, 3; making in all 979 enlisted men. The town furnishing the largest number, for one company, was Killingly, viz.: Company K, 79 men. As far as known, of married men there were 496, single men, 462; excess of married men, 34; unaccounted for, 21.

Reuben P. Douglass, Company E, of Colchester, was the oldest man, age 51 years. William A. Weaver, Jr., Company D, of Thompson, and Samuel H. N. Avery, Scotland, Company E, were the youngest, being each only 16 years of age.

Of the field and staff, 4 were from New London County, 4 from Windham County. Of the line, as follows: Captains—6 were from New London County, and 4 from Windham County. First lieutenants—6 were from New London County, 3 from Windham County, and 1 from Tolland County. Second lieutenants—7 were from New London County, and 3 from Windham County.

Total: Of officers, 23 were from New London County, 14 from Windham County, 1 from Tolland County, and 1 from Hartford County. Thirteen were graduates of some literary institution, and all the others were gentlemen of active business

habits, and more than ordinary intelligence. The regiment was thus composed of able-bodied men in the prime of life, only about one-fifth of whom were under twenty years of age. Of this number, Company A had 18; Company B, 23; Company C, 27; Company D, 22; Company E, 15; Company F, 26; Company G, 20; Company H, 21; Company I, 21; Company K, only 7.

It is a social phase, which future historians will study with interest and admiration, that the volunteer army which fought for the Union was composed of the intelligence and thrift, the "bone and sinew" of the country. In the Eighteenth Infantry alone the different vocations were represented as follows: farmers, 267; mechanics, 115; operatives, 6; carpenters, 45; manufacturers, 14; blacksmiths, 15; merchants, 11; clerks, 29; machinists, 11; weavers, 17; spinners, 17; paper makers, 15; teachers, 10; college students, 8; masons, 7; painters, 5; day laborers, 28; teamsters, 11; foundrymen, 3; moulders, 3; carders, 6; engineers, 3; carriage trimmers, 3; shoe and boot makers, 17; tinsmiths, 3; wheelwrights, 3; dressers, 3; plumbers, 2; pistol makers, 2; telegraph operators, 3; dentists, 2; bakers, 3; stone cutters, 3; printers, 5; harness makers, 3; lawyers, 3; carriage makers, 4; hostlers, 4; tailors, 6; book binders, 2; bleachers, 2; sailors, 5; soldiers, 2; butchers, 5; druggists 3; editors, 1; clergymen, 1. Add to these fifteen other vocations represented by one man each, and we have sixty-three in all. Of the 800 men whose vocation has been ascertained, over 500 were farmers, mechanics, blacksmiths, manufacturers, merchants, clerks and operatives, the best fibre of the State; and all the others were men of honorable trades and professions of whom any people might be proud.

As the larger portion of the regiment was composed of married men, relinquishing varied business interests as well as their families, the great social and domestic loss their absence occasioned the community may be readily imagined. In no country in the world, and perhaps in no part of our own, save in New England,

could such a variety of business interests have been represented as was the case in the Eighteenth.

The character and appearance of the men were highly complimented by Governor Buckingham, and other distinguished visitors to Camp Aiken.

The few days of preparation at Camp Aiken were not only invested with novelty, but were made even gay and jubilant by the buoyant spirits of the men. Coming mostly from the common walks of life, the soldiers became at once attached to each other by the ties of good-fellowship and mutual esteem that in many cases survived the disasters of battle, and even the return of peace.

Before half the regiment had arrived in camp it had become evident that the Eighteenth was to be furnished with a great variety, and a superior quality of vocal musical talent. Messrs. Kerr, Green and Taylor, of Company A, the Jordans and Williams, of Company H, the Prays, of Company K, and others of no less local fame were the leaders in many a company or regimental concert which did much toward relieving the monotony of camp life, was a source of entertainment to visitors, and became later a real blessing to the regiment.

On each pleasant evening, the "glee clubs" would go round the camp, or meet on the wooden steps, and sing sweet and stirring songs for the gratification of crowds of people both soldiers and civilians. Often, of course, such performances became a general "medley" rather than a systematic concert; the strain turning suddenly from the "grave to the gay," from the "sublime to the ridiculous," was the rule and not the exception; but such variety added to the enjoyment of the occasion. At one time the tones of "Home, Sweet Home" would fill every heart with tender memories and longings for the "loved ones at home," and tears would start from many an eye as the heavy thought obtruded of the parting near at hand. Then the song would change to the ringing notes of "The Union forever," "Rally 'round the flag, boys," or the sparkling music of "Dixie;" to be

varied a moment later by the sad, sweet strains: "We are going home to die no more," "There is rest for the weary," "There'll be no more sorrow there," &c. Then again it would rise with the spirit of the most devoted patriotism as hundreds of voices blended in the words:

"My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing!"

Next, perhaps, would follow a ludicrous selection from "Mother Goose's Melodies," that set half the company shaking with laughter.

Many will yet remember the "oratorical displays" of "Taylor," of Company B, whose characteristic speeches used to provoke such storms of applause and deafening cheers from his comrades. Whenever he had spoken three cheers were given for the "orator of the day;" and next for different officers of the regiment, for Governor Buckingham, who had manifested such an interest in the regiment, for the Union army, the old flag, and for President Lincoln. It is needless to say that these were stirring scenes which created light-heartedness among the men, helped to pass the time, promoted general acquaintance, and were indispensable in keeping up the spirits of the soldiers in the work before them. Sometimes dramatic entertainments were given in the starlight on the "old wooden steps" on the grounds.

Another source of amusement were the foot-races upon the Fair Grounds race-course, in which the competitors were numerous, spirited and persevering. Henry Tracy, of Company H, generally bore off the palm. It was certainly good exercise in perfecting the "double-quick," and furnished entertainment for a crowd of spectators.

Who has forgotten the famous "hole in the wall?" and who of the "lucky ones" will not smile as he recalls that fortunate place of egress which the camp guard were never over strict in guarding, and through which, as a consequence, the well-informed



were accustomed to pass out and in, visiting the city and having a good time generally when opportunity afforded. But alas! the trick was discovered. The boys were informed that it was unsoldierly to leave camp so unceremoniously, and of course they 'sinned no more'—unless the temptation was too good to be rejected.

"Uncle Park Brown" enlisted in Company H as a fiddler. He was too old for a soldier—every one told him so—but he was very patriotic and wanted to do something for his country. Hence they let him put his name down, but with no idea that he would be accepted. Sometime afterward he was rejected; but while his case was pending he remained in his company, was very active, and pleased everybody with his queer ways. He slept in a tent with "Tom." (Everybody knows who "Tom" was.) Uncle Park had a fiddle, the delight of his heart, which he carefully preserved in a box which contained his money also. Every night it was placed under his head for safe keeping. "Uncle Park" had not an enemy in camp, yet in some way he conceived the idea that somebody intended to steal his money. Learning of his suspicions, some of the boys one night proposed to have some "fun." "Uncle" had retired as usual after giving one of his musical entertainments with his famous fiddle. Not long after it occurred to him that some one was trying to raise the canvas near him, and presently a hand was thrust in, in the direction of his box. "Tom," he cried, "I told you so. Some one is trying to steal my money." "O no, Uncle Park," he continued, "there is no one here bad enough for that! Lie down again and go to sleep." The hand having vanished, Uncle Park became composed, as he thought for the night. Suddenly the hand was thrust in the direction of his box more violently than before. Uncle Park screamed out again, and instantly sprang to his feet greatly alarmed, yet determined on revenge. He seized a long knife which he kept for special purposes (perhaps for self-defense,) and rushed out into the darkness, followed by

Tom and others. But the supposed thief, who was aware of the fighting qualities of Uncle Park, kept at a safe distance, while the old man brandished his knife, crying out, "Tom, there goes the poor devil; I'll fix him." But the owner of the strange hand that had invaded the old darkey's tent was nowhere to be found that night. Next day Uncle Park was told there was a man in the guard-house in whom he might recognize the "poor devil" of the previous night. "Yes, that is he," exclaimed Uncle, the moment he saw him; and being assured that he would be punished for his crime, seemed satisfied that justice was being done, and thus ended what seemed to him a very serious matter. The boys, however, extracted much merriment from this incident for many a day afterward.

Again, one day Col. Ely found a man in the camp dispensing to the soldiers "bullet-proof vests." To be "iron clad" when the bullets should fly as thick as hail! what more could a soldier ask? But Col. Ely, who had often smelt powder in dangerous proximity to bullets, was incredulous of the statement made by the dispenser of the steel vests. He took one of the garments from the dealer, and setting it up as a target for his revolver put several holes through it. He then ordered the arrest of the vender, made him refund to each soldier the amount which he had received in exchange for the worthless armor, and gave him opportunity for reflection in the regimental guard-house.

Sunday, August 17th, was a memorable day in the history of the Eighteenth Regiment. After the usual camp duties of the morning, the regiment formed in line and marched to attend religious services in the different churches. Arriving at the town they broke ranks and dispersed in squads in different directions as their special preferences inclined. Nearly every church was thronged with soldiers, and appropriate and touching references to the departure of the Eighteenth were made by the pastors in their sermons, and earnest prayers offered for their preservation and success. The citizens were unusually tender and attentive in

their intercourse and all breathed a blessing upon the soldiers, wishing them well in their hazardous undertaking. One old woman, meeting a squad of the boys in the street, cried out, "Poor soldiers, God bless you," and with deep emotion she bade them good-by. It was a day of deep interest and solemnity to many a family in Norwich. Wives trembled with emotion as they leaned on the arm of their husbands on their way to the church where they had worshipped so many times, and the thought that this might be their last service together filled their eyes with tears as they listened to the tender allusions to their final separation. Mothers and fathers looked upon the manly forms of soldier boys with tearful solicitude and yearning hearts. Oh! many were the tears and prayers of that last Sunday in Norwich. Hundreds of men who read these pages will recall the incidents of that hour with deep emotions of pain and pleasure. Of pain, because the vows and resolutions were so soon forgotten; of pleasure, because a train of influences was set in motion that tended to preserve them from evil in the trials and temptations of a demoralizing and vicious life.

While the soldiers were at the city, a few men had been left in camp and their devotions were, perhaps, more sombre-colored even than those of their absent comrades. Capt. Isaac W. Hakes, Jr., was officer of the day. The guards paced their lonely beats with gloomy hearts, and one of the men said afterwards, "I got along very well until that last Sunday and then I began to get down-hearted." Well, the sun went down at last, and with it sank the last season of domestic and social enjoyment with many of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers and the friends they loved. A light had disappeared from many a homestead; and was fated never to reappear.

None of the members of the regiment will ever forget the varied scenes of the last day at Camp Aiken preceding their departure for the South. How many emotions were mingled with pleasure and pain! With some, alas! it was the last day

on the soil of their native State; they exchanged affectionate greetings with loved ones for the last time, and bade a final farewell to all they held dear and sacred in the land of their birth.

Throughout the day the camp was thronged with friends of the soldiers, and loving hands assisted in packing knapsacks with tokens of affection as well as with little necessary articles, such as pin-cushions, needles, books, thread, scissors, etc. Hymn books and Bibles were not forgotten, nor were the pictures of loved ones at home. These precious reminders, placed in pocket-albums, single cases, or in locket, were put in places easiest of access that the lonely soldier might often delight in them, and keep the love of home fresh in his heart. Who, better than a soldier, can estimate the value of a wife's or a sister's picture? Or where else than on the battle-field have been witnessed so many testimonials of the clinging affection in which such mementoes are held? It is related that a soldier was dying on the ground in the front of battle. He held in his hand a gold locket, and when some one attempted to release his grasp, he opened his failing eyes and implored him by the memory of his mother and sister not to take it away. Said he, "It was her last gift. I promised her when I kissed her cheek at parting that I would always wear it near my heart in life or death." Several members of the Eighteenth, when on the famous Hunter's raid, placed in the hands of the writer their money, watches, and even their Bibles for safe keeping, but their pictures were retained to be worn nearest the heart. These were the last gifts of mothers, sisters, wives and lovers. A member of Company A, speaking of his losses at the battle of Winchester, said, "I lost everything, even my sweetheart's picture, but by some happy circumstance that was afterwards returned to me." The reader may imagine the pleasure its restoration gave him, and be pleased to know that after the war was over he was able to exchange it for the fair original.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE DEPARTURE.

The regiment took its departure for the field on Friday, August 22d, being the first to leave the State, as it had been the last to go into camp under the call for the six regiments. The entire day was one of intense excitement, both in camp and throughout the surrounding towns.

Early in the day an excursion train from Windham County had brought down large numbers of relatives and friends of the soldiers, who together with companies of citizens filed along the roads on a last visit to the camp-ground.

Stages, omnibuses, lumber-wagons, trotting buggies, vehicles of all descriptions filled the dusty thoroughfares, either going or returning during the whole day. At the camp the tents of the soldiers were filled with women, wives, relatives and friends of the soldiers who had come to enjoy again for a while each other's society, to bring little mementoes of home, little delicacies to sweeten camp fare, and render the change from the comforts of home to the discomforts of a soldier's life less abrupt and painful. During the whole afternoon the vast crowd swayed hither and thither over the ground, or stood in groups talking earnestly of the past and of the future; gravely surveying the busy scene, and taking a final farewell, in which the tearful eye and the earnest hand-grasp betrayed the emotion that only those can feel who are parted by the grim scepter of war.



Lieut. Col HENRY FEALE.



At four o'clock the regiment was formed to receive its colors. His Excellency Governor Buckingham drove upon the field in a carriage occupied by a committee of ladies, bearing a magnificent national flag manufactured by Tiffany & Co., of New York, to be presented to the regiment in behalf of the ladies of Norwich. The flag was of heavy silk, with the name of the regiment and the stars embroidered upon it in silver, and a silver spear-head upon the top of the staff. The State flag was not yet completed, but was sent to the regiment after its arrival in Baltimore. In an eloquent address Governor Buckingham presented the colors which were received by Col. Ely in behalf of the regiment. At the close of these interesting ceremonies, the regiment, after marching about the camp, took its course for the city, preceded by the Norwich Cornet Band, which had volunteered as escort, and flanked and followed by an immense concourse on foot and in carriages. The city had donned its holiday attire to receive the soldiers. The national colors floated from public and private buildings, and from the shipping in the river, and the windows and balconies on the line of march were filled with ladies anxious to wave an adieu and take a last look at the gallant Eighteenth. The regiment marched directly to the wharf of the Norwich & Worcester Railroad Company, where the steamer City of Boston was waiting to receive them. Here the crowd was immense, and the guard which was posted at each end of the freight depot to keep back the multitude had no slight or welcome duty to perform. After the soldiers had passed on the vessel, friends and relatives filled the wharves and with tears in their eyes pleaded to be allowed to go on board to speak one parting word with husband, son or brother, but the guard was inexorable. Finally, at seven o'clock, the engines started, the boat moved slowly out into the stream, a loud cheer rose from its precious freight and an answering shout came from the crowd on the wharves and river banks; a burst of music followed and the roar of cannon, and the Eighteenth Regiment had departed.



## *EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT*

The people lingered and watched the receding boat for a long time, and when they finally turned away their hearts sent up a silent prayer for the preservation of the loved ones and their safe return. Many were the homes in New London and Windham Counties that night which sleep did not enter! Many were the hearts filled with bitter loneliness and gloom. The trip to New York was unenlivened by notable incident of any kind, but on the wharves next morning many of the privates and officers suffered at the hands of pick-pockets. It was rather galling to men who were about to peril their lives in the service of their country to be made the prey of the vermin of New York city; but after all, the incident had its ludicrous side, and momentary vexation vanished in a hearty laugh. Moreover, the adventure furnished occasion for the display of kindly feeling, the fortunate making up the losses of their comrades in so far as they were able to do so.

The boat arrived in New York at about six o'clock Saturday morning, and at half-past nine the regiment left pier two for Elizabethport whence it was transported by rail to Baltimore via Harrisburg. The reason for forwarding troops by this extended route can be accounted for only on the supposition that the other more direct roads were crowded to their utmost capacity, and could not take them so soon as desired. Sunday, July 24th, found the regiment in Baltimore after a long and wearisome ride. It was a pleasant change after the inaction of the rail road journey to march through the pleasant streets of the rebel city, "keeping step to the music of the Union," and the presence of the very men who a year before had failed in their attempt to annihilate the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, added not a little and a peculiar interest to the occasion.

The Eighteenth carried themselves bravely and decorously and were treated with perfect respect. Their quiet, manly bearing elicited commendation from all spectators; one remarking that "If all the soldiers appeared as well as the Eighteenth Con-

necticut there could be no cause of complaint." Although the regiment had not at that time received their muskets, it certainly made a fine appearance on its march through the city to the Soldiers' Rest, where it remained until nearly night waiting for orders. Col. Ely reported to Maj. Gen. Wool, commanding the middle department, and at once received orders that the regiment was to garrison Fort McHenry in place of New York soldiers whose term of service had just expired. The assignment was a complete surprise as it was the general impression when the regiment left Connecticut that it would go to Washington to receive its arms, and thence be hurried to the front for active service. According to report this would have been the case but for the arrival in Baltimore of a train of soldiers one hour in advance of the Eighteenth, who were sent on to the front, while the latter were retained to fill the vacancy just created as before stated. The arrangement, however, was not very satisfactory to Col. Ely, for, although his command were raw recruits, undisciplined, and wholly unfit for work on the front, still it was desirable that it should be put to field instead of garrison duty as the quickest way of preparing the men for the soldiers' calling, and preserving them from the vices and demoralization of inactive army life.

At Fort McHenry the regiment came under the command of Brig. Gen. N. W. Morris, an old army officer, a strict disciplinarian, and in every respect a soldier. Here the men received their muskets.

Col. Ely hoped to develop at once the resources of his regiment in military science, for as yet they had not attempted battalion drill and had received but little instruction in companies and squads. On the next day, August 25th, much to the disappointment of the officers, the regiment was divided, the right wing remaining on garrison duty in the fort, while the companies of the left wing were sent, under the command of Maj. Keech, to do guard duty on the railroad between Baltimore and Havre-de-Grace.

A letter of the same date from the regular correspondent of the *Bulletin*, I. H. B., (familiarily called "Ike") soon after appeared in the columns of that paper, and is so full of interest and complete in detail that it is herewith inserted in full:

"Fort McHenry, Baltimore, August 25th, 1862.

"So here we are fixed for a residence of I don't know how long. Hardly settled yet in our new quarters, but getting accustomed to them, and feeling at home here more and more every hour. Our journey from Camp Aiken was, under all circumstances, as pleasant, comfortable and agreeable as we could have expected. The men are all in excellent spirits, and do not seem to feel the rubbing off of the romance of the war and the breaking in to the rough and tough realities of the business hardly at all. They are as fine a set of men as ever trod shoe leather, and I believe I divest myself of every feeling of partiality when I express the opinion that they will prove themselves, after a little instruction, equal to any regiment in the service.

"Our passage to New York was not particularly note-worthy except that some of us were unfortunate enough to lose our money. I was among the sufferers to the extent of my entire pile, and one or two of the men in the regiment lost wallets containing various amounts.

"It was pleasant testimony to the community of feeling and generous sympathy of the officers of the Eighteenth that they came together and with one accord contributed from their own private purses to make good the losses of their associates. Had I been at all disposed to be doleful over my loss—and I confess I was somewhat so inclined—the many cordial expressions of sympathy from all would have dispelled the "blues." The gratification I could not help feeling at finding myself associated with so many true-hearted, generous men, and the further gratification of finding in my own company a unanimous desire to make up my loss among themselves, which I, of course, declined, was sufficient compensation for any mere pecuniary loss.

"We arrived in New York about six o'clock A. M., and were landed at pier two, where we took boat for Elizabethport. Before leaving, however, we were entertained with coffee and excellent beef soup, for which we were indebted to Col. John Almy, the Connecticut State Agent in New York city. At Elizabethport we took cars for Harrisburg, a tedious journey of I don't know how many miles, where we arrived at two P. M., on Sunday.

"Thence, without change of cars, we came to Baltimore, arriving here about noon. Here Col. Ely reported to Gen. Wool, and was ordered at once to Fort McHenry, to take the place of the Forty-Seventh New York militia, whose term of service, for three months, had just expired. While in Baltimore, and before starting on the march to the fort, we were most liberally entertained by the Union Relief Association, of Baltimore, who had provided a generous collation for the regiment. Our boys are of the opinion that if the secesh of Baltimore are the meanest in the country, the union men are certainly the best and truest. Arrived at Fort McHenry we were very cordially received by the officers of the New York Forty-Seventh, who installed us in our quarters, and did everything in their power to make us comfortable. They are a fine set of fellows, and we all feel greatly indebted to their courtesy and kindness.

"On all the journey there was no disorder, drunkenness or misbehaviour of any sort, and this morning the full regiment was reported present or accounted for. They are such men as the officers are all proud of, and as the State may glory in. They are well disposed and tractable and take very kindly and readily to the change from home comforts to rough camp life.

"How long we are to remain here no one knows; probably until we have been sufficiently instructed, drilled, and disciplined to fit us for service in the field. When that time comes the Eighteenth Regiment will be ready to show its mettle, and I know they will not fail nor falter in their duty."

As it was necessary that troops should be employed both for aggressive and defensive movements in Baltimore, it was as well perhaps that the Eighteenth should be thus engaged as any other regiment of the national forces, but it was a shame to the State of Maryland that such a necessity existed. From the first it was feared that the citizens of the Commonwealth, allied to the South by the strongest social, political and commercial ties, would ally themselves with the Rebellion, and it is true that many of them were then fighting in the rebel army, while many more at home privately gave them substantial aid and encouragement. Baltimore was still a rebellious city—a smoking volcano—liable at any moment to send forth the flames of its hate and vengeance for the destruction of the capitol of the nation. No doubt many of the rebels of the city were living then in hourly expectation of deliverance by Stonewall Jackson, who was a source of constant terror to the Union forces and Union sympathizers. Indeed, they often boasted of such expectation and desire, and rumors to that effect were constantly circulated and found credence among the people. The six companies of the Eighteenth at Fort McHenry were, therefore, of great service to the country, being a restraint upon this rebellious feeling, and a terror to its abettors.

Before loaded mortars, ready at a touch to send death and destruction into every street in the city, disloyal Baltimore stood with scowling respect, and checked any outward demonstrations in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. The frowning embrasures of Forts McHenry and Marshall were a grim though silent menace to treacherous men and women, that before Baltimore should pass from under Federal rule the city which gave the "Star spangled banner" to the nation would become a smoking mass of bricks and mortar. The duty of standing guard over this secession element, watching its moods for the first indication of danger, was tiresome and monotonous, yet it was an important and imperative one.

The location of the camp was delightful—a beautiful slope extending from Fort McHenry to the sparkling waters of Chesapeake bay, the breezes from which came cool and refreshing. The bay was directly in the foreground, its surface dotted with the bending sails of hundreds of vessels; while behind and above them rose the dark walls of the forts bristling with heavy guns. If the Eighteenth had been looking for comfortable quarters it was hardly possible it could have been better accommodated. The duty was not heavy though constant and regular. Reveille and roll-call at five o'clock A. M., breakfast at six, guard mounting at eight, drill at ten, dinner call at twelve, drill again at three, dress parade at five, supper at six, "tattoo" at nine and "taps" at ten o'clock comprised the routine of every-day duties.

The 15th of September found the regiment still at the fort, growing still more weary of the monotonous life, but deeply interested in the stirring events going on about them. Exciting, nay, threatening events they were. The Southern army had invaded Maryland. Ninety-eight thousand rebels had marched past Baltimore, within two days' journey of the city. The rebels in the town were jubilant and confident, and many looked for Jackson, from day to day, to appear for their deliverance.

The Union army, under Gen. Pope, had been driven back from the second Bull Run battle, and had taken refuge within the defenses of Washington. Gen. Lee had improved this advantage by pushing his victorious troops into Maryland, and on the 2d of September D. H. Hill's fresh division led the van of the rebel army to Leesburg, and thence crossing the Potomac at Noland's Ferry had moved on Frederick city. Jackson, crossing at White's Ferry on the 5th, had entered Frederick on the 6th without resistance; and Gen. Lee with the rest of his army had rapidly followed, concentrating at the same place, from which he issued an artful and impassioned appeal to the South.

Then followed the battles of South Mountain and Harper's Ferry, and the desperate struggle of Antietam.

The closely contested battle of South Mountain resulted in a victory for the Union forces, the news of which was received with unbounded delight by the boys in and around Baltimore. During these exciting scenes the utmost care and diligence was required of the forces at Baltimore on the line of the railroads, and the Eighteenth found plenty to do. The regiment had become remarkably proficient in the manual of arms and in field exercises, and constantly won compliments from sick or wounded officers who had been sent from the front to the camps of the convalescents. Those officers were from various regiments and nearly all had been through the peninsular campaign. The chief instructor was Capt. Pierce, of the Massachusetts Tenth, who spared no time or pains, and was constant in attention.

The morale of the regiment was under the care of Chaplain Cooper. After a stay of about two weeks, he had returned to Connecticut, and visited New London, Norwich and Danielsonville to obtain means for purchasing a fine chapel tent which, on his return to camp, was erected, much to the gratification of the regiment. It proved a pleasant place of resort for the men when off duty, where the chaplain held frequent services for a time, and considerable religious interest was manifested. The division and scattering of the regiment interfered not a little with this department. But doubtless much good was done, and the sociable religious meetings of that time are recalled with affectionate interest by those who took pleasure in them.

Chaplain Cooper was an earnest, eloquent preacher, and was listened to with interest and profit. Many citizens from the city were often present at these meetings, and not infrequently induced the chaplain to preach at some of their churches, where he was cordially welcomed by the denomination (Methodist) to which he belonged.

After the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, large numbers of the sick and wounded soldiers were brought into the fort, and at one time there were more than fifteen hundred

slightly wounded men provided for there, the more seriously wounded being cared for nearer the battle-fields in the hospitals of Baltimore, Boonsboro' and Hagerstown. The arrival of the wounded was a new experience to the Eighteenth and a painful relief from the monotony of affairs at the fort. These wounded soldiers the boys called the "cripple brigade." They had a sad story to tell of their sufferings in the "peninsular campaign," and later when they were broken down in the great Maryland battles, and they never failed of gathering a crowd of eager listeners.

During this time the camp was never wanting in rumors in relation to the immediate or eventual disposition of the regiment. Sometimes the story would be that the whole command was to be sent to Havre de Grace, or to Washington, Harper's Ferry, Cincinnati, Port Royal, Newbern or New Orleans, each report producing the wildest excitement for a while and then giving place to others equally untrue and absurd. Through it all, and during the remainder of September and October, the regiment remained at Fort McHenry busied with the routine of guard duty, drill and dress parades, and becoming daily more perfect under the indefatigable efforts of Col. Ely.

The State flag, the gift of the ladies of Norwich, which was not ready for presentation when the regiment left the State, had been completed and forwarded to Col. Ely by Governor Buckingham, the receipt of which was acknowledged in fitting terms as follows:

Camp Morris, Fort McHenry.

Sir:—In behalf of the regiment I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the superb State colors presented to us by the ladies of Norwich. The flag was delivered to us to-day, its rich silk and elegant staff uninjured by transportation. Both the national and State colors were this evening brought forth at dress parade, their artistic beauty and richness attracting universal attention. Army officers, soldiers and civilians unite in



plaudits, pronouncing them surpassingly beautiful. Words are wanting for the fit expression of the pride and affection with which the Eighteenth C. V. regard these colors, not alone as emblems of our national and State honor, but as constant reminders of the interest felt in us and our welfare by the loved ones at home. I am,

Your obedient servant,

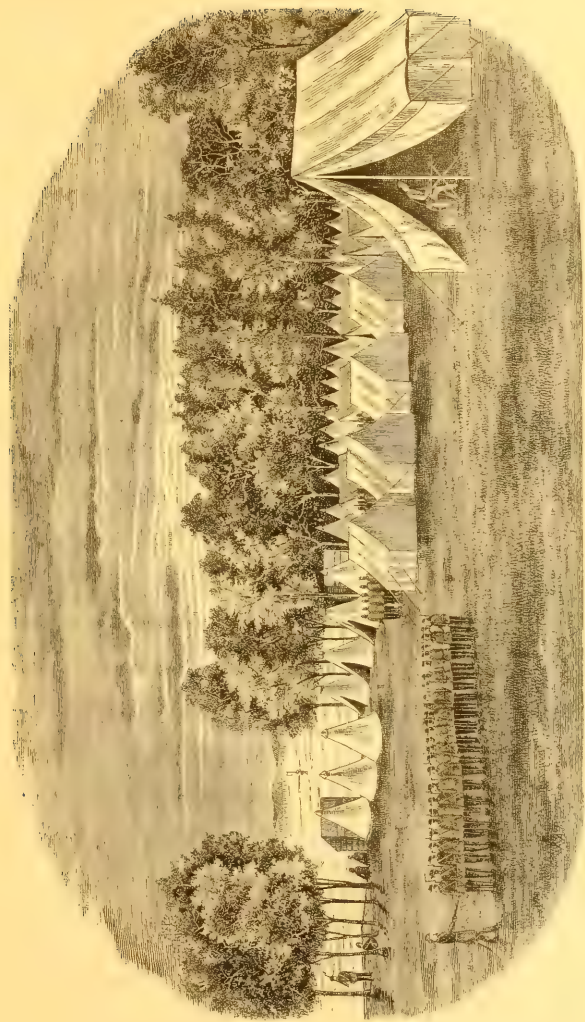
WILLIAM G. ELY,

Colonel Eighteenth C. V.

To his Excellency William A. Buckingham, Governor State of Connecticut.

The regiment had not been a month in Baltimore before the demand was made for more recruits to fill the places of those who had been promoted, and was a great merit in the Eighteenth that it had so many men of sufficient intelligence and ability to fill any post of duty. In this respect Company C deserves special mention. Although when the regiment was enlisted only eighteen were reported as teachers, yet in this company alone there were more than twenty young soldiers who had been successful teachers, though at the time of their enlistment were in more lucrative employments. Such men as these were in the line of promotion at any time, of whom may be mentioned: Joseph P. Rockwell, promoted to be Sergeant Major; J. D. Ripley, hospital steward; George E. Dorrance, detailed for the quartermasters' department; D. L. Wilson, Col. Ely's orderly; Hiram B. Crosby, Adjutant; Christopher A. Brand, Sergeant Major of the Twenty-first Regiment; C. B. Culver, detailed to assist the Post Adjutant at Fort McHenry; J. L. W. Huntington, of Norwich, and Dr. M. W. Robinson, of Hebron, to the post hospital, and A. D. Holmes, of Lebanon, blacksmith of the post.

Ten men from one company was a large number to lose, and they were greatly missed by their comrades. In the case of Hiram B. Crosby, who was promoted to be Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment, June 27th, 1864, he was one of the



Sketched by J. H. SAWYER

Left Wing, 18th Regt. at Fort McHenry. Sept. 1862.



first volunteers of the Eighteenth, who at the great meeting already described sprang upon the stage at the conclusion of one of the speeches, and enrolled his name. His example was followed instantly by a large number of others. He was an earnest and enthusiastic soldier, and his early promotion was well deserved.

The regiment was now in need of recruits and an effort was made to obtain them. Lieut. Fred. Palmer was sent home to Norwich to recruit for Company C. The time chosen for this service was not opportune, as a special effort was then being made to recruit for the nine months' regiments, and it was quite natural that most men would prefer the short term of service. Lieut. Palmer wrote back to his company that the prospect for raising three years' men would be better from a "grave yard" than from among the living men in Connecticut. Accordingly Company C could get no recruits to fill its decimated ranks. Only five recruits were received during the rest of the year 1862, and only one of these was consigned to Company C, viz: Henry A. Dagget, and he deserted in thirteen days after he arrived at the regiment. The others were George S. Hayes, Company H; William C. Harbison, Company I, A. H. King, Company I, and Owen McShean, Company I. The prospect at this time of filling up the Eighteenth was not very flattering.

It should be stated that four days after the arrival of the regiment in Baltimore twenty-one enlisted men of the Twenty-first Regiment had arrived in camp who enlisted a day or two before leaving Norwich. Their case was a peculiar one, they being part of a squad of the Twenty-first who, becoming dissatisfied over the choice of officers, felt at liberty to join the Eighteenth, as they had not been sworn into the United States service. Before quitting Norwich the officers of the Twenty-first had made an effort to arrest them as deserters, but it was claimed they had the right to change their relations, and Governor Buckingham sustained them in their position. Right or wrong, the men became members of the Eighteenth and it is not known that they ever had cause to

regret their course. They were scattered among different companies.

Perhaps another explanation why the effort was futile to recruit the regiment may be found in the fact that no bounties were paid to the three years' men. Therefore men thought themselves fortunate, if compelled to go to the war, to be enlisted in the nine months' regiments, notwithstanding the sarcastic criticism of their "patriotism" by the three years' soldiers. A correspondent of the Eighteenth about that time spoke the general feeling: "We make no complaint, have no grievance to present, and shall do no grumbling, but we do feel at liberty to lay the facts before the people at home and ask you what you think of it? Does government need most nine months' men or three years' men. Is the patriotism we have all read so much about expended to serve and save the government, or is it to avoid the draft? I confess that to me it looks very much as though the "quota" was the biggest thing that had happened to the community lately, and that everybody was devoting all their energies to get everybody else to go out and fill it. Well, if you can't do anything for us in the way of recruits we'll get along with what we have."

As soon as it became evident that the regiment would remain in Baltimore for the ensuing winter, every one began to inquire what could be done to while away the time. The six companies in Fort McHenry began to grow weary of the ceaseless round of guard duty, though by way of variety squads of men were detailed for some special duty for a short time outside in the city, or in its suburbs. But whether here or there everything went on monotonously, like clock-work, every man knowing his duty and doing it almost mechanically. To relieve the monotony of fort-life, the idea suggested itself to some of the married men, the officers especially, that they have their wives with them to be initiated into the ways of the soldiers' life, and engage once more in the business of mending their husbands' clothes. "If we can't get one kind of recruits," said they, "we can another," and every

company received its full quota of these new recruits. Some of whom, however, deserted soon afterwards and returned to the old home. The soldier's life was a little too rough for them and they were not anxious to enlist for a longer term of service. These visitants were welcome "comrades" while they remained, and their presence was a mutual benefit and pleasure in the camp. Ordinarily, however, the army is no place for women, though the "women of the war," as nurses in the hospitals, were angels of mercy to sick and wounded soldiers, and will always be remembered with the deepest gratitude and affection.

The writer remembers one hospital where it was the practice for the women of the town (Frederick city, Md.) to visit the sick soldiers every afternoon at four o'clock, to converse with and bring them such home comforts as the surgeons would allow. Their visits were always looked for with warmest interest, and if by chance one of them failed to go her usual round, the absence was noted and was a source of sorrow and anxiety. In one instance a young soldier, a mere lad, was found weeping, and to a visitor who asked the reason of his distress, he said that the lady who usually visited him at such an hour every day had not come, and he missed her presence and sympathy. She reminded him so much of his sister. The Eighteenth at Fort M'Henry did not need this kind of assistance, for the regiment generally was in excellent health and spirits, yet friends from home were always welcome. Months afterward, when the officers and men were suffering and starving in Libby and Belle Isle prisons, what would they not have given for the home-like comforts of their stay in Baltimore and the kind attentions bestowed by the loyal men and women of that city.

The Eighteenth boys seemed to be especially successful in engaging the warm regard of the Baltimoreans, and while it is true that what was a source of pleasure and profit to some was a door of temptation to others, still many true friends were found in that city who will always be remembered with the deepest interest and pleasure. God bless them.

The routine of garrison duty was far from being so enjoyable as most of the men had anticipated and various expedients were adopted to relieve the monotony of Fort McHenry. One method of killing time was to get leave of absence to visit the city, see the sights, and hear the news. On these trips many pleasant acquaintances were formed and patriotic families of Baltimore sent special invitations to officers and men to share their hospitality and kind attentions. At such meetings the singing of patriotic songs was a favorite amusement, and the Jordans, of Company H, became especially famous for their singing concerts. At one social entertainment, where the Jordans appeared, the house was decked with flags, and the stars and stripes met the gaze on every side, while songs and cheers mingled in delightful accord. "America," "Star spangled banner," and especially, "Hoist up the flag" were sung to the great amusement of the citizens from whom repeated invitations were received that these pleasant occasions might be repeated. On one afternoon, just preceding a proposed concert, a member of the "singing band" presented himself before his commander with the request that he might "go over to the city" for the evening, but was detained on the ground that requests were becoming too frequent. "Well, I shall go to the colonel," was the response. Not many moments later a tall, spare man, with sandy whiskers, stood in the presence of the colonel repeating his request. "Where do you wish to go?" asked the latter. "Oh, to a house down town to have a sing and a good time generally," was the reply. "How long do you want to stay?" "Until nine o'clock," was the response. The colonel wrote a pass and on handing it to the soldier said, "I shall let you stay until ten o'clock, and I am going with you." This result, it is needless to say, gave great satisfaction, and if the boys staid later than usual that night it was because they had the authority with them. In recollection of these delightful incidents it will not seem surprising that the survivors of the Virginia campaigns cherish grateful memories of the true and loyal



citizens of the monumental city, while at the same time they cannot forget the hatred and disgust which the disloyal ladies manifested toward all Union soldiers. It was pitiful, as well as amusing, sometimes to witness their display of concern; to see them cross the street, or turn a corner in order to avoid passing under the old flag; as they daintily lifted their skirts as though it would be a lasting disgrace to come in contact with the men who stood by the stars and stripes. The haughty air and disdainful look indicated that the presence of the Yankee soldier was anything but welcome in the streets of Baltimore.

When the rebels determined on a separate government, the plea being that the North had violated the Constitution, and therefore was the aggressor, they committed a fatal error for their cause that they did not continue to carry the American flag. But in contempt of the North, and its free institutions, they trampled the old banner in the dust, and at once forfeited all claim to be considered the national party, making open war upon the Constitution itself. Thus it is true that there were thousands and tens of thousands of men North and West who sympathized with the South in its view of slavery and the right to an equal portion of the states and territories to propagate the doctrine that "The black man had no right which white men were bound to respect," and it is not unlikely that these same men would have fought much more willingly for the South than the North if the former had maintained the right to the old flag, and commenced the war under its protecting folds. Had this been done it is a question perhaps whether there would have been any soldiers in the Northern army called war Democrats, who could not turn traitors to their national flag, or join hands with those who had abandoned it and raised the openly rebelliously stars and bars. Indeed it seemed in the eyes of these men a great crime in itself to repudiate the stars and stripes; and it was mainly said universal devotion to the flag that caused those public demonstrations that so much annoyed



and discomfited the rebels who were obliged to live within the Union lines.

It is undeniable that in the fall and winter of 1862 and 1863 the city of Baltimore was only kept to the laws of the United States by Union bayonets. The rebels were continually restive and impatient for an opportunity to free themselves from the power of their masters, knowing which the Union soldiers embraced every favorable occasion to testify their devotion to the flag which the rebel city despised and hated. Therefore a battle of words was constantly going on in which hatred of and love for the Union were displayed with equal passion and sincerity. The members of the Eighteenth will recall many of these discussions with interest, and not soon forget how their opponents chafed and fumed as they were compelled to listen to Union sentiments, and patriotic songs. It was ludicrous at times to witness their demonstrations of displeasure as the boys sung "Rally round the flag," "Old John Brown," and other stirring Northern songs.

It was such hearty enthusiasm for the old flag that discomfited and discouraged the rebels of Baltimore; while no corresponding sentiment could be elicited from the rebels for their worthless rag. Their stars and bars had no inspiring historical incidents to give fame and prestige. It was not like the Union banner, the symbol of universal liberty and equality. It was not their fathers' flag. It was not the flag of Washington and Jefferson and Jackson of heroic and civil fame. Well we remember a year later how quickly the eyes of old Southern men and women filled with tears at the sight of the stars and stripes, and their lips quivered when they spoke of the Union as it was. One old man said with trembling emphasis that he "Remonstrated with his rebel neighbors for a long time, and plainly told them they were committing a great mistake in fighting against the flag of their country." And so indeed they did. Many felt and acknowledged the wrong, well knowing that power was on the side of

the Union soldiers who inspired each other with courage and endurance as they sang paeans to the "star spangled banner."

A stranger visiting the camp of the Eighteenth at about this period would have been favorably impressed with the general good feeling and spirit of the men, who seemed bound to make the best of the situation in spite of the inconveniences and hardships of their novel life. During each day various duties and amusements came along in their order, or out of order, just as it happened, and our visitors often remarked: "These soldiers are jolly fellows after all and they know how to accommodate themselves to enjoy themselves." To such remarks the reply was: "My friend, just stay and spend the evening with us if you want to see the Eighteenth in its happiest mood."

The climate of "Maryland, my Maryland" seemed peculiar to a Northern man; even its finest September days end in chills and damps. But the boys in their tents are quite at ease and happy. About two hours ago the mails were distributed, bearing "good news from home," generally, and all are in the best of spirits. Now they are in for some music. What shall we call it? A grand concert, closing up with an universal medley. But we must call on the *Norwich Bulletin's* old correspondent (Ike) for a truthful and graphic description of the scene. He writes, under the date of September 30th, 1862, as follows: "Perhaps we don't have any music in this camp. Step in among us some night, and see if we don't. As I sit in my tent writing this in the edge of the evening let me try to pick out the kind and classes of music that rise in chaotic fragments from the camp.

"From Capt. Bates' company's street, away out there on the left, a blended harmony, produced by the upper part of the street singing 'Rock of ages,' while the lower half are 'putting in' with 'Wait for the wagons,' floats over me; next on their right, Lieut. Matthewson's company are singing 'John Brown's body, by snatches, and 'There'll be no more sorrow there,' with energy. Capt. Bowen's boys add to the volume the touching strains of

'Old dog Tray,' mixed up with 'Joyfully, joyfully,' etc. The street in front of me (Company C) swells the chorus with three or four different kinds of music, including one Jew's-harp and three fifes. Capt. Hakes' fellows are uproariously jolly; between the bars of music, sacred, sentimental, humorous, and patriotic, I catch the rasping of the cat-gut in the 'Devil's dream,' and 'Fishers' hornpipe,' and the loved 'cross over,' 'right and left,' 'ladies grand change,' with which they are making their camp-life pleasant. From the extreme right wing comes the strains of 'Marching along,' sung by the Greeneville Glee Club, in Company A. A straggling squad, promiscuously gathered, are being entertained over in the rear by the quartermaster's boy "Spanny," who imitates very naturally all sorts of animals that make unearthly noises. There is an occasional howl of a dog, of which not less than a thousand live, move, and have a being within the fort grounds; a squeal of rat, of which there are millions in camp, fattening on what the soldiers waste, while over all comes the shrill voice of the sentry on the sea-wall shouting in tones that speak feelingly of a pain in the stomach, 'Corporal of the guard number twenty-three;' and there is the bugle, and with the officers call which it sounds I close the catalogue of harmonies, and go and see what is wanted. Perhaps you can gather from my poor attempt to sift out the tunes and sounds from this hopperful of melody that we are not as a general thing disposed to melancholy in the Eighteenth. These moonlight evenings are wonderful exhilarators. No matter what the duties of the day have been, however severe or fatiguing, the moonlight 'drives dull care away,' and with song, dance, joke, and fun the evening hours run merrily away."

Thus ended the grand concert, and all are well pleased with the evening's entertainment. Similar scenes will be recalled by many members of the Eighteenth with unfeigned pleasure as giving the "sunny side" of the soldier's life.

Allusion has been made to the "Greeneville Glee Club," a full

history of which would be very entertaining. It was composed of some of the best men and singers in the regiment, whose performances always did them great credit and attracted a crowd, and if we mistake not were very popular with the loyal citizens of Baltimore. We regret that no member of the "club" has written us with reference to its formation, giving the names of its members, and a full account of its attractive concerts. One of the members, "Spanny," (a Spaniard) was a peculiar specimen, a general favorite among the officers as a servant, and who afforded no little amusement to the regiment generally. Capt. Hakes' "Spanny" deserves a special notice, and reference may be made to him again in connection with the first Winchester campaign.

Sometimes the entertainments assumed a serio-comic character. For instance, the boys will remember that serious affair on Federal Hill, two miles from Fort M'Henry, in which several officers of the post were detailed to act on a court of inquiry over a horse which departed this life suddenly. The question was, whether his death was owing to natural causes, or to the whip and spur of the orderly who had ridden him the day previous. Colonels, majors and captains visited the stall and gravely investigated the matter and at last came to this profound conclusion: "Firstly, this is a dead horse; secondly, his death is nobody's fault but his own; thirdly, it is ordered that he be suitably buried; fourthly, this dead horse must be charged to profit and loss in all the books of the department." It is needless to say that the findings of the court were perfectly satisfactory, but it is not known whether the case was reported to the war department at Washington or not. Some of our readers will recall other incidents of a character both grave and gay, producing demonstration corresponding with each.

In the meantime the regiment was being perfected in drill, and its attitude elicited frank commendations from Gen. Morris, who said, on one occasion, that he had never seen any regiment of the same length of time in the field make so fine an appearance.

Gen. Morris had the reputation of being one of the strictest disciplinarians; when he complimented a soldier his words were appreciated, and not unnaturally the men were highly elated by his expressions. The health of the regiment continued excellent, and a finer looking body of men are rarely seen. An effort was made at this time to recall the four companies from up the road, as the railroad people were so much pleased with those already employed that they wished to have the whole regiment similarly engaged, with headquarters at Havre-de-Grace. The effort, however, did not succeed, and the six companies settled down in a great measure contented, or in patient waiting for orders to move in any direction.

The last of September found six companies of the Eighteenth still at Fort McHenry rapidly gaining in military tactics generally, and feeling considerable confidence, if not a little pride in itself, when it was apparent that in no respect did it suffer in comparison with other regiments in the vicinity.

Gen. Morris' complimentary remarks were reported by Col. Ely at dress parade to the boys, and they were received with evident satisfaction and communicated with not a little pride to their friends at home.

Col. Ely had felt from the first some disappointment in having his regiment divided and more so at this time, as the companies up the road were deprived of the advantage of dress parade and the daily field service. At dress parade, especially, it was very desirable to have the whole regiment in line for the best effect. Under such circumstances the command would have made a fine appearance—the ranks being nearly full, the men equipped in their best style, with white gloves, clean and shining muskets and everything else to match. But every attempt to have the four companies recalled was ineffectual, the railroad not only opposing it but making a special effort to have the whole regiment posted on the line between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and immediate vicinity, for the protection of property, with head-



Messrs JOSEPH MATHIAS, ESQ.



quarters at Havre-de-Grace. This was proof enough that the regiment was acquiring a good reputation for fidelity and efficiency and that its service was appreciated.

About the middle of October an incident occurred at Fort McHenry which for a time caused no little excitement. Reference has already been made to the fact that after the battles of South Mountain and Antietam a large number of rebel prisoners—some sick and wounded, some able-bodied, some officers and privates—were brought to Fort McHenry, and were placed under the surveillance of Union soldiers. The Eighteenth had its full share of this number. Of course the presence of so many rebel prisoners gave a new interest to the daily duties, and abundant opportunities also to become acquainted with the character of the men who had been engaged in the rebel service. It furnished occasion too for the rebels of Baltimore to show their sympathy for the Rebellion, and they were not wanting in a disposition to give aid and comfort to those who had been fighting its battles. For a few days after the prisoners were brought in, the provost marshal's quarters were fairly besieged, especially with female Secessionists who had come from the city in carriages loaded with "rations" and clothing, shoes and blankets. In addition to these articles there were also brought gray uniforms bearing the stamp of the Southern Confederacy. This sympathizing demonstration raised a storm of righteous indignation among the Union soldiers, many of whom had been in the hospital sick and perhaps wounded for months without seeing the face of any Baltimorean, man or woman, to dispense to them the luxuries, or even the necessities of life. Many such men had been confined within the walls of the fort, had suffered a thousand ills and inconveniences, without being able to obtain the smallest article of comfort without submitting to the tedious processes of red tape, while these rebel prisoners perhaps had shot down many of the Union soldiers who now were obliged to look on and see them petted, nursed, fed and clothed, and knowing that after a



little time they would be sent back to the Confederacy to take up arms again to assail the Union. What made the affair still more galling was the fact that these rebels sympathizers were acting under a pass from Gen. Wool, who, if the truth is told, was not very highly complimented for a courtesy, that while it no doubt was well intended was in reality infamously abused. The correspondent of the *Norwich Bulletin* wrote of this incident, as follows: "I confess that when I remember how the Federal government maintains a blockade of all the Southern ports and guards with such strict jealousy all avenues of communication with the rebel states, with the object of preventing the rebel army from obtaining provisions and clothing; when I thought how the rebel Gen. Stuart was at that moment making a foray into Pennsylvania for the purpose of obtaining just what these men were receiving under the nose of and by special permission of an officer in high rank in our army; when I considered too that these men, whom I knew from their confessions to be sick of the Rebellion and anxious above all things to see the end of it, were clothed, fed, reassured in their faith in the final success of their cause, and sent back strengthened and encouraged to continue the war against us, by rebel sympathizers in a loyal city; when I remember all these things I confess that—well, I wont confess except that I could not understand why Gen. Stuart took the trouble and risk (was there any?) of going up into Pennsylvania after blue uniforms, so abundant here, and only the farce of being taken prisoner necessary to secure the plunder and make a reconnoissance." The next day following their first visit the "female rebels" made their appearance again with carriage loads of "rebel stores," and the labor of distribution began; but to the rage and disgust of these rebel quartermasters the Union convalescents and some of Eighteenth made a personal requisition on the supplies on their own account, distributing two grey uniforms among themselves, and helping themselves to shoes and other things generally.

Not satisfied with this booty it is said they proceeded to give the disloyal beauties to understand that their presents as well as their presence could be dispensed with thereafter, and that Yankee jack-knives could be used to "whittle" harness and carriages as well as "down-east" pine sticks. It is remarked that Gen. Morris thereupon issued an order in the Baltimore morning papers, forbidding the issue of any more army supplies to the rebel prisoners in the fort, except through the provost marshal of the post. However, as far as the practice went, the boys reaped not a little benefit, and considerable fun from it. Several Union soldiers, who had made requisition on the quartermaster for shoes and clothing, suddenly countermanded their orders; and though it is not known that they gave their reasons for this proceeding, it is probable that it was not necessary. About this time the camp dialogue took this turn: "I say, where did you get those shoes? Nice fit ain't they?" And the reply: "Ask those 'secesh' ladies who carry their colors on their bonnets—red and white roses in the front, with red and white trimmings. No doubt they are condoling each other on the losses of yesterday, and their ill luck generally.

The manner of confiscation described above was not exactly in accordance with the regulations of the post, but it compassed the end to be attained perhaps just as well as any other. None could justly blame the Union soldiers for the indignation they manifested over the bold and provoking sympathy which these female friends of the Southern Confederacy manifested for men who had shot down and inhumanly treated Union soldiers; nor for the appropriation they made of rebel uniforms and delicacies. It was extremely trying to bear the taunts and scornful looks of the bitter enemies of the government, the protection of whose flag they were receiving, and when they abused this privilege, and openly and unblushingly showed their regard for the rebel cause by giving it all the aid and comfort in their power, then forbearance ceased to be a

virtue and summary vengeance was visited on the disloyal parties.

Had rebel sympathy gone no farther than to supply the immediate wants of the sick, wounded and needy, and held out no inducements or encouragements to persist in their opposition to the Union cause, there would have been no good reasons for this decisive treatment of the rebel commissaries of Baltimore.

As it was, Union sentiment justified the soldiers and Gen. Morris attempted no punishment for the disposition that was made of the rebel uniforms.

It has been already stated that the day after the Eighteenth arrived in Baltimore four companies of the left wing were ordered up the road toward Philadelphia on special guard duty, with headquarters at Havre-de-Grace. These companies were Capt. Peale's, Capt. Warner's, Capt. Knapp's and Company K; the battalion being under the command of Major Keach, who was very popular with his men. The necessity for such a disposition of troops was apparent. The railroad and telegraph communications had been several times interrupted, and danger was still imminent. Maryland yet swarmed with disloyalists watching every opportunity to bring dishonor and ruin upon the national cause, and but for the vigilance of the government, this important line of communication with the North would have been seriously, perhaps fatally interrupted. Hence the Eighteenth was doing excellent service for their country in the faithful discharge of this duty of guarding the road. True, the service was dull and monotonous, but it was none the less necessary and important.

Company K was ordered to Havre-de-Grace about August 25th, 1862, and there it remained nearly eight months. Up to the first of January, 1863, there had been but one death in the company, that of John Penry, of Killingly, whose death occurred on November 28th, previous to the time indicated.

No other changes of special note occurred, except in the desertion of Felix W. Wilmot, of Killingly, on December 8th. The general health of the company was good, the duties comparatively light and on the whole satisfactory. The principal amusements were hunting and fishing, and these kept the table well supplied with a healthful variety of food. At least there were no complaints of short rations.

At first the citizens of the place were cold and reserved—their first acquaintances with Union soldiers having been exceptionally unpleasant. Company K had relieved a New York regiment whose boisterous behaviour had inspired such distrust that few ladies dared to go out into the street after dark. It was some time before the Connecticut boys could commend themselves to the “good graces” of the ladies at Havre-de-Grace, and they accomplished it in this way: By quiet, orderly conduct when off duty, regular attendance at church, and by taking part in the singing and other exercises of the social meetings. Some of them appeared in the choir; and is it any wonder that after a time the ladies of Havre-de-Grace began to think that the soldiers were—at least partly civilized, and that they began to show themselves on the street again. “Music has charms to soothe,” it is said, and it was in good part by this charm that the singers in Company K conquered a peace with even the disloyal ladies of Maryland. After which singing parties were organized, the boys were invited to spend the evening, and the time passed quickly and pleasantly. The boys retain many pleasant recollections of their stay there. It must be admitted, however, that the people were not very enterprising, indolence and whiskey drinking being their prevailing sins, and which became more fatal to the Northerners than even rebel hate or bullets, as we shall see hereafter. Soon Company I, Capt. Knapp, was ordered to Back River, about five miles from Baltimore, on the railroad, and there it continued about two months, the location being bad and unhealthy. At one time much sickness prevailed in the company, one-half of

the men being ill of chills and fever. Private Charles H. Beckwith, of Norwich, was sent home, where he died December 1st, and many others contracted diseases from which they never fully recovered while in the service. Capt. Knapp was on the sick list and subsequently was obliged to resign and return to Connecticut. That part of the company which escaped the fever had pleasant times, although the duty was more onerous by reason of the large number incapacitated by sickness. One of the pastimes was shooting wild ducks, which were very plentiful. The company had settled down with a fair prospect of remaining for a lengthy period; they had completed a new house—a comfortable building—and the general appearance of camp promised convenience and comfort, for a soldier's life, when the order came to move, as it always does when soldiers get ready for house-keeping, and begin to enjoy themselves. But the order is imperative, and in a brief space everything lies in heaps, is soon loaded up, and Company I is on the march for Camp Emory, near Baltimore, and perhaps on the whole not reluctant to get away from the low, marshy, and sickly grounds of Back River.

Company F, Capt. Peale, was stationed at Gunpowder Bridge, which was an important position. During the first year of the war the rebels had succeeded in destroying it, and the rebel citizens were ready to repeat the performance at the first opportunity. One of them said to a member of the Eighteenth on a certain occasion: "What would you do with a man if you found him disturbing the railroad track or telegraph wires?" and received this reply: "Well, I think we should run him up into one of these tall oaks, and there would not be many words with him either." The rebels having thus ascertained the metal of Capt. Peale and his men apparently came to the conclusion that it would not be proper to disturb Gunpowder Bridge, the railroad or the telegraph wires, unless they were prepared to risk the safety of their own necks. No disturbance whatever occurred and everything went well. The location was pleasant and healthy,

rations were good and the quarters quite comfortable. Up to January, 1863, there were no deaths, nor desertions, or any unpleasant occurrences worthy of mention.

The members of Company F recall with much satisfaction the pleasant course of their eight months stay at that place. The usual camp amusements were in vogue, which helped to "while away the hours" and beguile the monotony of picket duty, drills and dress parades. Much of the time, however, was passed in anticipation of incidents; and the frequent passing trains of cars crowded with passengers and soldiers created more or less interest and diversion.

Company G, Capt. Warner, was stationed at Perryville, on the east side of the Susquehanna, opposite Havre-de-Grace. This was a low, dirty looking place and infested with some of the most bitter and revengeful Secessionists. But there were true and ardent Union people there also, among whom the boys found many friends and passed many pleasant hours. Nothing of special interest transpired save that Second Lieut. Luther E. Rawson, of Woodstock, resigned December 22d; private Stiles Rawson died December 3d; Corporal Charles A. Bosworth died December 27th, and private John Riley, of Woodstock, was discharged for disability December 22d. There were no desertions to record. The company generally were in good health and as well pleased with their fare and accommodations as could be expected. The usual pastimes, such as hunting, boating and fishing were enjoyed with a zest. If the neighbors' pastures or hen-roosts ever suffered loss it was by the consent of the owners thereof by way of compensation. It is believed that in this respect all the Eighteenth boys gave general satisfaction to the loyal families on the line of the road, and this may account for the fact that special effort was made to retain their services in this department. The commanders of the companies are deserving of especial honor for the good order which they maintained, and the respect that was shown to the rights of loyal citizens. While

we do not pretend to say that known Secessionists fared as well in every respect as did the loyalists, we will venture the assertion that they were treated fully as well as they deserved.

Taking leave of the four companies, whose location has been given, in their quiet and comfortable quarters up the road, we return to Baltimore to find the six companies at Fort McHenry about to change their quarters. Two months have been passed at this place, and on some accounts the boys are quite willing to leave it.

There has been a decided change in the appearance of Fort McHenry and in its surroundings. The grassy slopes are no longer fresh and green, the delightful sea breeze has given place to raw, chilly winds from the bay, and the summer showers, cool and refreshing, are succeeded by autumn rains. It was then for the first time that the Connecticut man was furnished a correct idea of the nature of Maryland mud, the stickiest and deepest they had ever seen. Thus the disagreeable weather of the coming winter, in connection with the close confinement, monotonous and irksome duties to which they had been subjected, inspired these companies with jubilant feelings over their approaching departure. The order having come to leave on the 30th of October, the previous night was spent in getting ready to move. All through the camp fires blazed high and hot, consuming boxes, floors, and articles of camp furniture which not being portable the boys used in celebrating their exodus from the fort, and making themselves comfortable and merry. There was singing, dancing, speech-making, fun and frolic, and the whole camp was in merry uproar over the novel experience of a "first move." Next day came, the order to "fall in" was obeyed with unusual alacrity, and the Eighteenth was soon marching in high glee through the city toward Fort Marshall.

The march through Baltimore was an ovation and attended with enjoyable excitement. Whenever the companies halted the citizens came around them in crowds; warm-hearted Union people



brought out refreshments from their houses and bestowed every possible attention. Even the Secessionists treated the troops with respect and expressed admiration of their noble bearing and soldierly qualities. It is related that one of this class brought out a barrel of apples and distributed them among the men, at the same time remarking that if every regiment from the North was like the Eighteenth Connecticut, Maryland would soon be thoroughly Union. The apples, however, were not quite sound, and many of them were rotten to the core—a fair symbol the soldiers thought of the Southern Confederacy. Those that were good were soon pocketed, and the boys marched on elated with the pleasant incidents by the way. It was nearly night when they reached Fort Marshall, but instead of entering the barracks, as at first intended, they pitched their tents directly in front of the works at Camp Emory. On the same night the regiment was brigaded with the One Hundred and Tenth New York, under the command of Col. Littlejohn, in Gen. Emory's division, from whom their camp derived its name. Every man made himself as comfortable as his means and circumstances would allow. Fort Marshall was one of the most important defenses of Baltimore. It was a new earth-work erected after the war began, and its guns were so planted as to sweep the streets of the city as well as other directions. The position was such that the city rebels knew well what to expect in the event of a rising against Union soldiers, as had been the case when the Sixth Massachusetts passed through a year before. The situation was as beautiful as it was commanding, being the highest point of land in the vicinity and furnishing a magnificent view of the city and country for five or six miles around. The bay presented a delightful prospect, often dotted with sailing vessels and steamers passing to and from the harbor; Fort McHenry was nearly opposite in full view, and Federal Hill showed finely a short distance in an opposite direction.

As a whole the situation was charming and the change was



more than satisfactory to both officers and privates—all cherished pleasing anticipations in respect to the future. It promised also to be a healthy position. For a week or two previous to the removal there had been considerable sickness in camp; colds and fever had prevailed to some extent, and there were several cases of jaundice, a disease which, as a correspondent says, "Caused the faces of some to beam with the hues of sunset, and the roots of their hair to glitter with a color that would have set a gold digger to prospecting with confidence." The sensations of those thus diseased are described as intolerable, and are thus suggested by Bromley in a Norwich letter. It was his first Sunday at Camp Emory. "I can only say that all of that horrible Sunday I lay in my blankets in my tent with the wind and rain howling and pattering outside, and an occasional stream of water trickling down my canvas walls and running round me; looking through the yellowest pair of eyes that ever hung out as a wrecked liver's signal of distress, at the war, the country, the Eighteenth Regiment and its camp, and I leave you to imagine the rest."

The day after the arrival at Camp Emory Company A, Capt. Davis, was sent down on the eastern shore to Upper Marlboro', a little "secesh" den, where a guard was necessary to keep the citizens informed, as to who was President of the United States, and how many stars and stripes there were on the old flag. They started on Sunday morning, conveyed on the cars as far as Bladensburg, five or six miles this side of Washington, where they procured transportation; thence marching about twenty miles to their destination. No sooner had Capt. Davis arrived there than an order was received from headquarters to return to Baltimore. It proved that the order for the expedition was a mistake and that the company should not have been sent there at all. The trip, however, was an agreeable change from the monotony at Fort McHenry, and gave the boys a fine opportunity to view the country, and test the metal of the citizens along the route as developing their Union or Secession tendencies. And, moreover,

it afforded them an opportunity to enjoy a passing view of Washington.

The boys made preparations to return at once and marched directly for the capital, where they boarded the cars for Baltimore, arriving at that city at about seven o'clock on Wednesday evening without the loss of a man, but not without loss to the enemy, although it is not known that any great sensation was produced throughout the country on this account. One incident of the trip, however, must not be omitted, as it serves to show what a band of valiant men will do for their country when the danger becomes imminent; and, furthermore, decidedly indicated what would have been the fate of the Secessionists of the eastern shore had they been as imprudent and reckless as was the unfortunate victim of Federal bayonets in this case. We give the account verbatim, as related by an eye witness, as showing of what immense importance the affair was to the welfare of the country. Says the narrator: "The only incident of the march was the sudden death of a pig who ran against a bayonet on the march from Marlboro back. He died so suddenly that the soldiers roasted him to keep him from spoiling."

As rebels had often reported that the Yankees were cannibals and would eat up the poor whites and even the niggers, so when the citizens saw the fate of the pig all became quiet at once on the eastern shore, and Company A returned in triumph to headquarters.

At the same time that Company A returned from their scout to Marlboro, Companies E, H and D were ordered up the road E to Perryville, D to Stemmers Run and H to Charleston, about four miles east of Perryville. A detachment of Company H was sent to Conewingo on the west bank of the Susquehanna, twelve miles above Havre-de-Grace, and placed under the command of Lieut. Locke. Conewingo was a pleasant and healthy location and the detachment remained there through the fall and winter, on good terms with the citizens, assisting them in making their

cider, in drinking it as long as it was sweet, and in making themselves useful generally. Nothing of special note occurred save that the boys displayed their valor at Thanksgiving in slaughtering the chickens for a Yankee dinner at the same time that their friends at home were feasting on roast turkeys and the historic pumpkin pie.

We do not intend, however, to convey the impression that the boys robbed the citizens' hen-roosts for their booty; *to be sure* they did no such thing, but went out among the farmers with money in hand, bought their eggs and chickens, and then engaged a sweet looking Maryland housewife to make and cook their pie with the other things to match. While at the appointed time they sat down to their Thanksgiving repast, which was served up in their own house. Whether they had a plum pudding or not is not positively known, but they had a jolly good time even if they could not sing at the close the song of "Little Jack Horner." And by the way, Thanksgiving was well observed all along the road, and at Fort Marshall, many of the boys having received boxes from home containing turkeys, chickens, mince pies, plum puddings, cake, jellies, and a host of other good things. In some places the boxes were piled as high as the head and every-one had a feast. It would hardly do to state positively that there were wines at the feast, but it is to be presumed that there were, even if nothing stronger was brought forth. The home "rations" were highly enjoyed, tender allusions were frequently made concerning the "loved ones" there, and many a thought suggested itself of the "good time coming," when the war would be over and the soldiers would be "marching home."

Company E found the citizens of Perryville, as already indicated, rebel to the back bone and one prominent citizen, who had been a judge in Baltimore, was suspected of rendering aid and comfort to the Confederacy, though he had managed to obtain a government contract for mules. He was closely watched. Company D was pleasantly situated at Stemmers Run, occupying a dwell-

ing house for their quarters a portion of the time, and camping in tents the remainder. The duty was comparatively easy and if the boys had one thing to complain of more than another it was dull times. By many Perryville was voted a lonesome place, and the company were glad when the order came to remove to Baltimore.

Company H did not tarry long at Charleston but returned toward Baltimore to Chase's Station, fourteen miles from the city. While here an exciting event occurred which at first it was thought would end in a fight. The company had been at Chase's about two weeks, when on Sunday afternoon one of the men discovered that contraband goods were stored in a point of land running out into Chesapeake Bay, and were in charge of a rebel guard. On the reception of this intelligence the greatest excitement was aroused, and an order was at once issued for twenty-five men to "fall in." The men were anxious to go, all of them, it being the first expedition of the kind since they had entered the service. The lines were instantly formed, muskets loaded, the order was given, right face, forward, double quick, and away the boys went down the hill and over the railroad, and then charged into the woods where the conflict was expected, but there was no fight. The enemy had precipitately fled, leaving the fortification—a little hovel—to fall into the hands of the Yankees with all its goods and stores. A guard was immediately placed over the hovel and the remainder of the squad went scouting through the surrounding country in search of the owners of the goods. Only one capture was made, that of a negress, who fled down a lane in the greatest fear and consternation as the Yankees approached, it being generally understood that the Northern soldiers would kill every person they met, and perhaps eat them. The ridiculous scene will not soon be forgotten—the colored lady fleeing at her highest rate of speed, and a doughty lieutenant pursuing in hot haste. For a time the result was somewhat doubtful, though the result was, we believe, that the colored pe-

destrian was at length run down and bodily made a prisoner of war. No information was gained as to the whereabouts of the owners of the contraband goods.

The goods captured in this raid were mostly envelopes, writing paper, and some exceedingly valuable cotton machinery. A day later all this property would have been sent South, out of the reach of the United States government, by the way of the underground railroad and the Potomac. On the whole, the expedition was both an exciting and profitable one; it gave the rebels in the vicinity a wholesome fright and was a warning to the conductors of the underground railroad that they must run their trains with more secrecy if they expected them to reach their destination. It is believed, moreover, that after this the trains were hauled off and Company H became master of the situation.

Company G was posted at Bush River bridge, about half way between Baltimore and Havre-de-Grace. This bridge was about one mile in length, and was erected in place of one the rebels had destroyed in the first year of the war, and was a pleasant and desirable locality, more so than any other on the road, the camp being on high ground and overlooking a fine country landscape. Not far away were good hunting grounds to which the men made frequent visits, and from which the table of Company G was often replenished with savory meats of great varieties. There was also good fishing near by and the sport was both enjoyable and profitable. There were plenty of rebels too, and they were closely watched for it was evident they were ready to do any mischief to the Union cause as soon as opportunity offered. There were also good Union men and their kind attentions were in delightful contrast to the cold and sullen demeanor of their disloyal neighbors.

One of the latter class, who lived about four miles away, had given ample proof of his attachment to the government by sending several sons to the Union army. Capt. Warner maintained

good order in his command, and it is said effectually enforced the Maine law in the vicinity, greatly to the discomfort of many people. There were no deaths, discharges, nor desertions in this company to report while they were at this post.

Private Stephen H. Oatley, of East Killingly, who lost a finger by the accidental discharge of his musket, was the only man injured while the company was on duty at this place.

In the meantime the three companies, A, B and C, remaining at Fort Marshall were enjoying themselves in their new camp better than at any time since leaving their native State. Guard duties were light, the encampment being small, and the soldiers were no longer confined within the narrow limits of a parade ground for morning drill as at Fort McHenry. They could march through the woods, along the shores, across the lots or in any direction they pleased. This larger freedom was highly appreciated both by officers and privates. At one time all the companies marched out to Back River, five miles, to visit Capt. Knapp's command, and the trip was highly enjoyed by all. In one instance a few members of Company B took rather too much license, wandered off, and at last returned to camp under guard, were marched off to the guard-house, but were soon returned to their quarters.

In connection with these pleasant trips into the country, the boys derived much pleasure from skirmish drill, an exercise which was commenced about this time. The novelty of the practice excited much interest and the men gave promise of excelling in this department of the service. Thus passed the months of November and December.

About the 1st of November Company I was ordered from Back River to Fort Marshall and there it remained nearly two months. Just before the order came the company had fitted up excellent winter quarters in a new building, and the change was something of a disappointment. Company B was sent to relieve Company I at Back River, and about the same time Company

G, at Bush River, was relieved by Company A. These changes were not generally agreeable, but were submitted to with as good a grace as possible. Up to this date the following deaths and dismissals are noted:

Company A—Horatio Burdick died October 19th. Company B—Altiery K. Matthews, of Killingly, discharged October 12th; Amasa Houghton, October 13th, and William H. Austin, December 24th.

Company C—Myron W. Robinson, of Lebanon, discharged and enlisted in United States army November 16th; Thomas C. Brockway, of Norwich, discharged for disability December 23d. Other changes noticed elsewhere.

Company D—Elisha K. Robbins, of Eastford, discharged and enlisted in United States army October 14th; Prescott P. Curtiss, of Thompson, discharged for disability October 28th.

Company E—Joel Burdick, of Norwich, discharged August 26th; Michael Staubly, of Norwich, deserted August 26th; Reuben P. Douglass, of Colchester, discharged for disability December 22d. It was stated elsewhere that Douglass was the oldest enlisted man in the regiment, though this was denied by Abner F. Bacon, Company B, of Killingly, who claimed this honor. Both men were upwards of fifty years of age and each gave noble testimonial of unselfish patriotism and courage. George W. Rathbun, of Salem, discharged for disability December 23d; Sergeant Francis McKeag, of Norwich, promoted to second lieutenant December 26th. At the same time Capt. Isaac W. Hakes, of Norwich, resigned on account of ill health; in whom the company lost a good officer, earnest and indefatigable in the formation of his company, and in gaining the respect of his men. The necessity for his resignation was universally regretted. The changes in Company G have been noticed elsewhere.

Company I—Private William Wallace, of Norwich, deserted August 22d—the first desertion in the regiment and on the very day it left the State; William Peter, of Norwich, followed the ex



ample of Wallace, August 30th, at Fort M'Henry; Herman Hills, of Norwich, deserted at the same time; William Hays, of Norwich, deserted December 16th. Desertions seemed to be quite popular among the "Williams" of this company. Judson T. Carpenter, of Mansfield, discharged for disability December 23d; Benjamin Linton, of Griswold, discharged December 27th. It will be seen that but few changes transpired in the regiment for the first four months, while in Baltimore and vicinity. In nearly all cases of death the remains were sent home to the friends of the deceased, and the expenses generally defrayed by the respective companies.

January 1st, 1863, found the Eighteenth Connecticut, excepting Companies C, G and I, in comfortable winter quarters in the places already indicated. The general health of the regiment was good the duty was not excessively hard, the rations were satisfactory, and everything pointed to a season of comparative ease and quietude. All was quiet along the Potomac. About the only incidents that indicated any immediate danger to the Union lines were the occasional raids of Stuart's famous cavalry. It was about the last of December that a report gained credence that Stuart contemplated a descent on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and accordingly on the 30th, Companies C, G and I, with a detachment from other regiments, numbering in all about fifteen hundred men, were placed under the command of Col. Ely, and ordered up the railroad toward Frederick city. On the afternoon of that day, preparation was made for three days' "light marching orders," and at dark everything was ready. In a driving storm the companies marched through the city to the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, were packed into old freight cars, and hurried off in the direction where the trouble was expected. Not later than three o'clock the next morning the cars halted at a place called Mount Airy, and Company I was left on guard there while Companies C and G were taken to Monrovia Station, ten miles further on and sixty miles from



Baltimore. Their possession was first taken of some old sheds, pickets were thrown out, and all went to work to make themselves as comfortable as possible. The night was bitter cold, and the men did not hesitate to "borrow" rails, straw, corn-fodder, and anything that would help them to keep warm. Next day the command took possession of a Quaker meeting-house near by, and the sheds adjoining—an act which was not particularly pleasing to the "Friends" though of course they didn't resist. In the meantime the rain had changed to hail and snow, making it extremely unpleasant and uncomfortable. Several of the men were taken sick and sent back to Baltimore during the day. Rumors were rife that the rebels were near, and often fancy saw a coming foe in the distance which soon resolved itself into trees or rail fences.

At night orders were given to lay on arms and be ready at a moment's warning. The boys had been asleep scarcely two hours when the order was given, "fall in at double quick," and in a moment every man was at his post and ready for action.

But it was a false alarm, and after standing in line a few moments the order came to "break ranks" and the men returned to their quarters. Col. Ely complimented the men for the promptness and rapidity of the movement, which, however, was thought to have been prompted by a desire to test the readiness of the companies in obeying orders.

On the morning of January 1st a report was brought in that two of the pickets were missing. Of course it was believed they had been "gobbled up" by the rebels, and for a little time the excitement was great. A proposition was advanced to go in hot pursuit, but this plan was soon abandoned after a logical argument by Capt. Bromley, who assured his auditors, who gave the closest attention during the delivery of his speech, that "If the men had been captured there was no use in pursuing them, for was it not known that Stuart's cavalry were cannibals, who devoured their

prisoners, leaving nothing but their buttons. "The buttons," he suggested—if the place could be discovered where the rebels took their breakfast—"might be found and sent to their friends, and would undoubtedly be a great consolation to them; for," said he, feelingly and with much emphasis, "Stuart's cavalry, when they eat Yankees, always spit out their buttons."

Whether this proposed disposition of the matter was the fruit of profound wisdom as a military chieftain, or as an experienced editor of a newspaper, is wholly immaterial so long as the boys seemed perfectly satisfied that the question was settled beyond a doubt. The missing pickets, however, soon returned, "buttons and all," having found friends instead of enemies, and in place of being eaten had themselves eaten a sumptuous breakfast at the house of a Union farmer not far away. Under the circumstances there is no doubt that both companies would have been greatly pleased to have been taken prisoners in the same manner. Warm, home-like breakfasts were a rarity in those times that were highly appreciated.

At Mount Airy, Company I had various experiences being left about a half mile above the depot, near a high embankment, in a strange country, and so intensely dark that there was nothing to do but to wait for daylight. Capt. Knapp rolled himself up in his blankets, and slept about an hour, when he awoke nearly frozen and found his men trying to make themselves comfortable by a large fire. "Ed. Spalding" handed him a cup of coffee "red hot," which with the fire outside finally warmed him up. Some of the company struck off in the dark, found farm houses, gained admission, and took comfortable possession. Almost every family in the place were rebels, but Capt. Knapp discovered one Union man who fully acquainted him with the situation and pointed out a large barn near by which the command could confiscate for a short time for military purposes. The owner was seen and the inquiry made if he would clean it out for the Yankees. He was disinclined to comply. "Very

well," replied Capt. Knapp, "I will do it for you as I have plenty of help." The rebel thereupon took the hint and despatched about a dozen negroes to remove the hay and straw, and after the work had been completed Company I "moved in." The captain told the boys that they must have a stove. Some of them, in a short ramble, had already discovered one in a blacksmith's shop, about two miles away. A hand-car near by was at once appropriated to convey the stove to headquarters. The situation soon assumed a pleasanter aspect, the floor having been covered about one foot thick with clean straw, making a soft bed for the night. The next morning Capt. Knapp had four invitations to breakfast, the citizens having concluded that it would be for their interest to show every attention to the Union boys and especially to the officers. While Company I was getting along so satisfactorily that New-Year's morning, Company C and G were undergoing another little excitement. A picket had discovered some cavalry on the road, whereupon he had fired his gun and run for the post, leaving his comrades "fast asleep." The companies were hurried into line of battle and thus they awaited the onset. At last the detachment made its appearance, but proved to be friends with a dispatch for Col. Ely that he return with his command to Baltimore. The deserted sentinels slept calmly through the entire proceeding. The evening of the same day found Company C at Fort Marshall again, and Companies I and G in camp near Stewart's woods, at the termination of West Baltimore Street. The trip on the whole had been novel and exciting and the source of no little merriment to all who participated in its varied scenes. It was the most active service these companies had seen, and looked a little more like war than anything they had encountered before. Companies I and G remained at Stewart's woods about two months, and while there an incident occurred which nearly resulted in the death of a Union soldier, a member of Battery L, United States artillery, attached to the same com-



SURGEON, CHAS. M. BARLETON



mand, under Maj. Challin. Some of the roughs of this battery had long been boasting that they could run the guard of the countrymen-soldiers and no picket could prevent them. Thus it happened that one night a sergeant of the battery named, who was on his way from the city intoxicated, attempted to cross the beat of private Daniel Donahue, who promptly challenged him and demanded the countersign. The sergeant could not, or would not give it, and attempted to run the guard. Donahue immediately charged upon him and in the scuffle that ensued the sergeant was shot—the contents of Donahue's musket, consisting of a Minie-ball, and wooden gun-plug two and one half inches in length, passing completely through his body. He was pronounced mortally wounded by the surgeon, but he lived and finally recovered. Donahue was immediately promoted for the fearless manner in which he discharged his duty, and thereafter Battery L obeyed orders, though coming from a guard of "countrymen-soldiers."

After the raid up the Baltimore and Ohio road, the Eighteenth was employed in the same manner as before at Fort Marshall, and "up the road" duty was not very hard. The boys found much of interest and pleasure to render their situation tolerable if not altogether desirable. The chapel services at the fort were well attended, for a while at least, and more or less religious interest was manifested. Chaplain Cooper furnished the chapel with singing books from the avails of one of his lectures in the city.

"Our life," says a correspondent, writing from Fort Marshall, "was rather monotonous, but still we enjoyed it better than we expected, as we had greater privileges and more liberty than had been allowed in Fort McHenry. We had a debating society and singing school; the latter under the direction of Albert C. Green, assisted by several musicians, and which was held in the chapel tent." Altogether these exercises were of service to all who enjoyed them and are remembered with interest and satisfaction.

The same correspondent gives the following graphic description of Company C's first fight, in which he writes: "As our trip to Monrovia may be regarded as the first active service we had experienced, so may Fort Marshall be noted as the place where we first bled for our country.

"Company C occupied barracks under the fort. One night, no sooner had taps sounded and lights were out than the foe was upon us: not singly nor in pairs, but in multitudes and droves. Countless as the stars, innumerable as the forest leaves and blood-thirsty as the gallinippers that inhabit the swamps of Florida.

"We were attacked in front and in rear, and being completely surrounded found it impossible to retreat and impossible to attempt a flank movement. We, therefore, determined to fight; and fight we did with every conceivable weapon that could be brought to bear. We fought with fire and gunpowder, red-hot ram-rods and bayonets. Men plunged fearlessly into every cranny and crack.

"Myriads of the highly perfumed varmints were slain. Still we fought on determined to conquer, but the contest was an unequal one. The reinforcements of the enemy were larger than ours and we were at last forced to succumb. Some of the men were badly demoralized, particularly one of the musicians (Gager) who, after being driven from bunk to bunk and from one end of the barracks to the other, was forced to entrench himself upon one end of a long table where he was comparatively free from the assaults of the rebels."

It is believed that other companies were subjected to frequent attacks from the same inveterate foes of the Yankees, and that they fought with equal bravery and pertinacity as did Company C on the memorable occasion referred to, but we are compelled to say with no greater success.

Other incidents were frequent during raids, though unattended by special danger to life or limb, which resulted in no little loss to commissary and quartermaster's department.

At Havre-de-Grace life with Company K kept the even tenor of its way. All was quiet on the Susquehanna until Christmas, when there was a period of no little excitement. Boxes of good things had arrived that morning from loved ones at home, the contents of which did much towards perfecting the enjoyments of the day. It was a holiday indeed; the boys had become hungry for home food, and the "movement" by which turkeys, chickens, pies, and cakes of various descriptions disappeared was quicker than "double-quick." At the same time the kind-hearted ladies of Havre-de-Grace perfected a fine entertainment for the inmates of the soldiers' hospital, in which a long table, loaded with turkeys, chickens, ducks, roast pork, pies, and cakes of various kinds, with a dessert of apples, almonds and candy was prepared for the patients. Everything was furnished in profusion and excellent taste, and the spread was highly appreciated by those in whose interest it was provided. Among the principal ladies who were the authors of this pleasant entertainment, the names of Mrs. Troupal, Wells, McCarkey, Mitchell, and the two Misses Mitchell appear, and will always be remembered with gratitude by the inmates of the hospital and the members of Company K.

Another incident occurred about this time of a more startling character, but we are disposed to allow a correspondent of the Windham County Transcript to tell the story:

"A Mr. Taylor, of Sterling, came out on a visit to his two sons in this company accompanied by a Miss Philena Ladd, a young lady of their acquaintance. It so happened that the old gentleman, William A. Taylor, one of his boys, the young lady, and our chaplain were all in a room together, and the consequence was that before the party broke up it was acknowledged that

Whoever says our chaplain's bad  
Is nothing but a railer;  
Into that room she went a Ladd;  
He brought her out a—Taylor.



The next evening the bridegroom came down to his tent with a pail full of good cider, and a large pan of apples, flanked with a bunch of cigars, and these, mixed with singing, extempore speeches, toasts, etc., caused the evening to pass quickly and pleasantly. For the newly wedded pair we wish a long life and a happy one, and may their children be like the blessings of God—neither few nor small."

We turn from this pleasant occurrence to record one of a sad and painful character. On December 26th Sergeant Walter Young, while on his way back from the ferry boat to his quarters, was shot in the leg by the reckless sentinel on guard, who was under the influence of liquor, and who afterward admitted with tears that there was no reason for his act. The wounded man lived only about two weeks. Sergeant Young was an estimable and faithful soldier, highly esteemed by his comrades and his untimely death cast a gloom over the spirits of the whole company. His body was sent home to friends in Killingly for burial and subsequently the following resolutions were passed by his company:

"Whereas, unwelcome death has visited our company and by a most calamitous accident taken from us our highly esteemed comrade, Sergeant Walter Young, we have, as our feelings prompted, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

"Resolved, that in the death of Sergeant Walter Young we have lost a kind and genial comrade, a favorite among all, while the service has lost a brave and judicious soldier, who had proved himself equal to any trust or emergency.

"Resolved, that his fortitude under severest suffering, and his calmness in view of death, are convincing proofs that his was the highest type of moral courage and Christian faith.

"Resolved, that we extend to the bereaved wife and children our profound sympathy and regard. Their sorrow will be deep and long, but He who for wise purposes ordered the affliction has promised to be the husband of the widow, and a father to the fatherless.

"Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the estimable wife of our lamented comrade, and that a copy also be furnished to the Windham County Transcript."

A correspondent of Company B endeavors to have it appear that the company was quite successful in a battle with the (rat) rebels at Back River and avers that a terrible slaughter was made in the ranks of the enemy; that in the space of two hours the number of the slain amounted to one hundred and seventy-five, weighing one pound apiece, and when placed in line measured one hundred and seventy-nine feet. We cheerfully make the record. "Honor to whom honor," etc.

To many readers these laughable incidents may seem light and trifling, and hardly worthy a place in history; nevertheless they are a part of the experiences of the soldier, almost indispensable in the "hum-drum" monotony which is always the pest of military life. Company B had many pleasant experiences at Back River during the winter, though the health of the company was not so good as at Fort McHenry, the chief sickness being colds, which were common in all the companies on the line of the road and at Fort Marshall.

Considerable religious interest prevailed for a time. Meetings were held in the barracks every Sabbath evening, and the members of the company at liberty attended and showed interest in the exercises of singing, prayer and exhortations by their comrades. As the chaplain spent most of his time at Baltimore, Lieut. E. D. Carpenter conducted the services with ability and evident satisfaction to all. The morale of the company was good and under the vigilant care of Capt. Bates, a model disciplinarian, great proficiency was made in the practical knowledge of the tactics. The presence of Maj. Keach too, who visited camp generally every week, was always greeted with evident pleasure. A correspondent says of him that "He was a good and kind officer and all the men in the regiment respect him and have unbounded confidence in him."

It is the universal testimony that all the companies along the road were under excellent discipline at this time, a fact that speaks well for the character of their respective commanders and co-ordinates. Company D, especially, won "golden opinions" at Stemmers Run. On the 6th of January, when the company was ordered to report at Fort Marshall, the inhabitants expressed deep regret at their departure. One of them saying as they left the Run: "I'm sorry to have you leave; you behaved finely, disturbed none; and are the best company ever at this station." A few days before they left, a man called Colonel Slater, genial in his address and his professions plausible, who lived about seven miles distant, drove up to the company's quarters and presented Capt. Joseph Matthewson with a fine pair of ducks. This was the same man, however, on whose premises Company H (as before stated) captured twenty-four cases of contraband goods, consisting of various articles for the use of rebels, to aid them in carrying on the war against the Union. It is possible that under the labors of Capt. Bowen he became a convert to the cause, if not willingly yet by constraint; and his polite attentions at this time may be considered the evidence of his conversion. Company H, with D, repaired to Fort Marshall on the 9th of the month, and were quartered in barracks; yet both companies longed for their old quarters which were more comfortable.

At this time Col. Ely had Companies C, D and H under his immediate command at Fort Marshall; also a detachment of the Fifth New York artillery and a regiment of New York infantry. About the last of this month a dreary rain storm of several days' duration came on and the men on guard fully realized the miseries of a Southern winter.

Company E, at Perryville, had a little excitement at about the same time. At this place the rebel spirit was still rampant, and one night a sentinel of Company E was knocked down at his post, choked and left for dead, where he was found by the next relief guard. Two men named Brown and Price were arrested and

thrown into the guard house on suspicion that they were connected with the outrage; but the facts did not come out. About February 1st the weather was reported as colder than at any other time during the winter, and not after were the sentinels found asleep on duty as they had to keep in a brisk motion to prevent being frozen, to promote digestion, and free circulation of the blood. After a few days, however, the weather moderated, and the remainder of the month was comparatively pleasant.

The routine of drill and guard duty continued at Fort Marshall; the only variety in the former being the march through the streets of Baltimore for the purpose of reminding the city rebels that their masters were not far away. The chapel tent remained open. Meetings were held in it on Sunday and Thursday evenings by the chaplain. A debating club met on Wednesday evening, and on Friday a union bible class. At all these times this tent was open to the members of the different companies as a reading room, and which was supplied with tables and seats for such as wished to write away from the noise of the barracks. This privilege was highly appreciated by many. Surgeon Carleton, who had been for sometime at Havre-de-Grace, was ordered to this post, and Surgeon Hough took his place. Two companies of the Fifth New York artillery went on the 4th, leaving only six companies on duty, and thus the amount of service was increased for each company.

On February 12th Governor Buckingham visited Companies I and G at Stuart's woods and received a warm welcome. At eight o'clock the next day he visited the fort, and received a salute from the guard, after which he invited the boys to shake hands with him, for said he: "You are all my boys." The boys were not slow in accepting the invitation. After a short address to the new guard, at guard mounting, he visited the hospital.

Governor Buckingham's visit was gratifying to the whole regiment and a pleasure and an encouragement. It was timely;

it revived the spirits of the boys who had become discontented with their hum-drum life, and the governor was hailed everywhere with great enthusiasm. It was a pleasure to the regiment to know that he was even passing by on the cars, and most heartily did they cheer the trains. They felt that he was the soldier's friend and would do all in his power for their comfort and encouragement.

On February 10th a correspondent of the regiment wrote: "Governor Buckingham has the sympathy of the soldiers," and, in view of the fact of his being a candidate for re-election, he adds, "and were they not unjustly disfranchised he would have their votes. He is the soldier's friend, and all he could do for them, and for the honor of his State, he has done; no deeper stain can fall on the yet unsullied honor of the State than his defeat." Politics ran high in the Eighteenth Connecticut from this time until after the first Monday in April following; nearly every man in the regiment manifesting the deepest interest in the result.

Subsequently meetings were held, stirring speeches made, earnest resolutions passed, and the canvass was earnest and lively. Letters by the score were forwarded to the papers and to friends in Eastern Connecticut urging the friends of the general government to arouse and see to it that Buckingham was re-elected by a rousing majority. "May the time never come," wrote one, "when the people of Connecticut shall show by their votes that they fail to appreciate his noble and patriotic endeavors to assist in putting down this wicked Rebellion." These words convey an idea of the feeling that was manifested in the regiment on this question at an early period. Later, it was written: "The coming election in our State excites a lively interest here. More than nine-tenths of the men are strongly in favor of Buckingham, and of prosecuting the war with vigor until the Rebellion is put down and the star spangled banner waves triumphant throughout the length and breadth of our land.

"Voters of Connecticut! while we are absent in the service of

our country let not the friends of traitors be elected to any office, and let not our beloved State prove untrue to the cause for which we came forth at the peril of our lives."

We here insert special mention of the action of Company B, which indicates the spirit of the regiment generally. One evening at roll call the members of this company resolved themselves into a town meeting to give expression of their feelings in relation to the approaching election in Connecticut, with the following result: Buckingham, 84; Seymour 0. A few soldiers remained neutral.

A committee, consisting of Lieut. Carpenter, Orderly Amesbury, U. B. Scofield, Corporal Lee and Allen Clark, was appointed to draft a series of resolutions, and the following were submitted and adopted: "We, the members of Company B, Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers, having a deep interest in the election about to take place in Connecticut, and being deprived of the privilege of voting, do desire to express our views and feelings in the following declaration, to wit:

"We believe we left our homes and friends but for one purpose, that of putting down a wicked and causeless Rebellion against one of the best governments in the world, and until that is accomplished we cannot abate one jot or tittle in our earnest endeavors to sustain the government of the United States to the bitter end. Our deepest feelings and earnest desires are for peace founded upon righteousness, justice and humanity; but the peace some would have, to be obtained by the government laying down their arms while armed rebels menace us, we have no sympathy for. We look for the most earnest and lasting peace by a vigorous prosecution of the war, and not, in the language of Thomas H. Seymour, by a vigorous prosecution of peace. And as said Seymour has in no way, either by word, sympathy or deed, done anything to encourage or support the government in the prosecution of the war, but has on the contrary opposed the war from the start; we, therefore, look with the deepest regret upon any

prospect of his election to the governorship of the State of Connecticut, believing it would tend to discourage our own government, and encourage rebels, when they are evidently at their last resort. In William A. Buckingham we recognize a man who has with his whole soul entered upon the work of sustaining the government in every possible way, and has given his time and money without stint towards the suppression of the Rebellion. We, therefore, regard him as the best man to aid the government in this trying time of the nation's peril, and would support him by our votes were we at home to vote. We earnestly ask all who have any regard for us as soldiers not to support a man who will embarrass the government.

Signed,

GEORGE TORREY, Chairman.

ANSON WITHEY, Secretary."

Capt. Bates then added a few remarks, "pithy, patriotic and to the point," at the close of which he called for three rousing cheers for Governor Buckingham, which were given with a will amid the greatest enthusiasm.

This action, with reference to the political preferences to the Eighteenth Connecticut, was not instigated by mere partisan feeling, or by a desire to promote the interests of political aspirants to office. Men of different political creeds before the war were a unit in denouncing Secession and in the determination to support the war for the Union. The party at home, whatever its name, that supported the general government was their party; the party opposed was their enemy, and as soldiers they fought against it with their pens, while they stood ready to attack the foe in front with their arms. The volunteers of 1862 were of sturdy material, true as steel, and whether in victory or defeat, unyielding in their attachment to public men who stood firmly by the government.

Six months had passed away since the Eighteenth left Connecticut, and the prospect of a speedy close of the war was by no means flattering. "It looks now as though we should stay



Surgeon LOWELL HOLBROOK.





three years, instead of being home in three months, which was the hopeful anticipation of some when we left the State," thus dolefully wrote a correspondent. February wore slowly away. The order of exercises was nearly the same as at the first of the service. The duty of one company was mainly the duty of all. The first thing in the morning was the "reveille," a "duet" performed on the fife and drum. These instruments were generally denominated "spirit stirring," but it was rather a body stirring sound, because when the shrill strains were heard every one was obliged to leave his bed of straw, don his suit of blue, and in ten minutes be in readiness for taps. Then the order "fall in" was given, and presently the men stood in two ranks; after a few maneuvers, the orderly began calling the roll, first with the non-commissioned officers, and then with the privates in alphabetical order, each one present answering here. This concluded, the order was given "right face, break ranks, march," and a simultaneous charge was made on the cook-room for breakfast, which occurred between seven and eight o'clock A. M. Sometimes military order was not strictly observed, the boys rushing in "pell-mell," and seizing the different dishes set before them and bearing them away to their quarters to be consumed in undisturbed security. The kind of food most generally disliked was mule beef, and that which gave the best satisfaction was pork and beans—baked as enchantingly as ever were baked at home. The remainder of the meal consisted of a loaf of good bread, and coffee to wash it down. Occasionally there was chickory instead of coffee, but it was the general opinion that Uncle Sam was not himself when he bought it. There was plenty of fun and rough pleasantry at all the meals. The cry, hot coffee, or more coffee, with an occasional outward application of the same, and the outbursts of merriment or wrath will not soon be forgotten, or cease to provoke a smile. After breakfast came the sick call—an orderly going the rounds taking the names of all those who considered themselves unfit for duty, and then in solemn procession march

ing them to the hospital, or the surgeons' headquarters, where they were questioned and examined and got the usual dose, or were sent to the hospital as the case might require. The next thing in order was "guard mounting." The men detailed for this business, at the tap of the drum, would don their equipments, seize their guns, and with fixed bayonets sally forth, and as their names were called take their places in line; then they were passed over to the tender mercies of a sergeant who inspected their arms and saw that everything was right, after which they were sent to their respective posts of duty. Shortly after guard mounting, when the weather permitted, came the "fall in for drill," which was marching in different shapes and forms—coming to right shoulder shift, parade rest, charge bayonets, &c., till the ideas of some became decidedly muddled.

The grand event of the day was dinner. The tap of the drum brought down the camp into the cook-room again, and none but a hungry man could fairly appreciate its attractions. At this meal there was pork, beet, and generally potatoes. Three times a week there was beefsteak, sometimes tender and good, but at other times older and tougher than the nineteenth century. It is needless to say that many jokes were cracked at the expense of the "animal," and there was much speculation as to the manner in which his last days were spent. It is no wonder that two hours were required for digesting before resuming drill in the afternoon, which in general was the same as in the morning.

At five o'clock P. M. came dress parade. This was a kind of recapitulation of what had been learned through the day, and, as in a "country school on examination day," the boys had to don their best, with white gloves, "chokers," and shining boots, making an imposing appearance. The "chokers" deserve special notice. They were furnished by the government, and were strips of harness leather two and one-half inches wide for which the men had to pay ten cents. The only ornament they bore was an iron buckle, and were very comfortable—when off. It is

said when first received the men were very proud of them, and strutted about like a boy with a new jacket. Some of them, however, felt so grateful that they wished that the donors might be allowed to wear them as a "mark of honor" as long as they lived. Of course at dress parade the "chokers" were of service in compelling the boys to hold up their heads and look fixedly straight ahead. These "neck-ties" accounted in part for this fine appearance on parade. Parade dismissed there was another rush for private quarters where preparations were made for supper, which was served at about half-past five o'clock. It consisted sometimes of rice and molasses, or cold meat and bread, and sometimes the staff of life stood solitary and alone on the table. With this meal there was generally tea or coffee. The success in obtaining "extras" of the citizens in country about camp depended on the amount of greenbacks among the soldiers. Milk, butter and poultry could be obtained for money and occasionally as a gift.

Evening roll being over the day's work was done; soon after the drums beat, lights were put out and old Morpheus took command of all except along the guard-line.

On Sunday the usual drills were omitted, but there was a general inspection in the forenoon and dress parade in the afternoon. The soldier is supposed to carry all his property in his knapsack, and at inspection the contents of this "back institution" are inspected. When the boys opened their knapsacks and spread out their contents the scene reminded one of a string of peddlers exhibiting their goods for sale. At the same time there was a general inspection of arms and ammunition after the men had passed in review to see if their legs were all right. On the whole the inspection was quite an exciting affair, and right glad were the men when it was over.

The members of the different companies will recall with no little pleasure the lively times at target practice—the "wild shots" and "good shots," and when the target sometimes was shot all

to pieces. The companies were marched to some "by place" and there in turn all would blaze away with the purpose to perfect themselves in the art of hitting the enemy. It is a question, however, whether the best marksman at the target was the best shot in battle, on account of the "peculiar agitation" that is likely to occur in the presence of immediate danger. "Circumstances alter cases."

On February 5th "Ed." Niles was sent to Fort Marshall to stand trial for manslaughter.

On February 17th the paymaster came with two months pay. These were important events.

The pay was \$26. There were few who looked upon "soldiering" as especially lucrative in the light of the proceeds. At home most of the men could have earned three times that amount. Uncle Sam could not afford to pay big wages.

About the 20th an exciting affair occurred at Conewingo bridge, where a squad of Company H was stationed. A sergeant and four men sallied forth to arrest a deserter and was attacked by twenty or thirty rebel citizens, who, after a lively set-to, overpowered our boys and lodged them in jail. A correspondent, writing from Fort Marshall, February 1st, relates an incident that caused great sadness among the three companies there. According to his account: "Maj. Gen. Butler, accompanied by Gen. Schenck, their staff officers, the mayor of Baltimore and a portion of the city council, visited the fort last Thursday, escorted by a company of cavalry, one of which belonged to the First Connecticut battalion. A sad accident cast a gloom over all, and they returned to the city with sorrowing hearts. As the visitors were walking upon the ramparts of the fort during the firing of the salute in honor of their arrival, Capt. Woodhull, of the United States navy, stepped in front of one of the guns at the instant of its discharge, and was so terribly injured that he lived but a few moments. The charge took effect in the legs, and he was thrown about thirty feet down an embankment fifteen feet

high. His son, who was on Gen. Schenck's staff, was present and witnessed the terrible accident. His grief may be better imagined than described. Capt. Woodhull had fallen about thirty feet to the rear of the party and was in the act of regaining his position when the fatal occurrence took place. No blame was attached to the officer in charge of the battery."

Previous to this disaster Gen. Butler had reviewed the troops in the fort, and made them a speech which was well received.

On February 25th Gen. Rosseau, of Kentucky, passed over the road, "an out-and-out six-footer," as one of Company K, of the relief guard on the ferry boat at Havre-de-Grace, styled him; adding at the same time, "May the star of his patriotism never wane." Company K had a better opportunity of seeing the big generals as they passed over the road, as six of their number were on duty daily as a special guard to look after deserters. But they did not disturb many of stars and shoulder-straps.

The affair at Conewingo bridge ended satisfactorily after all; Sergeant Spencer, with a posse of men, rescuing the soldiers from the rebel citizens on the evening of the day of the capture. There is no doubt that the course of such rebel citizens, who were too cowardly to fight openly, prolonged the war, as it required a large force to watch them, which might have been employed to better advantage at the front. The rebel force in the rear, reaching back to Canada, gave our government a world of trouble. About the last of February Companies I and G were ordered from Stewart's woods to Fort McHenry. During the latter part of their stay at Stewart's woods, Capt. Knapp was in command, Maj. Chalfin, of the Fifth United States artillery, being ordered to serve on a court martial in the city. At this time another down-east snow storm made its appearance, the snow being about ten inches deep, a freezing cold, but it did not tarry long under the influence of a Maryland sun. Next, several companies were made glad by the presence of home friends—Messrs. Amesbury, Jencks, Blanchard, W. L. Danielson and William James, Esq., of

Killingly, who are interesting themselves in the welfare of their soldiers. In addition to other kindly offices performed by these gentlemen, they carried home to the friends of Companies B and K large amounts of money received on the State bounty checks free of charge, thus saving the friends or the soldiers much trouble and not a little expense. Mr. Amesbury took about \$800 and Mr. Danielson \$1000 in checks. This act was a very generous one, the gentlemen going many miles out of their way to deliver the money. All the checks were taken to New Haven and cashed at the State department.

Messrs. Green, Sawyer and McClellan, of Woodstock, paid the Windham County boys a visit at about the same time. And, best of all, the wives of many of the men took upon themselves the responsibility to come and look after the wants of their lords now in blue clothes, and ascertain how Uncle Sam was using them. Their coming was a source of great mutual enjoyment. On March 4th Chaplain Cooper resigned on account of the ill health of his family, and returned to his home in New London. It hardly seemed right that the regiment should be deprived of the services of a chaplain at such a time, and yet it was thought by some that the regiment was so scattered and broken up that it would be difficult for one to be of much service; others argued that on this account they needed a chaplain all the more, and he could be all the more useful. The chaplain, by establishing a "Methodist circuit," and visiting the different companies in regular order and holding religious services, might do much for the benefit of the men in keeping up their courage and spirits in cheerful endurance. There was generally a difference of opinion about chaplains as well as about other officers. With some companies they were in favor, with others not. Their office was regarded by some as necessary, by others as unnecessary.

On March 6th Second Assistant Surgeon Hough resigned and returned to Putnam. He had been very attentive to the duties of his position, kind and faithful, and never wanting in sympa-

thy for the sick of his charge. Those under his immediate care cherish grateful remembrances of him. He was a sincere and thorough Union man, and had no respect for men who proved unfaithful in the important trusts committed to them in the name of their government.

Another incident occurred about this time which was the cause of no little merriment among these boys immediately concerned in the case of a "Pike" and a "Baker," and the results that were developed.

Miss Eunice Baker, from Wauregan, visited Havre-de-Grace in search of a "Pike" whose given name was John, who wished to confer with Miss Eunice Baker on interesting business. The upshot was, that John and Eunice were soon pronounced husband and wife. In view of which a correspondent, of the Transcript, perpetrated the following:—"Fish grow to an enormous size down here, some kinds are over six feet long and capable of taking a common sized person at a meal. A young lady who came out here on a visit met with this sad fate which one of the boys immortalized in the following: 'Miss Baker came to our town to see how she would like. But the poor lady, soon—alas was swallowed by a Pike.' May the life and happiness of our friend be as long as his body corporate."

On March 19th Company K received another testimonial of regard from the citizens of Havre-de-Grace. They were treated, fifty in all, to a "Duck dinner," temptingly cooked—an act of generosity that originated with Capt. Galloway who had received aid from other parties friendly to the Union soldiers. One of the company wrote in his journal on the following night: "Company K will always remember with gratitude these men. May their lives be as long and happy as their deeds are patriotic."

Company I had just fitted up good quarters in an old ordinance building at Fort McHenry, and lived in clover for a short time but their quarters took fire one night and burned up with



everything in them. Capt. Knapp lost everything, the company's books and papers, leaving him nothing but the clothes he had on. This was a heavy loss and sorely felt. During this month Col. Ely was president of a court martial at Fort McHenry. Capt. Bromley, judge advocate, and Capts. Matthewson Company K., Warner Company G, and others were members of the court. DeLaroo Wilson, Company C, was clerk. This court sat for some time and did much important business. A similar proceeding was held during the fall season while the headquarters of the regiment were at Fort Marshall, and Col. Ely and several of the line officers were prominent in the court, Col. Ely being president.

Col. Graham, of the New York Fifth artillery, was in command at Fort Marshall a part of the time during Col. Ely's absence. How long these courts were in session, or what amount of business they did we have not been able to ascertain. It is certain, however, that several officers of the Eighteenth were members of both courts and acquitted themselves with ability and dignity. The part which these officers were called to perform in this position was considered at the time an honor to the regiment.

More recruits were wanted. Accordingly Capt. Bromley, Company C; Corporal Freeman, Company C and Sergeant Abdrich, Company D returned to Eastern Connecticut to make another draft on the patriotism of the people. It was thought that the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers could offer inducements for recruits equal to, if not greater than that of any other regiment in the State. Among other advantages were enumerated good officers and men, good quarters and rations and above all a good situation. "Come then—said correspondent F. H. W. Windham County patriots and join our ranks. We welcome you as brothers and from "conquering to conquer"

"We'll go marching along."

Political feeling continued to run high and a strong feeling of

indignation was created by the reported speeches of Vallandigham and Wood in favor of the election of Thomas H. Seymour governor of Connecticut. As the time of election was near the excitement increased in proportion. "What are the Union men of Connecticut thinking of to let such foul treason pollute their soil." We invite the trio of traitors to repeat their words here," wrote the Transcript detachment.

The work of recruiting had never prospered much. The draft was resorted to, and Capt. Bromley who had been honorably discharged, was appointed provost marshal with his headquarters at Norwich, and the draft went on.

April 1st, Col. Ely returned home on a ten days' furlough and Col. Nichols was left in command. Ten men from each of the companies at Fort Marshall, fifteen each from the companies at Fort McHenry and about twenty each from some of the companies up the road were selected by their captains for furloughs at the same time, the object being no doubt to allow the Eighteenth a voice in the Connecticut State election. This was a great privilege to the fortunate ones but there was dissatisfaction regarding the men selected.

Many of the regiment had been enlisted only a day or two before going into Camp Aiken at Norwich, with the promise that they were to have furlough of several days before leaving the State. This was not granted them except for a few hours and many were obliged to leave their home affairs in an unsettled state. The dissatisfaction arose on the supposition that a proper discrimination had not been made on the part of some of the officers, young men without families being permitted to return, while men with families and whose presence was needed at home for the above reason were compelled to remain. No one thing up to this time created so much ill-feeling in the regiment as this official act.

But the presence of the paymaster again with two months pay operated toward making peace, and good humor again prevail-

ed. "The boys," says a correspondent, "are feeling better," and another correspondent adds, "our captain is giving passes to the city to those who had no opportunity to go home; we have music and other amusements to pass away the time and our lot is comparatively an easy one."

The first week in April there was great excitement over the Connecticut election. The re-election of Governor Buckingham by about 2,500 majority, was a source of great joy to the Eighteenth. The members of the regiment who were at home, contributed not a little to this most desirable result. We find this record in the Killingly Transcript: "Col. Ely of the Eighteenth regiment, with others, spoke at Union Hall, Danielsonville, Saturday evening. He eloquently and forcibly urged the people not to discourage the soldiers by electing an anti-war man as governor of the State, and they haven't."

The following week the ladies and gentlemen of Danielsonville, manifested their interest in the soldiers of the Eighteenth and others, by giving them a collation at Union Hall to which the families of the soldiers were also invited and who attended in large numbers. It was a decidedly pleasant affair. Members of the Eighteenth at home on a furlough in other towns, in Windham and New London counties, were recipients of similar demonstrations, while at the same time the boys in the front were cheering for William A. Buckingham.

On April 8th Company K removed from Havre-de-Grace to Fort Marshall and were assigned to duty inside of the fort where they found pleasant quarters. Seven men of this company were soon detailed for duty at Patterson's Park hospital, half a mile away. April 10th the furloughed boys returned to their respective companies, brimming over with stories to tell their comrades about their visit at home and about the many amusing incidents of the late election. A member of the regiment wrote in his journal that night as follows: "Our boys who went home on a furlough returned this afternoon, looking old fashioned enough.



CHAPMAN WARREN A. COOPER



They are dancing like wild cats around us. The noise is enough to deafen one."

On April 15th there was a sad accident in Company D; Jesse F. Converse, of Thompson, having his left eye accidentally put out with the point of a knife. He had the sympathy of the whole company for he was a good soldier and a general favorite.

April 19th was anniversary of the attack on the Massachusetts Sixth in the streets of Baltimore two years ago, but as it was Sunday the celebration of this event did not occur until the next day. The five companies of the Eighteenth took an active part in the ceremonies. Companies D and H fired a salute of thirteen guns at the fort at sundown, and in the evening there was held a great Union meeting at the Maryland Institute, ten or twelve from each company being permitted to attend. The immense hall was crowded and many went away, unable to gain admittance. The hall was beautifully decorated with American flags, and mottoes appropriate to the occasion, and the strongest Union sentiments were expressed and heartily cheered. A correspondent writes: "I never expected to hear such strong anti-slavery sentiments uttered in a slave State, especially in the city of Baltimore and have them received with so much applause. They used to mob people up North a few years ago, for making just such speeches." The boys were more than pleased to witness the crowd and the spirit and enthusiasm of the occasion.

Companies I and G were a terror to the evil-doers in the artillery companies at Fort M'Henry, some of whom found it not so easy to "run the guard." One of Company G went so far as to shoot a regular who had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and who was making an effort at escape. The ball struck his cheek, passed through his mouth, knocking out some of his teeth, and coming out on the other side, inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound. This act raised quite a storm among the other companies, but Gen. Morris was apparently well pleased with the prompt and determined manner in which our boys were doing their duty.

About this time a large number of rebel soldiers passed through Baltimore on their way to the South to be exchanged. Their rusty appearance was the subject of frequent remark among our men as in striking contrast to that of the Union soldiers.

At this date a correspondent writes: "We have two sutlers here who are allowed to sell cider, lager beer, &c., and we find them a great help in keeping our guard house full." No doubt of that, as we always found them expert at that business as well as in emptying pockets of their greenbacks.

"The spring campaign has fairly commenced in the fort. Barracks are being thoroughly cleansed and white-washed, the guns and carriages are newly painted and everything conducive to health and good order being done." So writes one of the men to his family at this date. The weather was fine and the regiment generally were pleased with their quarters and duties.

April 23th a guard of thirty-five men went on to Washington with a squad of convalescents and returned the same evening, the trip being a pleasant one and much enjoyment by way of variety.

April 29th Company F, Capt. Peale, arrived at the fort much fatigued after a march of about twenty miles. As soon as they came in sight, a drum corps marched out and escorted them into the fort. Company C relieved Company F. The month of April, on the whole was a period of considerable interest. The weather was quite agreeable; more than the usual number of furloughs were granted, bringing frequent good news from home; there was more activity in military circles, and the excitement caused by rumors of removal to the front was often intense.

The chief amusements were ball playing and singing schools.

May opened finely with stirring news from the front and the excitement increasing.

Gen. Hooker was crossing the Rappahannock, and the prospect was fair of being called to the front soon. On May 7th some of the boys went to the city and the supply of fire-water

which they procured caused more or less unpleasantness in camp.

May 8th Greenbacks arrived once more and were received with a hearty welcome.

May 13th Col. Ely returned from Fort MclHenry where he had presided at court martial as already mentioned.

May 20th Maj. Keech was discharged for disability, his loss being generally regretted. Thus far the regiment had suffered considerably by sickness and the number was large of those who had become disabled and were discharged from the service. It had been about nine months since the regiment left Camp Aiken and during this time the losses in various ways had been more than the accessions by recruiting. Several officers had been discharged for various causes, and yet, the regiment was considered in quite good condition, but constant post duty had not given Col. Ely much opportunity to prepare his men for field service. It was not a matter of surprise to military men that the regiment had in some respects degenerated and its discipline become impaired. It was owing to fears on this point that Col. Ely desired orders for the front, believing that the regiment if it was consolidated and acting in concert in regimental drill and discipline, would soon be in good fighting trim. Better and more tractable men never entered the service, as a few weeks of marching and discipline abundantly proved. It was with deep regret, however, that the men left Baltimore. They had made many pleasant acquaintances and a host of friends by their general good behavior and had secured the confidence of their division and regimental commanders.

The Eighteenth being about to proceed to the front, it may be well to note its condition and some of the most important changes. It is not in all respects what it was when it left Camp Aiken in Norwich. The soldier's life tries men. It shows what sort of material they are made of—whether they will stand fire or not, men to a great extent being creatures of circumstance.



The life of the Eighteenth, on the road and in Baltimore, developed the qualities of both the good and the bad. It must be confessed that every officer and man did not prove to be of as fine metal as was desired and expected, some led away by one vice and some by another. Intemperance and its kindred evils are the great scourge of army life, and have proved more destructive to life and health than the bullet; and though we do not think the Eighteenth were sinners above all soldiers in this respect, yet it might have stood better. We are thankful that the case was no worse, and we institute no comparisons to the discredit of other regiments. The order is given to move. Col. Ely is still in command. But we notice some changes in his staff. Maj. Keech, a true man and a good officer, is missing and Capt. Henry Peale, of Company F, appears in his place. Surgeon Charles M. Carleton, resigned for disability, is succeeded by Surgeon Lowell Holbrook, who has been but a few days with the regiment; Surgeon William B. North appears in the place of Surgeon Henry W. Hough. The chaplaincy is vacant and the regiment moves on without a moral guide.

Company A, Capt. Henry C. Davis. This company has spent most of the time at Bush River, a pleasant and healthy location. A detachment of twenty-five men, in charge of a lieutenant, had been sent to Eklton, on the road between Perryville and Wilmington, with another stationed at Chesapeake City, and did not receive orders in time to join their company before leaving Baltimore. There had been but few changes. No discharges, only one death, and one desertion; facts which speak well for the company.

Company B, Capt. Thomas K. Bates, was at Back River, an unhealthy location. Considerable sickness reported. Ten discharges for disability. No other changes.

Company C, Capt. Bromley has resigned and Lieut. Merwin is in command. Quite a number of changes reported. Six discharges for disability and one desertion. Several promotions,

noted elsewhere, and several more detailed for duty at headquarters, or in other departments of the regimental service.

Company D. No change in its affairs, five men discharged for disability and one transferred.

Company E. Changed commanders, reports one death, four discharges for disability and two desertions.

Company F reports one or two promotions, one death, two discharges for disability and one desertion.

Company G reports one resignation, three deaths and six discharges for disability.

Company H. One resignation, one death, three discharges for disability and two desertions.

Company I. One resignation, one death, six discharges for disability and six desertions.

Company K. One death, two discharges and three desertions.

Thus stood the regiment as to changes and promotions at the time, the order was received to go into Virginia. Loss by discharges, forty-four; by death, eight; by desertion, sixteen, transferred, two—seventy-five in all—leaving the regiment about nine hundred strong.

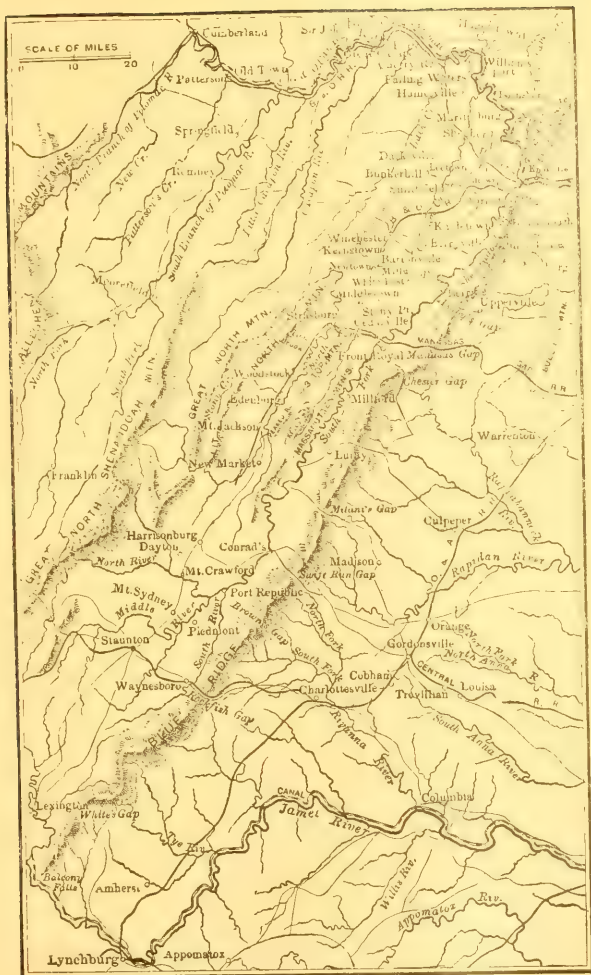
## CHAPTER III.

## MARCHING TO THE FRONT.

As a whole, the regiment appeared excellent and excited interest and commendation as it marched out of Fort Marshall, and proceeded to the Washington depot. The entire command was together with the exception of Companies I, G and D which had preceded to Harper's Ferry and were waiting on Maryland Heights for the balance of the regiment.

Though quitting Baltimore with reluctance, still it was the general desire to get to the front and be in more active service. The men had become weary of garrison duty. Besides the grumblers at home had accused them of doing nothing long enough. Thus one of the soldiers writes; "The men were looking and feeling finely as they marched away from Fort Marshall to the Washington depot. In a short time they were joined by the companies from up the road."

While awaiting transportation the citizens were not sparing in their criticisms, which on the whole were quite flattering, and excited considerable interest among the men. Of several rough looking fellows, who were watching closely every movement of the regiment, one was heard to say: "Jim, what regiment is that? "Well, well, don't you know? That is the Eighteenth Connecticut." Another by-stander commented: "Look here, do you know I pity the regiment of rebels that fasten on to those fellows, for I think they will fight like hell." It is needless to say that the compliments were highly enjoyed.



The Shenandoah Valley



On the 22d of May the Eighteenth was packed away in a train of cattle cars for the rebel market; and at half-past one in the afternoon the train moved off amid great cheering, stopping about two miles away to take on the baggage. Remained here until about half-past four and then moved on again, passing through a delightful country which at that time was in luxuriant vegetation. At the Relay House another stop was made. The cattle train was anything but convenient and comfortable, though the frequent halts gave opportunity for a change of position. Passed on to Ellicott Mills. Near this place the boys filled their canteens from a beautiful spring of water. "The best water," says one, "I have found in Maryland." The remainder of the trip to Sandy Hook was performed in the night. At "Point of Rocks" the men caught a view of the Potomac by moonlight for the first time. Passing under the shelving rock and round the curve of the road the place was savage-looking enough, large boulders hanging directly overhead. The whole landscape from this place to Sandy Hook, on that night looked wild and picture-que, eliciting exclamations of wonder and delight.

Arriving at Sandy Hook, the men prepared for sleep, stretching themselves on the car floors. Not very pleasant were the dreams that night. The day previous had been one of great excitement, new scenes were witnessed, and every hour was bringing the regiment nearer to the realities and horrors of war. It is no wonder some dreamed of "rebs," and others of "blood and battle," and that things generally seemed uncertain and portentous. That first night, at Sandy Hook on many accounts, was a memorable one, and will not soon be forgotten.

At 4.30 A. M., the 23d, the regiment roused by the cry of "fall in," was soon moving, and in fifteen minutes had reached Harper's Ferry, crossed the Potomac on the iron bridge, marched a short distance up the Shenandoah, halted and stacked arms. This was an important move to the regiment. For the first time the Eighteenth trod the "sacred soil" of Virginia. In the gray light

of that memorable morning, the romantic scenery of this renowned place greeted the eyes of our men. On the right rose Maryland Heights in surpassing grandeur, on the left Loudon Heights, as black as night, seemed to stand as a mighty barrier between the rebel and Union forces, while at the same time, each dusky point in the landscape seemed to the excited soldiers to bristle with rebel bushwhackers, waiting to pounce upon any Union soldier coming within their reach. Immediately in front was Bolivar Heights, the east side dotted with dwellings, three churches and a cemetery. The latter had been often desecrated by Union and rebel soldiers. One of the churches was used as a prison for rebel citizens and prisoners of war and the other for a horse stable. This use of the sacred edifice was, of course, considered by the citizens a greater act of profanation than anything else. The object of the greatest interest was the engine house at the foot of Bolivar, near the railroad station, in which "Old John Brown" was taken prisoner. The regiment remained here through the day and until 5 P. M., in the mean time, as far as practicable, examining the different points of interest with pleasure and wonder. It was the first time the boys had had a real view of the desolation of war; the public buildings were in ruins, churches and dwelling houses in dilapidated condition, and on every hand were the marks of martial retribution against the men who had plunged the nation into a civil war.

The raid of "Old John Brown" was freely discussed, and his tragic fate considered the filling up of the cup of iniquity, of which these guilty men were to drink to its very dregs. The blighting effects of the war were at no point more visible than here. Harper's Ferry, before the war, was noted for the finest and grandest scenery in all the South. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, says: "It is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see the wild beauty of this place." It was sad to witness the changes produced by the war. During the day Companies D, G and I rejoined the regiment. These companies, as already stated

had preceded the regiment to Harper's Ferry, having left Baltimore on Wednesday, the 20th. They had spent two days on Maryland heights, where they had a fine opportunity to view the scenery of the Ferry, and surrounding country for twenty miles around.

The regiment was together once more, with the exception of a squad of Company A, which had been left at Elkton and Chesapeake City. The reunion was hailed with pleasure, and many and hearty congratulations were exchanged during the day. At five P. M. the bugle sounded, and soon the regiment was on the road to Winchester.

Marched until about ten o'clock P. M., and halted for the night under cover of the woods. The men rolled themselves up in their blankets and were soon in the land of dreams. First day's march ten miles.

At five A. M., the 24th, on the march again. In about half an hour passed through Charlestown. It was early dawn of Sunday. Our drums brought the people in crowds to the doors and windows. A strong rebel place it was, whence John Brown's soul was released from his body on the scaffold and sent "marching along." Obtained only a passing view of the town, as no halt was made, but many patriotic demonstrations were given by the Yankees, much to the disgust of the murderers of the old martyr, and would-be-murderers of every Northern soldier now treading the soil of Virginia. No American flag greeted the regiment here, save that which indicated the presence of a Union cavalry force, stationed at this point to remind the rebel citizens of their relation to the Union. After marching about six miles, halt for an hour, ate hard-tack and salt junk, marched again until eleven o'clock A. M., and then rested until six P. M. That night encamped within half a mile of Berryville. It had been a very hot day, a few men fell out by the way, a few were sick, and all were more or less foot-sore. Extra blankets and clothing were at a discount. Although the march of this day was only about



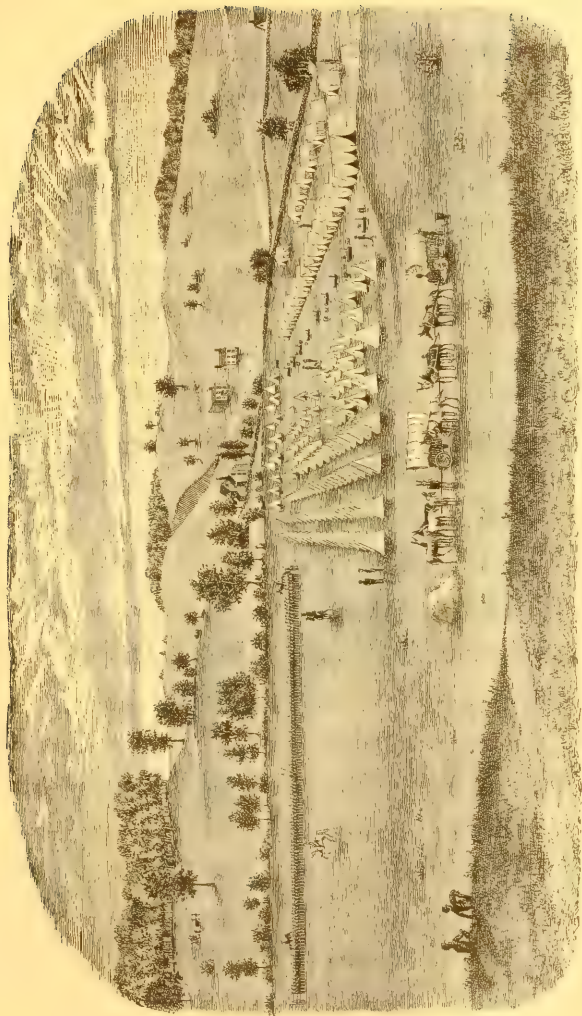
eight miles, yet it was a hard one, and many threw away their overcoats and blankets, an act which they soon repented. All along the route from Harper's Ferry were numerous evidences of the war—fences destroyed, buildings gutted or burned, dead horses along the route, and many other signs of the desolations of war. The realities of war began to look more serious to the Eighteenth. Soldiering was no boy's play. We shall state only the truth if we say that many a one that night looked back toward Baltimore, and up the road, with longing and appreciative desires. Eighteen miles of marching under a burning sun told heavily on men who had been doing guard or post duty for nine months, and if they did not sleep that night it was because they were too tired and foot-sore. Many felt, too, the loss of the blankets and overcoats they had recklessly parted with on the march. Monday morning, May 25th, passed through Berryville at about six o'clock, which was another intensely traitorous town. The people generally could not refrain from manifesting some tokens of their displeasure at the presence of Union soldiers, a few only, appeared friendly. On the next three or four miles made one or two halts, and forded one or two "runs." Near the last were several dwellings, where a halt was taken, and many of the men obtained milk and bread to go with their rations. One man showed considerable rebel spite, and some of the soldiers handled him rather roughly. The last stream forded was about knee deep. The water made the men's feet more tender and sensitive, yet they trudged on, and reached Winchester, after a march of twelve miles, in good spirits, going into camp about two miles below the town. The situation was a pleasant one, rations were good, water excellent—the best the regiment had found as yet—and life wore a more cheerful aspect. The Eighteenth had got through playing soldier and were preparing now for an active campaign, yet they were cheerful and hopeful.

Everything in the vicinity of Winchester indicated lively times at hand. Rumors were rife of an advance of the rebel army

down the Shenandoah valley. The defeat of Gen. Hooker at Chancellorsville, and his rapid retreat over the Rappahannock, made the Confederates more exultant and defiant than ever. True, their losses were great and serious, and their pursuit of Hooker's left wing, consisting in part of the Eleventh corps, under Gen. Howard, had been effectually checked, causing them mortification and chagrin, as they supposed that the Federal army was totally defeated at one time, and a signal victory had been achieved. The rebel papers, however, were full of glowing descriptions of Stonewall Jackson's famous onslaught on the Yankees, and the almost total annihilation of Gen. Howard's division. But the rebels were more or less deceived as to the real injury they had inflicted upon the Union army. Gen. Hooker, though out-generalled by Lee, was not disheartened, and with great boldness and skill had moved his shattered forces to a position of security and defence, which greatly surprised the enemy and baffled pursuit. Still the enemy were hopeful and defiant. The general sentiment in the South at that time was in favor of an aggressive movement, Lee was urged to make an immediate advance, and every day's delay made the Southern people more restless and clamorous. The golden opportunity might be lost. The rebels chafed because the Northern people were in comparative security and prosperity, their homes undisturbed by destructive armies, and their property untouched by the hands of the invaders. The South were fighting at arms' length and with great odds against them. In their ignorance of the situation, they believed the time had come to carry the war into the very heart of the North, and hence urged their generals to push on their victorious columns into the rich farm lands of Pennsylvania, and give the people there a stinging impression of the superiority of Southern armies, and a keener sense of the stern meaning of war. Bitter retaliation on the North! Carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country was the Southern cry everywhere. It was known too that there was a peace-party at the North, ready

to betray the cause of freedom, that there was dissatisfaction and demoralization in the army of the Potomac after the battle of Chancellorsville, and other things of a depressing character, all of which encouraged the Confederates in their boastful anticipations. The rebel generals expected to accomplish as the result of Hooker's defeat, the capture of Washington, a general forage of Pennsylvania, and consequently the taking of Baltimore and other places of great advantage to their cause. That such a magnificent plan should have seemed feasible to Gen. Lee was not, under the circumstances very surprising. And yet it was a military mistake, freighted with the most terrible consequences to the rebel cause. The rebel press made no secret of the purpose to humiliate the North and conquer a peace. They published their intentions widely and boldly, and discussed the comparative advantages of different routes, by which their armies might succeed in their project. Each day revealed some new movement on the part of Lee. His whole army was now in motion, but Gen. Hooker was also on the alert, and by a bold and successful dash on Stuart's cavalry by Gen. Pleasanton, he brought about the general order for a rebel advance. It was at this juncture that a force was collected at Winchester, under command of Gen. Milroy, a part of which embraced the Eighteenth Connecticut.

From the time of our arrival in Winchester the valley began to swarm with guerillas and rebel cavalry, under Imboden and Jones, ready to "gobble up" the Union soldiers. It was not thought that the Federal force at this point was sufficient to cope with the hostile force in front, as it consisted of not more than six or seven thousand men, and was intended to keep watch of Lee's army, and serve as a check to his advance. Gen. Milroy's little army was kept busy working on the defenses and making reconnoissances, and the Eighteenth did its full share of this work. "We begin now," writes a regimental correspondent, "to see what a soldier's life is, but we like it. Our camp is on the battlefield



Sketched by J. H. SAWYER.

Camp of 18th. Conn., June, 1863. Shawnee Springs, Winchester, Va.



where Gen. Banks met Gen. Stonewall Jackson's forces, and the former retreated. The gateway that opened to give us admittance was where the Fifth Connecticut lost so many men just one year previous to the day of our arrival."

The camp was near the Shawnee Springs. In a southwesterly direction, about twenty rods away, was a house said to be the place where Gen. Washington's wife was born and bred. An old lady, who lived in the house, gave an interesting account of the battle referred to above, pointing out the place where she counted sixteen South Carolina dead after Banks' retreat. The Eighteenth was now fairly at the front, there being only videttes between them and the rebel line. The first day's work at Winchester was full of interest. A large party was sent out on Front Royal road for picket duty, and to be a guard to the wood-choppers, as it was considered very unsafe to go on that business, or any other, without a protective force in front. A sharp lookout was kept through the day for bush-whacking rebels, who were thought to be not far away. But on the whole the men were pleased with their new situation. The surroundings of Winchester, at this season, were beautiful—the view of the mountain scenery magnificent, and the valley was filled with interesting pictures on either side.

But Winchester itself did not present many attractions. It already showed us plainly the marks of war. Here and there might be seen an attractive building, but most of them indicated that their owners were at least "fifty years behind the times." The presence of old houses, the cracks filled with clay, and the absence of churches and school houses were a subject of general remark. Everything indicated a lack of intelligence and enterprise. The curse of slavery was everywhere visible, and the degradation and humiliation of the poor whites and blacks was a sad sight to men who had been blessed with a home of intelligence, and plenty in New England.

Nine teams arrived with tents and camp utensils, which

were set up during the day. A squad of men came in from picket duty and said they liked it first rate. Also a foraging party came in at night with one hundred sheep, fifty head of cattle, one old mule and nine or ten wagon loads of grain, taken from the citizens. This was thought to be a pretty good day's work for the first one. The men enjoyed their discoveries and took special pleasure in the account of their captures. If any citizens took the oath of allegiance they were said to be adequately paid for their stock and grain. Company A also came in from a scout, giving a pleasant account of their experiences while absent. Thursday, May 28th, opened with a splendid morning; battalion drill in the afternoon, lasting about one hour and a half. Next formed a line of battle and marched into the woods over stone-walls, rocks and other obstructions, the men keeping a splendid line; drilling the order of the day when not otherwise employed.

May 29th. A squad of the regiment were sent in different directions to-day, some of the men entering a fine agricultural region, famous for wheat mills, but the army had made sad havoc with the whole country, and spread desolation everywhere. At five P. M. a squad of Company K were sent out, who spent the night near an old flour mill. All quiet along the lines. Lieut. Blanchard who had been detailed the day previous with twenty men, accompanied by two of Uncle Sam's scouts, returned to camp. He had marched about twenty miles, to put into effect the emancipation proclamation. They arrived at the place of their destination, says a correspondent, a splendid and costly dwelling, about ten P. M., and surrounded the house. When the inmates, all females, saw the blue backs, there was skedad-dling for the doors, but the glistening bayonets so effected their imaginations that they retreated to the attics and extinguished the lights. It was sometime before any one could be found to answer the summons for admission. When the household did appear, they were informed that quarters for twenty-five men were needed. The lady of the house told Lieut. Blanchard they



could stay in the barn. That would not answer, the boys may get to smoking and set the buildings on fire, was the reply. At length the lieutenant was invited to enter the parlor for consultation. The result was the boys slept where they pleased, and helped themselves to such rations as they could find. There were fifteen or twenty slaves on the premises, and these were set to work making hoe-cakes; and a plenty of milk being found, cakes and milk were served up for supper, much to the enjoyment of the whole detachment. It was ascertained that the owner was a rebel quarter-master, and the boys thought they had a right to put in a requisition for anything they wanted, and they did so. After a good sleep the men were much refreshed, and the next morning found them bright and hopeful. Breakfast was ordered with as much freedom as though they were in a Northern hotel, and was promptly served. Lieutenant Blanchard and the scouts were invited to breakfast with the ladies, and were not slow in accepting the invitation; on which occasion Northern gallantry was not wholly unappreciated. The lady of the house said she had been visited several times in this manner, and sometimes rudely treated, but this company had been considerate and she thanked them for their kind and gentlemanly treatment. All the slaves, who wished to do so, had the privilege of returning with Lieut. Blanchard, and one family did so. The requisition on this rebel quarter-master was two yoke of oxen, one wagon and two handsome cream colored horses.

May 30th, was an unusually interesting and exciting day. It was Sunday, and the day had been appointed by the rebels for the transfer of any families, who desired, to enter the Union lines. A squad of cavalry were ordered to accompany the Eighteenth with a flag of truce toward Strasburg, with transportation, to receive those families whose husbands had deserted the rebel cause, and enlisted in the Union army. The regiment proceeded to Newtown, eight miles, Company B being the advance guard, and leading the regiment about one mile. Halted in front of a



house occupied by a rebel physician. He was courteous and brought out chairs, and permitted the company to seat themselves, or lie down on the grass in his front yard, under the trees. Remained here four or five hours, while the cavalry went into the rebel lines, and returned with about a dozen families, which were poorly dressed, had little or no furniture, and looked the picture of want and starvation. The boys collected what food they could for them, and it was pleasant to see the appetite with which these poor creatures ate hard tack and pork. The whole party returned to Winchester about six P. M., tired and hungry. The return march was rapid, some of the time on the double quick, but in good order. No rebels were seen during the day. Such expeditions became of frequent occurrence, and indicated more lively times at hand.

But for the desolations war had made, the situation of the Eighteenth would have been exceedingly interesting and beautiful. Every one was full of admiration for the natural scenery around Winchester. But windowless, dilapidated, and tenantless houses and the presence of martial paraphernalia, and the frequent movements of the army, hardly comported with the quiet beauty which seemed to reign everywhere. There was company drill in the morning, and regimental target firing in the afternoon. Company K made the best shot—not a single gun missed fire. A very pleasant day, and nothing exciting occurred, save a rumor that Gen. Lee was on his way down the Valley. Company F was detailed for service on the earth-works above the town, preparing to give the rebels a warm reception.

June 2d, an exciting day. Had the usual company drill in the forenoon, and battalion drill in the afternoon, Col. Ely commanding. There came a rumor that the pickets had been driven in and an attack was expected. Company D worked on artillery road. At nine P. M. muskets were loaded and everything was in readiness to repel an attack. The regiment slept on their arms that night, but some of the men were incredulous as to the near approach of the enemy.

June 3d. Had the first rain since the regiment left Baltimore—eleven days. A large guard was sent to do picket duty at the Union Mills, on the Strasburg road. At this time these mills were doing a heavy business for the government. The situation was fine and commanding. At three P. M. there was an alarm, and about fifty cavalry and four or five scouts were sent out towards Newtown. At dusk one hundred and seventy more cavalry went in the same direction, and six companies of the Eighteenth followed as a supporting column. About ten P. M. a cavalryman came in with a report that there was fighting at Newtown. The alarm was given, and the guard at the mills ran down to a bridge, a short distance away, in order to rip it up if there was an advance of the rebels. It proved to be a false alarm. A party of Pennsylvania cavalry had come unexpectedly upon a company of Virginia Union cavalry, which had caused the unusual excitement.

June 4th. Several parties were sent out scouting, while others worked on the rifle-pits near the fort. Company B was practiced in skirmish drill, and highly complimented as being a well drilled company. One scouting party came upon a squad of five bush-whackers in a "bush-house" asleep, but succeeded in capturing only three of them, an achievement that excited much criticism and laughter among the men, as it was thought to be hardly the proper thing to let such a sleepy set of fellows get away.

June 5th. Lively times to-day. Hard drilling in the forenoon. The Sixth Maryland and Twelfth Virginia regiments went into camp near the Eighteenth. About three P. M. the order was given to "strike tents." In fifteen minutes the work was done, and the regiment moved about forty rods and tents were pitched again. Some of the men went out foraging for leather and nails to fit up gun racks. They were successful, and everything went on merrily. Extra pickets were thrown out that night, and at half-past seven o'clock many of the men went to their

posts supperless. Subsequently, however, the "slaughter house" was visited and a supply of beef obtained.

The men were beginning to bear the many interruptions, and sudden movements of a soldier's life with light hearted philosophy. Matters were daily becoming more serious, and no one knew what an hour might bring forth.

June 6th. About this time the squad of Company A, which had been left in Maryland and Delaware arrived at Winchester, via Martinsburg. While at the latter place there had been great excitement in expectation of an immediate attack from the rebels. The prospect of joining the regiment was at one time nearly given up by the squad, but at length the order was given to march. The detachment left Martinsburg about noon, and after a forced march, arrived in camp about nine o'clock, the same evening. It was a hard march of twenty-two miles, and the men were much exhausted.

The re-union was very pleasing to all, and Company A was placed on an equal footing with the other companies, as to number and efficiency. The same day a detachment with Company C, Eighty-Seventh Pennsylvania were sent out on a scout, accompanied by two guides. Marched out on the Front Royal road, about one mile, then struck into the woods, and after a tramp of nearly ten miles, came near the Shenandoah river, where they camped for the night. Rain fell during the night; however, a good sleep was obtained and the next morning, at four A. M., were on the march again. After two miles, halted for breakfast of hard tack and pork. "A very good meal," said one of the company, one of the hungry ones, we presume. The detachment followed a stream for a while, then crossed it on a rail, after which the companies divided, a part taking the valley, and the other marching over the hills.

After going a considerable distance, halted and rested about two hours. Nearly all citizens on this route had protection papers from Gen. Milroy. Found a large deserted stone mansion

furnished in the finest style. Its surroundings were beautiful, being in the midst of a splendid white-oak grove, while rich meadows, green and luxuriant, opening but a short way from the scene, were very inviting. A fruitless search was made for "bush-whackers," but something better was discovered—a large pork ham, which was speedily captured and placed under guard; coffee was made, and after the soldiers' usual report, pickets were thrown out, and the command lay down to sleep. Were awakened about three o'clock next morning by the firing of two muskets. Instant preparation was made to receive the rebels, but instead of those visitors two negroes rode up who had been fired upon by the Union pickets. During the night three rebels were taken prisoners. After this scare, and breakfast being over, resumed marching and in a short time took another prisoner. Rations began to fail, and another search was made for food. About noon came to another large farm-house—the owner had gone to Winchester to take the oath. But little provision was obtained here, and the troops plodded on until about four P. M. when they arrived in camp after marching forty or fifty miles.

Nothing of special interest occurred on the 9th and 10th save that there was more trouble with the pickets. It was growing daily more apparent that the rumors of Lee's advance were only too true. A large force was reported on its way from Manassas Gap. At two A. M., the 11th, there was an alarm; tents were struck, the regiment was soon in line, and arms were stacked, waiting for further orders. At eight o'clock A. M. an order was given to unload the wagons and pitch tents, and in a short time the camp of the Eighteenth assumed its usual appearance. At this juncture Company K was ordered to proceed to the old camp ground and take down the flag-staff. Before the work was completed the bugle sounded the "general assembly," and there was a return to camp on the double quick to join in a general review. Gen. Milroy and Gen. Tyler reviewed eight companies of the regiment, which were complimented for their fine appear-

ance, although they had been out all the night before and were tired and jaded. To-day ten men of Company D were ordered to arrest a man named Baldwin, a rebel doctor, and belonging to the aristocracy of the town. But the man was rebellious and refused to obey Gen. Milroy's order, and accordingly he was given only one hour to move with his whole family further south. His wife was very indignant, and with the usual spirit of rebel ladies joined her neighbors in invoking all manner of curses upon the Yankees, and especially upon Gen. Milroy, the general having made himself very obnoxious to the rebel citizens by treating them with but little consideration. Notwithstanding this manifestation of Southern spirit, the doctor and his family were taken beyond the Union lines and left to the tender charity of their Southern brethren.

At this time but few citizens were left in the town except old men and women, and some of these were looking every day for the Confederates to appear and drive away the hated Yankees. It is not surprising that the presence of the Union army was very annoying. The iron rule of a provost marshal was not to be acquiesced in without a display of a bitter animosity. No person, male or female, was allowed to purchase any article at the store without a permit from the powers that be, and no one was given such a permit unless he or she took the "iron-clad oath." Company D had not a little of this unpleasant work to do in compelling from citizens a proper respect for the Federal government, and an acknowledgment of its rights.

This company was quartered in the town, occupying buildings each side of the court-house on Main Street, and they had all the room they wanted, though many of the houses were without windows and doors.

A soldier correspondent at this date, takes the following view: "I do think the rebels will venture to attack this place, but if they do we are prepared to receive them." On that very day Gen. Milroy received information from his scouts of the approach of Gen.



Chaplain WILLIAM C. WALKER.



Ewell's corps of Lee's army, consisting of a large force, with sixty to seventy pieces of artillery, the advance of which reached the Union pickets on Friday, the 12th. Early next morning the Eighteenth was ordered to work on the fortifications.

The Eighty-Seventh Pennsylvania Infantry were ordered out in the direction of Newtown, the rebels having been reported there. After a few hours the Eighteenth were startled by a "low rumbling sound in the distance, and the cry was heard on every side, 'they have found the rebels and the Eighty-Seventh Pennsylvania are giving them grape.'" And while they listened to the distant roar and din of battle for the first time, it created intense excitement and a desire to participate in the fray. Said one: "I wish we could only get one chance at them. They never give us anything to do." Lieut. Caruthers, Company H, who heard the remark and who had smelt powder at the first battle of Bull Run, said to himself, "Don't be in a hurry, boys, you will have your full share of fighting at no distant day." But perhaps he did not think the time would come so soon as it did.

The 13th day of June was a memorable one in the history of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers. From the time of their arrival at Winchester, on May 25th, the regiment had occupied the right of the Second Brigade, Milroy's division, under the immediate command of Col. Ely, Lieut. Col. Nichols was in command of the regiment. Before day-break the rebel cavalry made an attack upon the Federal pickets, but were promptly repulsed. By this time Gen. Milroy was fully apprized of their design, it became evident that a strong rebel force was advancing. It is unaccountable that Milroy did not find this out before. Why he should have been so completely surprised with the means of information at his command, being in a valley bounded both right and left by mountain ranges, so favorable for observation, has never been satisfactorily explained. The latest dispatches from Winchester even on the 12th of June, represented the situation as perfectly safe, the army in the best spirits, and more than willing to meet the enemy, so great was the assurance of success.



"Let the rebels come" was the cry on every hand, "we'll give them all they want;" and come they did. When the firing commenced on the Front Royal road there was intense excitement. The order was given to strike tents, the rebels were advancing in force. This was quickly done, but soon the order was given to pitch tents again. It was said that the reported advance of the rebels was only a scouting party. Tents were soon replaced, and the word went down the line, "rest and take it easy." By this time there was some loud criticism, if not swearing, by a few of the men who were wholly ignorant of the state of affairs and knew not their danger. "Why don't the rebels come on?" was heard from many lips. "Wait a while," was the comment of others. Then came the order to strike tents. This order was obeyed with dispatch for the report of an advance of the rebels was true enough. The regiment was soon in line, muskets were loaded, and everything was ready. "This looks like business," said a soldier looking down the line. Many anxious eyes were piercing the fields and woods in the distance. Not a word, not a murmur was heard. It was the most anxious moment the Eighteenth Regiment had ever experienced. Finally Companies A and B were ordered out on the skirmish line, and were followed by Companies H, F and I, with a section of Randolph's United States regular battery, as a support. The latter took a position on a small eminence, while Companies A and B felt their way to the woods where the enemy awaited them, and who opened a brisk fire as soon as these companies came within range. But the men pushed on, seemingly without the least apprehension of receiving a serious check. Just then Lieut. Spooner, in command of the battery, gave the order: "Number one, fire, and be sure of your aim. Number two, fire;" and the shells went whizzing and screaming into the woods in advance of our skirmishers, causing a great commotion among the concealed rebels. At this time all of the five companies mentioned above were under fire for the first time. The rebels had planted a six

gun battery within easy range of our line, in spite of the skirmishers, and were working it hotly right and left. Shells were flying and bursting, and it became painfully evident that the rebels were in greater force than was anticipated. The order was given to our skirmishers to fall back, following in the rear of the battery. This movement was effected in good order, and a new position was taken in the outskirts of the city, where the whole regiment, with the exception of Company D, acted as a support to the battery. This battery had one caisson blown up, killing one man and wounding another. Michael Hanley, of Company A, was wounded in the leg soon after the skirmish commenced. From this new position Battery L opened a brisk fire, which was responded to with great vigor, the shells flying over the Eighteenth, which lay as a support behind a wall immediately in the rear of the Federal guns. At this juncture the large guns from the main fort, located a half mile to the northwest of Winchester, joined in the contest, and the united fire proving too much for the rebels their batteries were silenced and withdrawn. This closed the first day's skirmish with the rebels.

All reports say the Eighteenth behaved well, and did honor to themselves and their native state. That night Gen. Milroy gave orders to have all baggage and stores removed from the town by the orderlies and teamsters; one of them said, "I never worked so hard in my life, but we had everything safely transported to the fortifications by day light, Sunday morning." During the night the telegraph wires were cut, and communication with the Union lines was interrupted. On the whole, the prospect was not very flattering, yet the men had kept up good spirits through the day. The wounded from the front inspired confidence and courage. A member of Company A says, "I saw a number of the wounded that day when they were brought in, and as they passed us they raised their heads, swung their caps and cried, 'boys, we are giving it to them bully.'" Defeat was the last thing they thought of, but Gen. Milroy doubtlessly com-

prehended the situation by this time and disposed of his small force to the best advantage.

Information being received that the enemy were advancing from Berryville—a place ten miles north east of Winchester—the Eighteenth was withdrawn from the Front Royal road and thrown into the rifle-pits, commanding the approaches from Berryville. Here they remained a part of Saturday night, without blankets or shelter, and the men were anything but comfortable. To add to their discomforts it began to rain, which means that it poured, and all were drenched through and through, and suffered not a little from the cold. It was a dismal and depressing night. To add to the fear and confusion of the hour, the artillery of heaven shook the earth and by far out-did the crash of battle on the preceding day—emblematic of the thunder of battle to come. The emotions of the men during that scene can better be imagined than described. There was but little sleep if any that night, as the boys stood upright, the water streaming down their backs to their feet, and filling the trenches several inches deep, causing much discomfort if not actual suffering. After midnight Company K got up a counter illumination, building a large camp-fire at which they made coffee, and attempted to warm their chilled bodies, but did not meet with remarkable success. Before day-break the welcome order came to move, and the regiment fell back inside the Star Fort near the town. Through the darkness over old timbers, stone-walls and ruins, the regiment made its way, being followed closely by the rebels, who took possession of a part of the east-portion of the town, including the old camp of the Eighteenth. At day-light the situation was anything but encouraging to the Union army. All night the rebel commanders had been bringing up their forces, drawing in their lines and pressing us back, giving the boys “another taste of Virginia mud,” which, owing to the pouring rain of the previous night, was quite deep. At this time the rebels were in full view, and were seen “prowling about on the edge of the town,” ap-

parently in high glee over the success they had achieved. The rebel citizens of Winchester also were delighted with the situation, rejoicing at the prospect of the capture of the entire Yankee force within a few hours. They knew the rebel force was five to one, and thought it was only a question of time with reference to Gen. Milroy's surrender. While in or near the Star Fort, rations were issued, but before the men had time to cook them, the order was given to advance and re-take that part of the town in the hands of the rebels.

The order was splendidly executed. While a portion of the regiment proceeded to the Southern portion of the town for the protection of some quartermaster's and commissary stores, which were in process of removal, being deemed insecure on account of the somewhat defenceless condition of that part of the city, another portion skirmished with the enemy, who slowly retired, and in thirty minutes there was not a rebel to be seen in the town. Very soon the whole regiment was ordered to the defenses on the northeast, commanding the Berryville road, in which direction the lines of the enemy could be distinctly seen. Thus far the movements of the regiment were prompt, and highly satisfactory to the commanding general. As the regiment advanced that morning and the rebels fell back, it is said Gen. Milroy highly complimented it to one of his staff, saying, "If I had ten regiments like the Eighteenth Connecticut I would whip the rebels out of their boots before sunset." Up to noon the loss of the regiment was small, although there had been some sharp skirmishing which lasted several hours. Lieut. Col. Nichols being sick, the command devolved upon Maj. Henry Peale. At this time the regiment was confronted—as it was afterward learned—by at least ten thousand men. But such was the disposition of our force, it made quite a formidable appearance, seeming much larger than it was in reality. The rebels thought at one time we had about twelve thousand men lying back of us and in the rifle-pits, and waited for this force to advance on their lines.

There was a large brick house, within rifle distance, immediately in front Company H, which had been taken possession of by the rebel sharp-shooters, who greatly annoyed the Eighteenth, by delivering their fire whenever a head showed itself above the rifle-pits. The order was given to Companies F and H, to dislodge them. A twenty-four pound brass howitzer was procured from the fort and turned upon the building. The gun was served by Capt. McDonald, of the commissary department. After the firing of several shots, some of which penetrated it, and at a given signal, which was a shell from a thirty-two pounder from the fort, Capt. Bowen with the companies under his command sprang out of the pits, and amid the crashing of shot and shell charged upon the house. The work was short and bloody. Several of the enemy were killed and wounded and thirteen prisoners were captured.

"Never shall I forget" says Lieut. Caruthers, who was severely wounded in the abdomen, "the desperate charge, fighting away from our main force, with great odds against us. Our work being accomplished, the next thing was to get back; being nearly surrounded, we cut our way through into the rifle-pits. So gallantly was it done that cheers went up from our commander in the fort who saw it all." Before making the charge the boys said to each other "Let us each do our part well." And they did.

The official reports says, "In this affair private Charles Baldwin, Company F, while attempting to capture two rebels, was killed, Second Lieut. William Caruthers, serving with Company H, severely wounded, and was carried to the rear, and taken in an ambulance to a house on the Martinsburg Pike where his wound was dressed." The regiment was kept in the rifle pits until about four P. M., when it was ordered to the fortifications again. Up to this time the rebels had not used a single piece of artillery, and many were wondering what could be the reason; now the mystery was explained. While this brisk skirmishing had

been kept up on the east and south of the town, the enemy had been busy in other directions. He had prolonged his right line to a point north of the Berryville road, while his left extended across the Front Royal, Strasburg and Romney roads, to a point near the city. This latter position had been gained by cutting a road through the dense woods a considerable distance, by which he had placed several batteries directly in front and rear of the main fort, west and north.

That Gen. Milroy should not have anticipated these flank movements is surprisingly strange. Although brave and daring almost to a fault, his superior generalship may well be questioned, when it is admitted that the first evidence of the approach of the enemy from the quarter indicated was in the shape of a solid shot which flew over the fort and fell in the town beyond. This showed the enemy had been shrewd, and understood the position of the Federal forces, and what to do to dislodge them with the least loss of life, for a serious loss in this direction at this time could not be afforded, and yet the delay proved disastrous to the enemy in the end.

At five P. M. the enemy made a furious attack upon the ridge with infantry, to the right of the main fort, and captured a battery, driving the support back in confusion, though not without desperate resistance on the part of the latter. The excitement by this time became intense, but the Federal batteries replied to the enemy with great coolness and effect. Gen. Milroy elicited the admiration of his command by his coolness and firmness, taking an exposed position near or a little distance from the flag staff, appearing entirely self-possessed and unmoved while shot and shell flew thick and fast around him. About dusk the rebels charged upon the main fort twice, but were handsomely repulsed. "Many of them," says one of the men "were laid low in death, as we waited until they came very near, and then our aim was sure." Thus ended the second day's fight.

Sunday afternoon, from the firing of the first gun and for

three hours the Eighteenth was exposed to a storm of shot and shell, making their position extremely hot and uncomfortable. "It was the most terrible thundering," says an eye witness, "I ever heard." At this time the city was three fourths invested. All forces were withdrawn from the outer defenses and concentrated within the earth-works of the main fortifications, with the exception of the first brigade, which, since the beginning of the action had been stationed with a battery on the ridge, directly in the line of the enemy's approach. The position of the Eighteenth was a little to the left of the main fort, in a circular form, with a battery of artillery in the center, on the top of a round hill, and here they awaited with much anxiety the terrible canonading, which sent the missiles of death flying around them in dangerous proximity. It had been such a Sabbath as most of the Eighteenth had never witnessed before. The day had been full of stirring incidents. One incident early in the morning created considerable excitement and enthusiasm. The fifth Maryland, a plucky little regiment, had driven the rebels out of a portion of the rifle-pits to the east of the town, and occupied them until the advance of the Eighteenth, which had been ordered to relieve them. As the Eighteenth entered the rifle-pits, the plucky Maryland boys were singing:

"We'll rally round the flag boys,  
We'll rally *once* again,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom."

The effect was stirring and inspiring. It was not the first time many of the Eighteenth had heard that patriotic song, and it created much enthusiasm among the boys, one of whom says, "I never shall forget the effect of that glorious national song."

There is no doubt but the rebels suffered terribly in their last charges upon the Union works. Sunday night. They had anticipated a speedy victory, but the firmness of Gen. Milroy discouraged them, and they abandoned the idea of completing the capture until daylight. All reports agree that the Eighteenth



Capt. HENRY C. DAVIS.





performed good service throughout the whole day. Both officers and privates were cool and determined, and prompt in obedience to orders. Our losses were not large, however, fighting most of the time behind breast works. Stephen H. Oatley, and George W. Pickett of Company G, were killed near the close of the day. The thunders of battle ceased with the darkness. Gen. Milroy called a council of officers, and it was decided to evacuate the works as soon as possible. Silence reigned until about twelve o'clock, when the order was given to be ready to move at a moment's warning. The night was intensely dark and great secrecy was enjoined; not a loud word was spoken. The horses had been quietly cut from the wagons, and mounted by teamsters, moved off, being followed by the cavalry and infantry. By two A. M., the rear guard had left Winchester, and the whole column moved in good order on the road leading to Martinsburg, the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers forming the advance of the center brigade. Lieut. Col. Nichols, though still sick, was in command. So quietly was this movement effected, it is said, the rebels knew nothing of it until daylight the next morning.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BATTLE AND CAPTURE.

During the night the rebels had been bringing up their artillery, eighty-seven pieces in all, and were ready to open on the fort at early dawn, "but the bird had flown." This movement had been anticipated on the part of the rebels and when the Union force had proceeded about four miles, at daylight, the First Brigade suddenly encountered the right of the rebels posted in strong force, in a piece of woods skirting the right of the road. The rebels with great rapidity threw forward a sufficient force to engage the whole of the First Brigade, and a portion of the Second. The attack of the enemy was prompt and furious, and though our men were nearly exhausted, they returned the fire sharply and defiantly, but owing to the extreme darkness, the firing on both sides was not very effective at first. The First Brigade charged the enemy, and having driven back the force immediately in their front, passed on and continued their retreat to Harper's Ferry. At this juncture the remainder of the First Brigade fell back, together with the second, into a field to the left of the road. The line of the latter had been badly broken by the cavalry, which had retreated in great hurry and confusion from this sudden advance of the rebels, rushing through our lines, and entangling themselves with the infantry. Order, however, was restored with the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers and the remnant of the first Brigade. Two successive charges were then made upon the

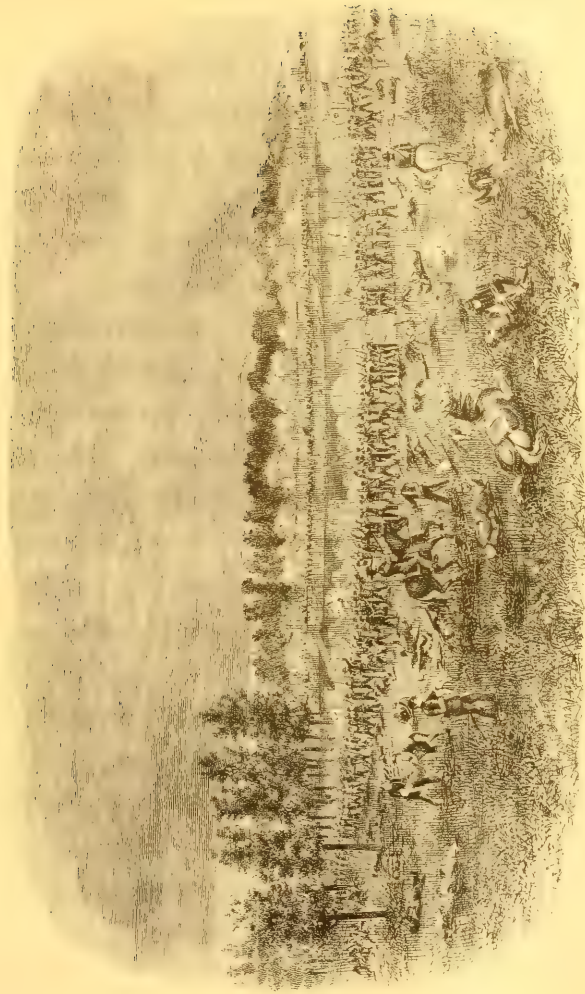
rebels in their defences, and upon a battery that poured shot and shell into our lines. The fire of the enemy was too high else the regiment would have been cut to pieces. Says an eye witness: "For two and a half hours the musketry firing was incessant and our boys fought bravely. It was the hardest fighting they had experienced." The brigade after the second charge was somewhat disorganized, and some of the regiments, believing the day was lost, scattered so as to render it impossible to bring them into line again. At this time the official report says, "The Eighteenth was reformed with considerable difficulty and charged the third time alone, but was immediately repulsed with a loss of some thirty killed and wounded."

The railroad leading from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, runs parallel with the "Pike." At the place where the fight occurred, the railroad runs through a bank, forming a cut about six feet deep. This cut formed a ready-made entrenchment for the rebels. A small country road crossed the railroad at a right angle with the turnpike. The rebels formed their line in this cut, their heads only being visible, their left resting on a bridge, where they had planted a battery which swept the cross road, on which the right of the Eighteenth advanced, with no artillery to cover them. This was a murderous trap which was not seen in the gray dawn of that fatal morning, and it was first discovered by the flash of rebel rifles. The Union forces could see nothing else as they charged into the woods, and up the cross road, hence the rebels had every advantage, and were not slow to improve it. Nevertheless the Eighteenth charged up to the battery and silenced it, by killing or wounding every man on it, but position and a superior force prevailed. The enemy had plenty of artillery in reserve, and a long line of fire streamed from thousands of rifles to check the advance of our brave men. Again and again did our men charge with great odds against them. Says a correspondent, "Those who think the Eighteenth cannot fight should have gone into those dark woods with us, and see how

brave men can stand fire." It is a wonder they stood so well. To charge up that cross road in face of a battery so well supported, and so many times in succession, was enough to dampen the courage of the bravest men.

The last charge was fatal to the preservation of the Eighteenth, but it saved Gen. Milroy and his staff. The rebels were exceedingly bitter against Milroy, and very sure of his capture at one time, and when they found he had made his escape, were indignant and full of wrath. As the Eighteenth started on the third charge, the General knew it was his last chance. He improved it at the expense of the officers and privates of a noble regiment. It was sad to see the broken ranks, the dead and wounded and the scattered condition of the regiment at this time. Col. Ely, Lieut. Col. Nichols and all the officers of that brave band of men, had hoped for a different result and did all they could to avert such a calamity. It has been said that the officers were full of fight, that morning, and were determined from the first, to fight their way through the enemies' lines at all hazards. Col. Nichols rode after a Maryland regiment that had a fine opportunity to escape, and induced it to return to the fight. The men after their capture, however, were very indignant at the colonel as their chances for escape were so good at the time.

It was evident to the most sagacious, after the second charge, that the day was lost. Milroy saw it, others saw it and left the Eighteenth with fragments of other regiments to their fate. In the second charge, Capt. Warner and Lieut. Merwin received slight wounds. In the third, Capt. Porter was killed, and Capts. Bowen and Bates were severely wounded. The men then scattered in all directions, but meeting the enemy at nearly all points were forced to turn back, and a large number were captured. Company D alone escaped intact. Having been detailed as provost guard of Winchester, it left that place with the third brigade and did not participate in the action. On being made aware of the attack, it was marched to the rear by its commanding of-



19th Regt. and 5th. Maryland, trying to cut their way through at Winchester, Va., June 15th, 1862.



ficer, and made its way across the country to Pennsylvania. After the escape of the first brigade, as before mentioned, the rebels had prolonged their line to the right, with a view of cutting off the remaining force from Harper's Ferry, and at the close of the third charge, it was seven-eighths encircled. Escape under these circumstances was exceedingly difficult. Col. Ely then raised a white flag. This consisted of a rubber blanket, the white side of which was turned in the direction of the enemy, who was advancing, or making preparations to do so. This was not discovered at first, or if it was, the rebels kept up a brisk fire for some little time, much to the annoyance of the Union force.

The following reasons are assigned for the surrender: "Gen. Johnson's Division, which had been charged that morning, was in the woods preparing to charge, and at the same instant the Stonewall Brigade was thrown across the path of escape on the left flank, and advancing rapidly so that capture was inevitable, and nothing but immediate surrender could prevent great slaughter of officers and men who had fought gallantly and obeyed their orders to the letter." The Eighteenth and other regiments were wearied by two days' watching and fighting, and badly cut up by three successive charges on the enemy, were twenty-five miles from supports and entirely surrounded. Under these circumstances surrender was inevitable. Immediately afterwards, eighty-seven pieces of artillery, supported by Gen. Early's entire command, marched rapidly over the battle-field, and all day long detachments of Gen. Milroy's command, who had not fought that morning, were brought in, till in all, the captured forces numbered five thousand men. Col. Ely said during the engagement that the officers and men of the Eighteenth Connecticut did so well that it was difficult to make distinctions. Lieut. D. W. Hakes acted as aid to Col. Ely, and distinguished himself by promptness and daring. Capt. Bowen, with two companies, charged upon a company of rebel sharp-shooters, securely



posted, and came back with fifteen prisoners, and all the officers were gallant and serviceable during the engagement. From all accounts, there is no doubt that the regiment, as a whole, did its duty, making three desperate charges upon the enemy, and only surrendering when the day was completely lost. It is said that the rebels cheered loudly over their victory, but Gen. Walker checked them by saying, "they had been fighting that morning only about one regiment, and that was the Eighteenth Connecticut." He also said to Colonel Ely, "You have made us a good deal of trouble this morning," and when the colonel gave up his sword, the rebel general, observing that the hilt and blade were broken, inquired: "Colonel, when was this done?" "This morning, sir, in the fight," was the reply. Gen. Walker said, "You deserve to keep this,—here are the marks of bravery and honor. I will give orders that it be returned to you, sir." The sword was sent to Gen. Early, who directed that it be kept in the prison office at Libby. Two or three months thereafter, it was sent through the lines, under flag of truce, to the father of Col. Ely, while the latter was yet a prisoner. A correspondent of the New York Herald at that time says: "Col. Ely endeared himself to his command by the tenacity with which he stood by his men, and shared with them the privations of captivity." Gen. Milroy, in an address to the Eighteenth at Martinsburg, a few months later, said: "Boys, you stood that day where only brave men could stand." As already said, Col. Ely gave all his officers and men a high compliment for their bravery on that fatal 15th day of June, 1863.

Our killed, wounded and captured amounted to five hundred and ninety-seven. Col Ely and Lieut. Col. Nichols, being dismounted, were easily captured. Major Peale was well mounted, and seeing the day was lost, called around him about thirty of the scattered men and made his escape with them to Harper's Ferry by a circuitous route, his horse being wounded in the attempt. In the confusion that followed the sudden attack upon the Union

forces, and after the surrender, more than two hundred men escaped rebel capture. Had the captured officers and men of the Eighteenth known what awaited them in rebel prisons, or in captivity, it is more than probable that many more of the regiment would have been of the number who took refuge in the mountains and made their way into the Union lines.

It was mortifying, indeed, to be compelled to surrender to the rebels, who were dirty, ragged, and insulting in their taunts and jeers. They asked our boys how they liked to fight under Milroy. How they liked the situation; and taunted them with being Milroy's thieves. Inquired if we had not better staid at home, and said they were on their way to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. But the Eighteenth answered them in plucky style, telling them that they would "see the elephant" before they reached the places they had named. (And they did.)

The captured were:—Field and Staff. —Col. William G. Ely, Lieut. Col. Monroe Nichols, Surgeon Lowell Holbrook, Quartermaster Dwight W. Hakes.

Non-Commissioned Staff. —Hospital Steward J. D. Ripley, Sergeant Major, Albert S. Granger, Commissary Sergeant, Timothy Parker.

These and twenty-one commissioned officers of the line, whose names will appear elsewhere, with four hundred and eighty-seven privates were marched back to Winchester.

After the defeat of Gen. Milroy, the wildest rumors were spread over the North, as to the extent of the disaster. As might have been expected, Eastern Connecticut was excited, and the most distressing fears prevailed as to the fate of the Eighteenth. The letters of those who escaped into the Union lines were filled with the most exaggerated statements, as to the extent of the casualties, deaths and captures. One writer said: "When I left, the Eighteenth were fighting like bull-dogs, and I expect they are all cut to pieces. Lieut. Col. Nichols was reported wounded, Surgeon Holbrook was seen to leap from his saddle

and fall to the ground, and was supposed to be dead; Captains Bowen and Warner were reported killed. The former was wounded in both legs, and as they were carrying him from the field on a litter, he raised his head, and a rifle-ball struck him in the head, killing him instantly. Lieut. Caruthers was shot in the breast, and was surely dead." Another report said, "There are nine officers killed and wounded and the remainder are prisoners." Another wrote, "I fear the Eighteenth Connecticut is annihilated." Of course, these reports increased the general anxiety, and elicited the deepest sympathy from all in the community. In the midst of this distress and uncertainty, the editor of the Windham County Transcript wrote as follows: "We have no need to say to our readers, that the past ten days have been days of intense and painful anxiety, on the part of the citizens of this county; and the heavy burden has not now been fully lifted from the minds and hearts of our people. In these hours of sadness we have one consolation, the Eighteenth never flinched. They met the shock of battle with a bravery and determination that has not been surpassed in the present war. The Eighteenth, with their gallant Col. Ely, who proved himself worthy to lead as brave men as ever went to battle, will receive the homage due to the heroic."

"To how many has come the last bugle call to duty, we cannot now ascertain. Some we know to have been killed and wounded, and for the friends of these, the hearts of all beat with solemn sympathy. But such always is the fruit of war, and such has been from the beginning." It was several weeks before the fate of the regiment was fully ascertained. The news grew better every day. Not so many as some feared were among the dead and wounded, though Milroy's command was nearly destroyed, and it was a wonder that so many escaped.

The officers and men marched back to Winchester, where they arrived about noon of the same day. The town was filled with rebel soldiers and the greatest excitement prevailed. The

women were out in full force to rejoice over the capture. Winchester did not appear like the same place as when it was occupied by the Union forces. The prophecy of the rebel women had been fulfilled, and great was their joy. It was amusing to observe with what contempt they looked upon the hated Yankees. One would have supposed they regarded the war as nearly ended, and they thought Lee was sure to go to Baltimore and Washington, and make short work of the war.

The captured remained in the town but a short time, and then were marched back to the Star Fort they left so secretly in the morning. The rebels called this "Fort Jackson," in honor, no doubt, of "Stonewall Jackson." Here the men were closely watched, and every precaution taken to prevent their escape. Their condition was miserable indeed, being crowded into the fort with about three thousand other prisoners, without shelter from the rays of a burning sun by day, and mostly without blankets during the cold dews of night. In the daytime it was hot and dusty, with wind enough to blow the sand from the parapet, completely covering the men from head to foot. No rations were issued until the second day late in the afternoon, and these consisted only of seven hard-tack and a small piece of salt junk to each man, for twenty-four hours. These rations were gratefully received, as most of the men had had nothing to eat since early the previous morning. The men, however, took other measures to supply their wants. The rebels guarding the very stores which had been intended for us, and which we were obliged to abandon in our retreat, a plan was devised to recapture a portion of them. It was this: one would engage the rebel pickets in conversation, while another would seize a barrel of pork, tip it over, and roll it into the crowd. The head would be smashed in, and the pork distributed in less time than it takes to relate the transaction. The boys cut up a great many pranks with the rebels, while in the fort. They even took the linchpins from the wheels of the gun-carriages and caissons, which

annoyed the rebels very much. They offered fifty dollars to any one who would tell who did it, but of course no one knew. The Yankees were captured but not conquered, or subdued, and if the rebels taunted them, they were ready to talk back with vigor.

The rebels were thus greatly annoyed by their unsubdued prisoners, and it was quite evident it would not do to keep such men long at Winchester. They were too near the Union lines, hence preparations were made to send the "saucy and troublesome Yanks" farther down into Dixie. About noon, on Tuesday, the 16th of June, the officers were sent back to the city and the privates remained in the fort and drew one day's rations, as before stated. On the 17th, the boys found their condition worse than ever. The dust was so thick on their faces that they could hardly tell one from another. At length the order came to march which was a great relief, for any change seemed better than to remain in the fort. No order was ever obeyed more willingly, although the boys knew not whither they were going, with certainty, nor what awaited them. It was late in the afternoon when they marched out under the command of Col. Board. As they passed through Winchester again it was ascertained that their officers were a little way in advance, and were not permitted to have the slightest intercourse with their men. The first night they marched about ten miles, and camped in a beautiful place not far above Newtown, the march being up instead of down the valley. The women in Newtown offered every insult to the hated Yankees whenever opportunity offered. The place where they camped that night furnished good water, which was highly appreciated, and besides there was a clean place to sleep. In the opinion of one man: "This seems like Heaven compared with our quarters in Fort Jackson." They slept sweetly that night. Early the next morning they resumed their march passing through Middletown, and about a half mile further on halted for breakfast. Rations consisted of a pint of flour and a little piece of bacon. The flour was mixed with water, and baked

in thin cakes over the fire, or in the ashes. These cakes were called "Jeff Davis' custards," and "tough yarns." Here the men caught sight of their officers and gave them three hearty cheers which were returned with a will; but there was no time to talk with them, as they were hurried off at once. Here also many of the men had a chance to wash although they could not change their linen.

About noon the march was resumed, and in the middle of the afternoon the prisoners passed through Strasburg. The secesh hatred was more viciously displayed here than in any previous place. The men, however, were getting accustomed to their treatment and did not mind it much, responding with some Union songs, appropriate to the occasion, or dealing out a little Yankee wit for variety. About this time a heavy shower of rain and hail came, the hailstones being as large as birds' eggs. No shelter was to be had, and so the men trudged on through the mud and water for four or five miles, passing over Fisher's Hill, and stopping near where a bridge had been burned. The rain continued without cessation. However the men gathered a pile of rails, and after a while had a camp fire well burning, around which they assembled and made themselves comparatively comfortable. Many were kept up all night, being so thoroughly wet that they were afraid of taking cold if they should lie down.

"Ten months ago to-day," said one of the prisoners, "we were mustered into the service of the United States. Quite a contrast between our condition then and now. Then we were taking up arms; now we are marching as prisoners of war, without arms, to Richmond. Such is the fate of soldiers."

Col. Board, it is said, was considerate and kind, more so than was at first anticipated. He used no harsh or unkind language, and seemed disposed to do what he could for the comfort of his prisoners. During the night referred to, he halted his command on a side hill, informing the prisoners that he could do no better for them. The rain continued to pour, the water did not stand

in pools, on account of the sloping nature of the position. Some of the officers found lodgings in a barn, which was already occupied by whole divisions of fleas. These little rebels proved very troublesome through the night, and left the evidence of their fighting qualities upon their victims in the shape of great blotches on the men, who had to strip themselves nearly naked to get rid of them. The men who took refuge under the arches of the burned bridge, or stood, or sat up, fared as well, if not a little better than the others. One man sat down on a stump, drew his blanket over his head and spent the night in painful reverie. The situation was decidedly unfavorable to flow of spirits, but all seemed inclined to make the best of it. If the Jordans sang that night, "Hist up the flag," there is no record of it. The rebel guard was also thoroughly wearied and sleepy. So much so that it was thought that an escape might have been easily effected, to the mountains on either side— the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. One of the officers said afterwards: "How often in my prison hours I looked back to that time and wished I had made my escape on that eventful night." Early Friday morning we were again on the move, marching through tall grass, the men got their feet thoroughly wet by the time they reached the pike, and they went on slipping about in their shoes. Passed through Woodstock, twenty-eight miles from Winchester, about eight A. M. A very hot day, halted for rest, and cooked a custard or two for lunch.

Woodstock is quite a pleasant place. Here, as elsewhere, the presence of so many prisoners attracted universal attention and surprise.

Early in the afternoon, reached Edenburgh, a low, dingy looking place and thoroughly rebellious. At one house a queer looking old lady came out, leaned over the door yard fence, and looking over her glass in wild astonishment, cried out, "Lizzie, do look here, we have got all of Lincoln's men. I don't believe he has got a dozen left." The boys, tired and foot-sore as they were,



Capt. THOMAS H. BATES.





could not refrain from hearty laughter at the old lady's ignorance. "On to Richmond," however, soon began to be rather serious business. Poor, scanty rations and continuous marching, was telling on the constitutions of the men, and taxing their powers to the utmost.

But the prevailing belief, among officers and men, was that in twenty days they would be back again in the Union lines, helped to keep up courage and endurance.

Those who at first fancied it might be a pleasant jaunt to go up the valley, see the beautiful country, take a view also of the rebel capitol and perhaps see Jeff. Davis himself, were now quite willing to abandon the enterprise to other parties, who might have any special craving for it. Thirty-nine miles from Winchester, we passed through a dilapidated looking place called Morgantown, and a little further on halted in the woods, and some of the boys were soon asleep.

Their slumbers were soon disturbed, and shortly after resuming the march, it began to rain very hard, the storm being attended with a driving wind, drenching the men completely to the skin, which was anything but comfortable. Four miles further we came to Mount Jackson, where the night was spent, the men occupying comfortable barracks, which had been erected either by Gen. Banks or Gen. Fremont, in their occupancy of the valley a year before. The officers were assigned to these barracks and the men had an opportunity to see them once more. The barracks, however, soon became very wet and muddy, owing to the terrible rain, but the men, after cooking rations, more at their leisure than usual, enjoyed a good night's rest, some of them stretching their weary limbs upon a hospital bedstead.

The trip of the Eighteenth to Richmond was full of interesting incidents. The boys were ever ready, in true Yankee style, "to give their enemies as good as was sent" in the way of jokes and repartee. One incident ought not to be overlooked, as showing that the Yankees were not to be outdone in the line of sarcasm

and misrepresentation, and thereby affording fun for every one in the most trying situation. "Tom." Jordan, Company H, was always ready for an emergency. On one occasion he took the liberty to approach a rebel officer, and began to discuss the probable issues of the war. Among other things "Tom." inquired: "What do you expect to do with all us fellows? The South will not be able to raise enough to feed us." The officer replied that the "South could furnish enough to keep the whole Federal army for five years," and then added, "The North will have to submit. Just see how short they are of all the necessities of life. In the city of New York last week, according to a reliable statement, there was not to be found more than eight hundred barrels of flour. Beef and pork were thirty cents per pound, and there is a fine prospect of the North soon coming to want."

"Why man," said Tom., "if the North have as much as you say, they will get along well enough up there;" and then, to make the rebel statement appear as ridiculous as possible, he went on: "All the North have has been loaned them by the Canadians. There has been nothing at all raised in the North since the first gun was fired on Sumpter, and all through New England the people are pretty much exhausted for want of something to eat. The city of New York has only two barrels of flour, and beef is worth ten dollars per pound." This was a little too broad even for rebel credulity, and the officer, raising himself up, and looking over the crowd yelled: "I say you red whiskered fellow, over there, you are an infernal liar. I have been North myself." It is needless to say that this reply was greeted with shouts of laughter. While waiting for the cars at Staunton, the men, though completely tired out, were still ready to joke the rebel crowd as usual, and gave them to understand, that when the prisoners came that way again the table would be turned and the Yankees would have things all their own way.

The first train moved out of Staunton about two P. M., and a second soon followed. About fifty men were crowded into one

box, or cattle car, with the intent, it would seem, to make them as uncomfortable as possible. Then an engine, which had evidently seen its best days, was attached to the first train, and proceeded very slowly over an up grade, hitching and jerking along, and occasionally coming to a dead halt, which caused a concussion between the cars. Had there been any space between the unfortunates, the bumping process would have been not only disagreeable, but decidedly dangerous.

"I cannot say," writes a comrade, "that our first impression of railroad travel in the Southern Confederacy was very favorable;" and another comments: "It was about the roughest riding I ever saw. We had to sit on the bottom of the cars, and do the best we could. Added to all, we had no rations and suffered much from hunger."

The grade was steep, the track passing through a mountainous country. The first stopping place was called Fishersville, about one hundred and thirty miles from Richmond; the next was Waynesboro. Then came a succession of tunnels of pitch darkness, and of unusual length, one being over a mile long. The night that followed was a long and weary one to those whose condition was so painful that they could find little or no sleep or rest. Happy for those who could say, "I had no realizing sense of what passed during that long ride through the mountains." At day break the next morning, stopped at Hanover Junction, twenty-seven miles from Richmond. Here a portion of the second train changed cars, taking a first class platform conveyance, which afforded a fine opportunity to see the country. Some of those who were fortunate enough to have money, bought something to eat, paying one dollar for sixteen cakes, one inch square, a price that was said to be very cheap. Passing on we began to encounter objects of interest which attracted general attention. The position that General McClellan occupied, when he was so near the rebel capital, was pointed out. His headquarters, and the rifle-pits occupied by his troops, were shown to the inquisitive

Yankees, by a brakeman, as also a place where many of the federal and rebel dead were buried. "A feeling of awe came over us," says one of the boys, "as we realized that we were in the vicinity of the places where so many terrible battles were fought."

It was about sunrise when the first train halted in the suburbs of the Capital of the Southern Confederacy. At the words "fall in," the men were in line, the officers heading the column, and the march for Libby began, the spectacle attracting general attention, as the long line of rough and wearied Yankees passed through the streets. The rebel citizens were very jubilant over the capture of so many officers, there being about one hundred and thirty in the squad, to which the officers of the Eighteenth were attached. On the way, a little girl came along with bread for sale, twenty-five cents per loaf, and those who could command that sum readily parted with it for the staff of life, as they were almost famished, having had no rations since the Sunday preceding, three days of rebel barbarity. Continuing the march the line soon reached a large brick building, bearing the sign "Libby & Sons," upon one corner. While we were being marched into this famous rebel prison, (once a tobacco manufactory), some boys, seated on the fence opposite, were singing:

"Jeff Davis is a wise man,  
Lincoln is a fool;  
Davis rides a white horse  
While Lincoln rides a mule."

Then followed derisive laughter, and various other insults, to which the men were not long in learning, they must submit in silence. Late in the afternoon another squad of the Eighteenth arrived, and the remainder came in the next morning. After being fairly within the prison walls all the men were subjected to a rigid examination, the officers having been previously put into a different department. Then rebel examiners, armed with revolvers and bowie knives, began their search of the men. They first took away the rubber blankets and canteens, and writing materials. Then each man was compelled to empty his pockets.

Many of the officers and men lost what little money they had. Every means were used by the prisoners, however, to prevent the rebels from getting hold of their money. One officer saved seventeen dollars by ripping open a corner of his under shirt, and concealing his greenbacks from rebel scrutiny. Of course, these examiners were very anxious to get hold of all the greenbacks they could, and they spared nothing which was considered of any value to their prisoners.

After all the officers had been searched, they were put into another room, with about one hundred and fifty others, consisting mostly of Col. Straight's raiding party, taken at Rome, Georgia, about a month previous. Many amusing incidents occurred during the examination. After the men had given up what they felt obliged to part with, the rebels passed their hands over the prisoners' clothing from head to foot, taking such articles as they pleased. When they came to George H. Ray, of Company A, he passed out his bible. The rebel looked blank enough for a moment but recovering, said, "This is a good book" and handed it back. Ray then gave him the Christian Examiner. This was scrutinized closely, and then passed back with the remark, "I guess this is a good paper." It was provoking to the men to have articles taken from them, which were of no real value to any one but themselves, such as photographs of loved ones at home and other mementoes of friendship. But the rebel tormentors vied with each other in their graceless treatment of the prisoners. The examination being over, the men were ordered to a department on the third floor, and were threatened with death if they presumed to look out of the window, or made the least demonstration towards the outer world.

There were about seven hundred men in this department of the prison, and all the light and air received were through three small windows at each end of the room. It is needless to say that the stench, arising from such close confinement, was almost intolerable. But few of the men dared to go near the windows for

fear of being shot, as the rebel guard seemed anxious to get a shot at the hated Yankees.

The rations consisted of bread, fresh meat and pea, or bean soup—a pailful for twenty men. The first supper in Libby consisted of four ounces of bread, and a pint of very thin soup. The night following will never be forgotten. With the hard side of an oak plank for a bed, and the oppressive atmosphere of the room, it required great fortitude and patience to bear up. Wednesday morning, June 25th, was a memorable time for the captured of the Eighteenth, as another squad came from Staunton and passed through the same ordeal, so trying to those who had met a similar experience the day before. It was hard for the men to remain submissive, while they were being stripped of every article of value they possessed.

A sergeant belonging to a Kentucky regiment, brought in with our boys that morning made the remark, as they took his haversack, that he thought it rather hard they should take so many things from the boys, when one of the guard replied: "What business have you to say anything about it. I will learn you to mind your own business." He then drew a stout cord from his pocket, placed the sergeant's arms behind him, firmly tied his thumbs together, then putting the cord over a beam drew him up until his toes just touched the floor, and kept him suspended in the air fifteen minutes, the poor fellow suffering the greatest agony and nearly fainting away. A few days afterward another offender was punished in the same manner for forty-five minutes.

One of the Eighteenth was standing near the window as a rebel officer was passing on the opposite side of the street, when the latter calling to the guard, said, "Shoot the d—n Yankee in that window. Report says that it was very common to shoot Yankee prisoners under similar circumstances,

## CHAPTER V

## ON BELLE ISLAND.

About noon to-day six hundred prisoners including a large portion of the Eighteenth were marched out of Libby and on to Belle Island. About three o'clock in the afternoon the remainder of the regiment excepting the officers followed.

The Richmond papers call Belle Island the Southern paradise. The island is situated in the James River, about half a mile from Libby, and is connected with the main land by a long bridge. This bridge was very heavily guarded. The camp for the prisoners occupied about two acres of ground, surrounded by a ditch from six to seven feet wide and four deep, outside of this was a strong rebel guard. Into this enclosure were crowded about four thousand men. The tents were very few and poor at that, and many of the men slept on the ground without shelter or blankets.

The water was better than in the prison, but the rations were not so good, nor so plenty. It did seem as though the men would perish from hunger alone, to say nothing of the continued exposure to the weather, it being so cool at night, and so hot through the day.

The men were divided into squads of one hundred each under the care and inspection of a sergeant who drew and distributed the rations for them, each man receiving the same amount per day, as when in Libby. The bread, says one of the boys, was very good, but there was not enough of the meat to ascertain whether



it was good or not, and as for the soup, had we been at home we should have thought it hardly fit for the hogs, it was so filthy. None of us ever knew what it was to be hungry before we landed on that island. While awake our minds would be continually occupied in thinking about something to satisfy the demands of hunger, and when asleep, we would dream of bounteous repasts spread before us, but always just out of our reach. It was a terrible feeling and would have destroyed the reason of the men in a short time. We would pick up old bones that had been lying around camp and boil them to get what nourishment we could in that way. We were all so weak from hunger, that we could hardly exercise at all. Those men who had money could buy bread once in a while, but those of us who had no money were obliged to content ourselves in hoping for better days to come."

About this time rumor was busy in circulating reports of a speedy release from captivity, on a parole of honor. One day the boys were full of hope and the next, their jubilant feelings were depressed, hope deferred makes the heart sick. In the meantime, every means within our power were employed to make our sad condition endurable. The water for washing or drinking purposes was extremely bad, and relief was sought by digging small holes in the camp, about four feet deep. The water thus obtained, was thought to be a little better than that procured from the river, but it was far from being fit to use, and was the cause of more sickness among the men than all other causes combined.

There was such a large number of prisoners on the Island, the rebels were constantly under the apprehension that an effort would be made to escape by overpowering the guard. To prevent this there were three or four pieces of artillery brought to bear on the Island and a small force of infantry were posted a short distance away, to be ready for any emergency. The guard had strict orders to keep a sharp lookout and shoot the first man immediately who was found beyond a certain line. Conversation

was prohibited with the prisoners, but this order was not strictly obeyed as some of the guard were very anxious to strike a bargain with the "Yanks" on every convenient occasion. It was perfectly amusing to see how anxious the rebels were to get hold of the United States currency. Greenbacks were in great demand both with soldiers and citizens. Those of the prisoners who were so fortunate as to have any of this currency could buy four times as much in quantity of any article as with the same amount of Confederate currency. The boys who sold bread to the soldiers, would cry out, one loaf of bread for a Confederate dollar and four loaves for one dollar "greenback." What was this but owning the Confederate cause was already lost. This was virtually the case when the following reply was given to the question: "Why do you sell more bread for one dollar in greenback than for a Confederate dollar?" "Oh, that is easily answered, your money will be worth more than ours bye and bye."

Quite a brisk trade was carried on with the rebels in tobacco. The weed was not bread nor as necessary, yet there were many who would have it, as a good "quid" now and then seemed a comfort to them in their misery. "Tom" seemed to have a great faculty to trade with the rebels in anything, and in this article it is said, he did quite a successful business, buying of the "rebs" and selling to his fellow prisoners at a small profit. One man in Company H thought he could compete with "Tom" in the trade, "Tom" was to furnish the article for his competitor. He did so and after two days' trial, having sold only twenty cents worth, he returns his unsold stock to "Tom" with the emphatic exclamation, "There "Tom" take this infernal stuff, I could sell anything else better than tobacco." It is true "Tom" was a great trader but the men wanted bread. More bread was the daily cry at Belle Island at that time.

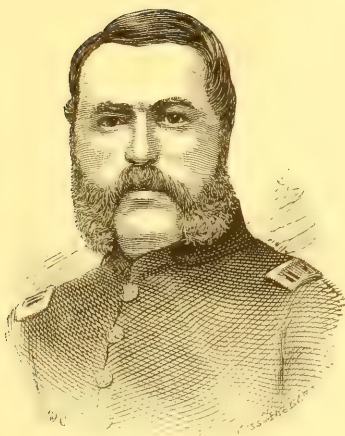
Sunday, June 28th, 11.30 o'clock, the usually small pittance of rations were issued. "We were very hungry, says one of the boys, it having been nineteen and a half hours, since we received a

ration." He adds: "Alas, this was too soon gone and we smacked out lips for more."

The rebels were greatly frightened on that Sunday. A Union raid up the peninsular approached within four miles of Richmond. It was observed by the prisoners that there was great excitement in the city. Troops were sent on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad as rapidly as possible all day long, and citizens were under arms, including boys fifteen and sixteen years old, and every means and precaution were used to give the hated Yankees a warm reception.

At night, however, the trouble was over and next day all was quiet as usual.

The evening of the 30th, was a time of great joy to the captives, rumors had been rife through the day of a speedy parole. About dark the order was given, "fall in," and was obeyed on the double quick. The boys were then marched outside the camp and told that they were to be paroled that night and start for City Point at 3 o'clock the next morning. A correspondent says: A more joyous and light-hearted body of men were never together than we were on the reception of this news. Many of the boys hardly knew what to do with themselves, being so completely overjoyed at the thought of so soon bidding adieu to rebel "hospitality" and sitting under the old flag once more. Our small allowance of meat and bread was dealt out to us for the next day, but was quickly devoured by a majority of the boys in somewhat of a greedy manner, after this, were told we could lie down and sleep. It was a beautiful night and our accommodations for sleep far better than inside of the camp. But the boys were so elated at the idea of their freedom there was but little sleep done that night. One of the boys who has since slept that "sleep that knows no waking," wrote as follows in his journal the next day, "I lay two or three hours watching the stars. The full moon shone brightly, making the night almost as light as the day, and although we were prisoners yet it seemed very pleasant to get out



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upon the green grass once more." At length the hour of three A. M. came, nearly every man was awake and anxiously waiting to hear the order, "Eighteenth Connecticut fall in," but no such order was heard. The joyous sound had been anxiously waited for, and what a disappointment. In painful suspense the boys waited until six o'clock, and then they were informed that the order for their release had been countermanded, the reason assigned was that a bridge on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad had broken down and they must wait repairs. The men were then ordered back into camp, and they obeyed with feelings which no pen can describe.

What a change came over the spirits of those men. Every countenance so radiant with joy but a few hours before now gave the clearest evidence of sorrow, too deep and painful for expression, —one of Company A says: "I think, none of us were more thoroughly disheartened during the whole time we were prisoners than at that moment." And it is no wonder, the thought of returning again to that filthy miserable camp, was almost enough to drive one to distraction and madness. Those who have not been captive in a Southern prison, can have but little conception of the real soul agony of that hour.

To add to their misery on their return it was found that even the poor tents which some had occupied were in possession of others, and we were obliged to receive the rays of a scorching sun without the least protection. "All we could do says one, was to make the best of it. I bought three small biscuits for one dollar and very poor at that."

About ten A. M. another order came to remove three hundred of the prisoners over to Libby. This number consisted of a portion of the cavalry, artillery and each of the different regiments of infantry represented in the camps. Company A and the non-commissioned officers of Company B were the only ones of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers, which the order included. But we will let George H. Ray, of Company A, tell the rest of

this story. "We knew not what was to be done with us, but hoped we were to be fortunate enough to be paroled. The remainder of our poor boys crowded as near the embankment as they dared to bid us good-bye, and to say what message to send to their friends at home, should they be fortunate enough to reach Yankee land. Never shall I forget the earnest, longing look depicted on their faces as we marched away. Reached Libby about noon, and were ordered to make our quarters on the first floor. While marching over from the Island, a little incident occurred which is perhaps worthy of notice. Some of the boys who had a little money, wished to purchase bread of the little fellows selling it in the streets of the city, but were not allowed to do so by the guard. I was much amused to see one of the little fellows who had been trying for some time to get near enough to us to sell some of his bread, but was driven away several times. Coming up again and getting as near as he could, and keeping his eyes upon the guard, he threw two or three loaves to our boys, at the same time exclaiming "there, they have them in spite of you." The afternoon was devoted to cleaning our persons as we had opportunity, water being brought into the prison from the river, by means of pipes. We made a business of it too, for each one had accumulated a pretty respectable portion of mother earth during our stay on the Island."

Rations were issued about dark, after which we prepared for sleep. About eleven o'clock we were aroused by the entrance of the prison officials, one of whom exclaimed in a harsh voice, "fall in." This command brought us to our feet at once, and we were in line just as soon as each one could scrape together the few articles remaining in his possession. We were then counted by one of these rascals, who immediately began to curse in a horrible manner, declaring that there were eleven more men in the room than belonged there, and that they had better step out and go up to the second floor, or he would take means to find them out and punish them severely. No one stirred, so he con-

tinued cursing and threatening until he was nearly out of breath, when he commanded us to remain where we were, and not move an inch under penalty of very severe punishment while he went up stairs to count the prisoners on the second and third floors. After doing this, he came down, raging worse than ever, threatening if those eleven men did not step out, he would send us all back to Belle Island, and that we should be the last to be paroled. But all remained quiet as before. We began to fear that our last hope had vanished, when he came to the conclusion he would count us once more, and by comparing the number with his memorandum, learned that he had made a mistake, and that we were all right. He then left us; a short time afterward we were ordered to fall in, this time for parole. A rebel captain then came in, and ordering a certain number of us to raise our right hands, proceeded to read the parole, the substance of which was, that we would not take up arms again against the Government of the Confederate States of America until we were lawfully exchanged. Each man was required separately to assent to this parole. The officer then went to the second and third floors above and paroled those there, eight hundred in all. We were then left to ourselves again until about two o'clock, when we were ordered to march out.

This order was obeyed in excellent time. Every one who had a blanket was ordered to leave it in the prison, under penalty of being sent back to Belle Island, and to cap the climax, as we passed out, our cups, knives, forks, spoons and plates were taken, thereby depriving us of everything we had when we were captured, except the clothing on our backs. Each man then received a small piece of bread, after which we took up our line of march for the R. & P. R. R. depot with a light step and much lighter hearts. As we passed Castle Thunder we were greeted by a number of ladies, who had been held as hostages, and who were to go on the same train with us. Not a word was spoken by either party, but the silent waving of handkerchiefs and hands, in that early dawn, expressed the feelings of all as well or better



than words could have done. Arriving at the depot we were ordered into old, and worn-out freight cars, the ladies having been provided with a passenger car, and soon after we started for Petersburg. Progress was very slow, and about two-thirds of the distance was completed when we were obliged to switch off, and wait for trains. Here we were detained about an hour, which seemed much longer. Passing along a little further, we came to where a bridge was broken down, and were obliged to change cars on the opposite side. Here we met the eight hundred rebel prisoners, on their way to Richmond in exchange for us. They presented a striking contrast to us, were all hale and hearty, had their blankets, knapsacks, canteens and haversacks with them, while we had not a single article in that line left us. This made the boys feel unpleasant, but concluding discretion to be the better part of valor, they said but little. Reached Petersburg about ten o'clock, having been six hours making the distance from Richmond. Here we changed cars again, and were delayed but a few moments, when we started for City Point. Nothing of special interest occurred on the route until we came to the river and saw the flag of truce boat, with the old flag waving in the breeze. Then the cheers that went up from the boys were fairly deafening. It was a moment of profound interest, and the impression one never to be effaced. I doubt if any of us ever experienced a happier moment.

The first paroled squad of the Eighteenth, Company A and ten men of Company B, never saw the "old flag" under such interesting circumstances before. To them it was the emblem of liberty, peace and plenty. Under the dominion of the "rebel rag" they had been shamefully abused, degraded, almost starved, and treated like dogs, but the day of redemption had come, and no wonder the boys were filled with transports of joy. Cheer after cheer went up for the old flag, much to the chagrin and discomfort of the rebels, who were soon to surrender these men to the protection of the "Stars and Stripes." The last act was accomp-

lished about ten o'clock A. M., July 2d. The men went on board the steamer New York, and were soon luxuriating on Uncle Sam's coffee, meat, and good bread. Such a feast, and it was made the most of. The voyage to Annapolis, Md., was delightful, at which place the New York, with its joyous occupants, arrived Friday, July 3d, and the men were sent to the parole camp.

There still remained on Belle Island the remainder of Company B, about fifty members of Company G; of C, fifty-four; D, eight; E, sixty; F, fifty-three; H, forty-nine and forty-one of Company I. It was a matter of great wonder to them why they could not have been paroled with the others. It seemed to them harder and more cruel than ever to submit to their fate. The fourth of July was a gloomy day on Belle Island; never had these men seen the return of "Independence day" under such deplorable circumstances. Some of the boys tried to make the best of the situation, and celebrate by singing patriotic songs, and bidding defiance to rebel hate and power. On the whole as one of the boys, James M. Smith, Company K, wrote in his daily journal, "It was about the most lonesome Fourth I ever saw." During the day the men were ordered out into line and counted. The rebels were sure to keep a sharp lookout for the liberty loving Yankees, especially on 'Independence day.' If the boys had been well informed as their comrades at Annapolis on that memorable Fourth, they would have made the ears of the rebels tingle with their shouts. For on that day the tide of rebellion was turned at Gettysburg—the National Unity was virtually restored, and the Stars and Stripes rose again with new splendor and glory.

But the boys had no way of getting the news except by smuggling rebel papers. For several days about this time copies of a paper were in some way secured; or as late as the 7th of July a Richmond paper was obtained, but it had no news of importance. The news at that time was not of the right kind to circulate very freely at the rebel capital. Nearly half of Lee's army was destroyed, and the remaining portion, in a shattered condition, was

in full retreat up the Shenandoah. The men who had jeered and laughed at the misfortunes of the Eighteenth Connecticut, on the 15th of June, were either lying wounded or dead on the fields of Gettysburg, or a discomfited, disorganized mass seeking safety from Union bullets and bayonets. They had learned to their sorrow that "one rebel could not whip five Yankees." On the sixth day of this month one thousand more Union prisoners were paroled. Among this number there was another squad of the Eighteenth, who arrived at Annapolis on the 9th of July. On the 10th rebel papers were obtained again. By this time they began to publish a part of the truth with reference to the disaster to Lee's army, and the hope of a speedy deliverance was aroused among the remainder of the regiment on Belle Island. On this day an event occurred which inspired great indignation: a rebel ruffian stabbed a Union soldier who accidentally slipped into the ditch beyond which none were allowed to pass. On July 12th it was rumored that the remainder of the Eighteenth would be paroled the next day. But "I take this rumor," said the Smith already quoted, "without giving it much credit." Hope deferred had made the heart sick. No wonder he was unbelieving. But the next day was one of great joy to him and other comrades, but not to all. The welcome order came, "Eighteenth Connecticut fall in." This was obeyed instantly, even those who had been so reduced by want and hardships that they could hardly stand, were prompt in getting into line. Yet some were doomed to disappointment. Four non-commissioned officers of Company C, and some of each company, were marched back again wearing sorrowful faces.

The rest, in company with others, about seven hundred in all, were marched over to Libby prison and shut up for the night. On the way an old woman gave one of the men a large loaf of bread, refusing to receive any pay for it.

July 14th this squad was subjected to the same process as former companies, and received in return for their knives, blank-

ets, cups, plates, &c., only a small ration of bread. Soon the men were on the way to the cars, which were to convey them to Petersburg. Here we will retire and permit comrade Smith, of Company K, to tell the story of deliverance from rebel rule:

"We started for the land of plenty, but at a slow rate, looked on Belle Island as we passed for the last time, rode through a rough-looking country, though abounding with blackberries, on which the men made attacks whenever the cars stopped. Exchanged cars at Petersburg for City Point, nine miles, where we went on board a transport—the New York. In a short time we drew our rations, consisting of coffee, half a loaf of good bread, and a large piece of bacon. It was the best meal we had eaten for a month. We had also all the coffee we wanted. Soon we were under way, and passing down the smooth waters of the famous river came in sight of two monitors and three or four other iron-clads. Our men cheered lustily, and the gallant tars responded with a will. What a difference the coffee had made in our spirits; all were smiling, cheering, laughing and talking. Reached Newport News and Hampton Roads about seven o'clock P. M., and cast anchor off Fortress Monroe." From this place the men had a pleasant passage to Annapolis, where we shall leave them for the present with their comrades, who had preceded them, in comfortable quarters, with good rations, new clothing, excellent facilities for bathing, and possessing almost every convenience and blessing of home-life. "It seems like home," said one, "to be once more under the old banner and to go and come as one pleases." Under these circumstances most of the men soon gained their health and spirits, took delight in visiting places of public interest, and viewing the delightful scenery of the surrounding country lying along the river.

Having followed the captured portion of the regiment to the rebel prison and to parole camp, we will now trace the wanderings of the uncaptured.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE ESCAPE FROM WINCHESTER.

As soon as it had been determined to evacuate Winchester the teamsters were ordered to cut their horses and mules from the wagons and save them from capture if possible. After the attack of the rebels on Monday morning many of the teamsters ran their horses and mules to the mountains. Several of the Eighteenth teamsters escaped in this way. Henry M. Durfey, wagon master, writes on Wednesday, as follows: "At half-past two o'clock brought up at Hancock. I have had nothing to eat since Sunday noon. One of the men has just brought in a loaf of bread for five of us. No sleep till last night since Friday night; slept and fed in a wheat field last night. But in comes a cavalryman who says the rebels are within four miles of us and I must put out for Pennsylvania. June 19th, at Bedford, Pennsylvania. At four P. M. we left Hancock, went seven miles and were driven back, and at noon started for Cumberland. When we arrived at Flintsville, thirty miles from Cumberland, heard the rebels were already there. So we took to the woods, sixteen miles from Chaunceyville, and camped for the night. In the morning started for this place, twenty-six miles distant. We had received nothing to eat for forty-eight hours, except what we begged as we jogged along. At Rainsburg—every soldier will remember that place—the ladies set their tables with the best the place afforded, and every man was made welcome. I

ate dinner with ten others and tears stood in almost every eye as we sat at the table. Only twenty of the Eighteenth are here; where the rest are the Lord only knows. The rebels are only six miles away, our forces are scouting, the bugle sounds, and we must be off for Bloody Run. Many others had a similar experience; we at length arrived at Bloody Run, and on July 14th were among the first to enter Hagerstown, Maryland, after Lee's evacuation of the place.

George Torrey, Company D, color sergeant, saved the State banner, being among the number who escaped by way of Bloody Run. It was a noble deed, as well as a very hazardous one. It was too galling for the officer in command, to see his own State colors surrendered to the proud and exultant enemy. But there seemed to be no alternative, unless they could be destroyed, and it is said an order was given to that effect. But Torrey boldly resolved to escape, taking the colors from the staff, and winding them around his body. He followed the trail of his retreating comrades over the mountains, and the precious burden was cheerfully borne along, during all the long and weary march, and at length restored to the shattered and depleted regiment, which had fought to the very last to preserve it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Thus the men who had been sworn to stand by their State and country's flag, were not wanting in the hour of trial. Every member of the regiment felt a glow of pride, that the rebels had failed to capture the beautiful flag, the gift of the ladies of Norwich, Conn., and felt bound by special obligations to comrade Torrey, for his successful effort to thwart their purpose. All honor to the soldier who saved the state colors.

On the morning of the fifteenth of June 1863, the Eighteenth regiment was broken into several divisions, the largest of which, 487 men, we have followed from Winchester to Richmond, and thence, after eighteen or twenty days, to Annapolis, Md. There were about two hundred men who escaped capture, by a flank

movement over the mountains to the west, and finally arrived at Bloody Run, Penn. It has been stated elsewhere that Company D, under the command of Capt. Joseph Mathewson was on special duty on the morning of the fatal fifteenth of June, in charge of about forty rebel prisoners. This company, with Company D, One Hundred and Twenty-Third, Ohio, and Company D, Twelfth Virginia, had been doing guard duty in Winchester, during which time the above number prisoners had been entrusted to their care. These companies received orders from Gen. Milroy to take the prisoners to the rear, or to the left, towards the mountains. They did so and then halted. Very soon an orderly from Gen. Milroy arrived, with an order to leave the prisoners in charge of a few picked men, and join their regiment in the fight, for the battle seemed to be going against them. The order was being obeyed on the double quick, when another orderly met them, and informed them of the surrender of the Union forces, and ordered them to flee to the mountains. This order was immediately obeyed. Company D, thereby, escaped capture. Then commenced a long and tedious march, the hardships and privations of which can never be fully described. During the day this flying detachment was joined by a large number of the Eighteenth, and other regiments, who had participated in the morning fight, making a force in all of about twelve hundred men, under the command of Col. Washburne, One Hundred and Sixteenth Ohio. It is said that this force marched forty miles the first day, an achievement, however, that seems hardly credible. No doubt the distance seemed as great to those who marched over it. The column moved early the next morning, passed through the village of Bath, forded the Potomac at Sir John's Run, and arrived at Hancock, Md., soon after noon. At this place, the boys drew some ham and were on the point of cooking it, when the alarm was given that the rebels were coming. Formed a line of battle, on a hill near by, but no attack was made. However, the boys lost their supper.



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Were ordered from this place to Orleans Station, to take the cars for Cumberland. Started about ten o'clock P. M., marched nearly all night, arriving at Orleans about noon on Wednesday, a distance of twenty-five miles. Here the unwelcome intelligence was received that Cumberland was in the hands of the rebels, and the railroad was destroyed in that direction. On the march again Thursday morning early, and all day, a long weary day it was, and at night slept among the mountains in Pennsylvania. Friday, at daylight, the almost exhausted column was marching on, and about two P. M. arrived at Bloody Run, in Bedford County, after five days of almost unprecedented marching. Three nights the column marched constantly and the longest rest at one time was thirty minutes. Generally a stop of five minutes was made each hour. The route pursued was circuitous, to avoid the rebels, and it was thereby made all the more tedious and embarrassing. The days were very hot, and F. G. Bixby, then Orderly of Company D, says that many of the men fell out on account of sun stroke. One day the men were short of water, and it was so hot that their tongues swelled terribly. At Bloody Run, Gen. Milroy was found, who had a force with him of six hundred men, which swelled the retreating column to about eighteen hundred. The whole distance marched was at least one hundred and fifty miles. By June 25th, there were collected at Bloody Run about two hundred and fifty of the Eighteenth, with only six commissioned officers, and three of these belonged to Company D. It should be stated that the forty rebel prisoners in charge of Company D, at the commencement of the retreat, gave out on the fourth day and were paroled by Col. Washburne. The march over the mountains, with little or no food, was too severe on them. At Bloody Run, the boys found enough to eat, and felt comparatively safe from their rebel pursuers. Besides Company D, and members of other companies of the Eighteenth, who joined them in their hasty retreat, there were little squads of the regiment scattered all along the

way from Winchester to Bloody Run. These made their way into the Union lines, and at length joined their comrades, making the whole number as stated above. If the personal adventures of these men were recorded, they would form a large and interesting volume. Two or three incidents are here given as a specimen. Lieut. Horatio Blanchard, Company B, writes from Bloody Run to his parents, June 23d, as follows: "We are safe as yet, thank God! After the last charge, I heard that Captain Bates was wounded through the arm, so I took one man and went to look after him. We went on until the rebels were close upon us and then we left. We could find none of our forces at all, but Caleb (his brother) and George Heath. We cut our way through the skirmishers, and then their cavalry dashed after us. We ran through a cleared lot, over a hill, and doubled and came back and laid down in the grass. The cavalry passed on. We could see them all around us, and expected every moment to be taken, but, thank God! they did not see us. We lay in the grass till all had left, and then started and went about three miles when women came out and begged of us to hurry and hide. We crawled under a fence, and again the rebels came all around us. After they went away the women brought us something to eat and drink, and at dark we went into the mountains. We started for Martinsburg, but the rebels were there, then we struck for Blooming Gap, and arrived there Tuesday night. We started again Wednesday morning, and got into a village about nine A. M., and found something to eat; then went down the canal, through the tunnel, and sat down to rest. About one mile from the village a man came dashing through saying, 'The rebels are coming,' he rushed away for the mountains. We went about two miles and came to a house, where were good Union people who brought us something to eat, and we staid there four days. Then started for this place, traveled thirty-six miles yesterday. Arrived here this morning about nine o'clock, marching ten miles without any breakfast.

Twenty-one of our boys (Company B,) are here and glad to see us. We ate breakfast, and then reported to Gen. Milroy for duty, "I lost everything but my sword and revolver."

On the 18th of June, Maj. Peale and his little band, with the Twelfth Virginia, were ordered to join the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, and they remained with this regiment two or three days assisting in work on the fortification of the Heights. After this, Gen. Tyler of Norwich, Conn., being in command of the Heights, ordered Maj. Peale and men to his headquarters. While on duty here, H. H. Starkweather and Dr. Carleton, from Norwich, paid us a visit to render assistance, and ascertain further particulars concerning the fate of the regiment.

Remained at this post about ten days. Gen. French, who relieved Gen. Tyler in command, ordered Maj. Peale to report again to the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania. While in this position the boys had a plain view of the rebels crossing the Potomac at Williamsport; at the same time Gen. Hooker was crossing the river below at Point of Rocks. The spectacle was grand and impressive.

Gen. Hooker soon ordered the evacuation of the Heights, and directed that all the military stores be put on board the canal boats, to be conveyed to Washington.

When Gen. Meade relieved Gen. Hooker, the force on the Heights were ordered to join the army of the Potomac, excepting a division which was placed in charge of the stores above mentioned. The Eighteenth was included in this division. It took them two days to reach Georgetown, where they remained one day, July the 4th. Just at night marched to Tennytown, a short distance from Georgetown. Remained there one night and day. On Monday morning, the following day, marched through Georgetown and Washington, and passing by the principal public buildings of the Capital, at last reached the Baltimore depot, nearly exhausted. The mud was very deep, making the march difficult, and exceedingly tiresome. Remained quiet the balance of the day.

Left Washington on the evening train for the Relay House, and were then transferred to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, reaching Frederick City, Md., after two or three days of the slowest railroading ever experienced. Passed through this place to South Mountain, and were in line of battle nearly two days. Then joined the army of the Potomac. Took an active part in the campaign of Maryland after the battle of Gettysburg, marching, countermarching, and skirmishing with the rebels, until Gen. Lee recrossed the Potomac. Major Peale remained with the third army corps on its return to Virginia, by the way of South Mountain, Pleasant Valley, Sandy Hook, Harpers' Ferry, Loudon Heights, up the Loudon Valley as far as Snicker's Ford, and Ashby's Gap, intercepting fragments of the rebel army, in full retreat up the valley and capturing in all about five thousand prisoners. The night after leaving Harper's Ferry was rainy and dark, and the road rough and difficult of passage. Went into camp about midnight, and early the next morning marched on leisurely, picking blackberries by the way, and at night went into camp near a place called Pepperville.

Next day Major Peale at his own request, was ordered to return to Maryland, in search of that part of the regiment which escaped from Summit Point by way of the mountains and Bloody Run. This was on Saturday, and on the following morning, while the army of the Potomac was marching further south, Major Peale and his men were marching toward Harper's Ferry, where he arrived the same day, recrossing the Potomac, and passing up the river road and arrived at Sharpsburg about nine o'clock the same evening, having marched over thirty miles during the day. The other portion of the regiment did not know of the arrival of Major Peale, until the next morning, when the boys exchanged the most joyful greetings, and related with great interest their experience during the time of their separation. It was about six weeks since they had met, though it was ascertained that they had been very near each other several times, during the Mary-

land campaign. The boys who met near the old barn on that eventful morning, will never forget the emotions of the hour.

While the greater part of the regiment were suffering hardships, sickness and want in Libby, and Belle Island, or actual peril from their enemies Major Peale and his command were enjoying comparative rest, and recruiting their spirits and energies, reduced by long and tiresome marches, painful want and privations. Gen. Smith was in command at Hagerstown, and Capt. Mathewson of Company D was provost Marshall until the eighth of August, when he was relieved, and Maj. Peale took the position. It was said that Capt. Mathewson discharged his duty so faithfully that the rebel sympathizers seconded his removal. If this was so, they gained nothing by the change, as Major Peale performed his duty fearlessly, and to the satisfaction of the loyal citizens of the place. Lieut. Morrison, Company I, with about thirty men was engaged with an ambulance corps, to bring in sick and wounded soldiers. After Lee's retreat, the country, for miles on his route, was filled with the sick and wounded, and almost every house had its share of these unfortunates. Through the efforts of the Eighteenth, the hospitals at Hagerstown were filled with these men, where their every want was supplied through the proper channels, and by the assistance of patriotic citizens of the place. In no town in Maryland did wounded or sick soldiers receive more care and attention, than in Hagerstown. At length the headquarters of the Eighteenth were removed just outside of the town, as the wounded of both armies were being gathered into tents at that point. This arrangement kept the whole regiment very busy, and the officers were unremitting in their care of their men, but the weather was excessively hot. Dysentery and other summer complaints prevailed extensively. The regiment remained in this position until the last of September, displaying those praise-worthy qualities for provost duty, which had characterized them elsewhere, and winning the respect of all loyal citizens and their kindest attentions.

It is needless to say that under these circumstances the Eighteenth enjoyed comparative rest, and rapidly regained its former health and vigor, during the beautiful weather of the first autumnal month. Mutual acquaintances and attachments were formed, which afterwards were renewed with the greatest pleasure and cordiality. The Eighteenth will never forget the kindness of the loyal citizens of Hagerstown.

At this point we will leave Major Peale and his command for the present, returning to Summit Point to look after another squad of the regiment. While one part of the command was on its way to Richmond, and another was flying over the mountains to the west and north, and still another retreating with all haste toward Harper's Ferry, there was also, another portion of the regiment left on the field, wounded, dying or dead, together with those who remained to care for them. The noble dead of Winchester and Summit Point, belonging to the Eighteenth, and its pride and glory, must not be forgotten.

Honorable mention should be made of each and all who so bravely withstood the terrible shock of battle and suffered so heroically the pains and horrors which followed. Comrades and relatives, of these martyrs and sufferers for their country's flag, should see to it that full justice is done to the memory of their noble deeds, and every man receive his due reward of merit, or meed of praise. This record is more especially for those of coming generations. In future time the history of the great rebellion will be read more eagerly than now. The grand children of those men who held back that murderous horde of rebels for three long days, who fell wounded or dead to save the North from annihilation, will be anxious to read the record of their fathers' heroic devotion and firmness, and will feel a just pride in rehearsing to their children the noble deeds which saved the flag of their country from disgrace and ruin. Every name of the heroic wounded and dead, of the war, should be written in letters of gold, and record made of their self-denying acts, and deeds of

daring, in characters that shall be as enduring as time. Let one generation declare to another the names of the distinguished patriots in the war for the Union, until the latest generation.

Are the names of Lyon, Sedgwick and Mansfield immortal? So should be the names of the humblest heroes of the war, the noble dead, and scarred veterans of every rank.

It was a little remarkable that so few of the non-commissioned officers were wounded in the battle of Winchester and Summit Point. One sergeant, Orderly William Caruthers, Company H, and three corporals, Samuel D. Worden, Company A, George W. Blake, Company F and Edwin S. Tabor, Company G, comprised the whole member. Orderly Caruthers was badly wounded in the bowels, on Sunday afternoon, June 14th, the ball passing entirely through him. He was removed to the rear by Corporals Thomas Jordan, John E. Barrows and Patrick J. Heverin, placed in an ambulance, and carried to a house two miles on the Martinsburg pike, and there left in the care of Heverin. His wound was dressed by the surgeon of the Fifth Maryland, who pronounced it mortal, and ordered the grave marked, so his friends might in due time recover his body. But the plucky sergeant, though reduced very low, had no idea of surrendering thus.

It is remarkable that all but one of the dead were killed in the last day's fight at Summit Point, and most of those in the third and last charge, made on that fatal morning, June 15th. No wonder Gen. Milroy gave the order for that charge with tremulous voice. He had every reason to believe that the fearless act would be followed with terrible results to the Eighteenth Connecticut. And so it was; and yet it was to the regiment the path to glory, by it they signified their entire devotedness to the country, and their obedience to the orders of their superiors. There was one officer especially, of the line, who has not been out-done in heroic valor and daring. First among the foremost, he pressed on in the terrific charge that resulted in silencing a whole battery of the enemy, killing or wounding every man at



the guns, and, for the time, spreading fear and consternation among the enemy. That officer was Capt. Edward L. Porter, Company F, who fell with his face to the foe, his forehead pierced by a rebel bullet. He was the only son of Dr. Isaac G. Porter, New London, Ct., and entered the service of his country from a sincere conviction of duty. Virtuous, amiable and intelligent, in every way qualified for a high position in civil life, yet when his country called for his services in the capacity of a soldier, he did not hesitate to obey that call. Just before leaving Baltimore for Winchester, he bought a watch, and after his death it was returned to his surviving parents, and in it was found written these words in Greek: "For the night cometh." This sentence was characteristic of his general thoughtfulness, and as the event showed, seemed not a little prophetic. Porter was a general favorite in the regiment, and hence his death occasioned deep sorrow among all his surviving comrades. Lieut. Rockwell, under date of June 30th, 1863, wrote as follows: "Captain Porter fell in our last charge, mortally wounded by a bullet in the head. He was universally loved and respected by the regiment. He did his whole duty as a brave and true soldier, and died honorably, charging with his men to the front." Another who knew him well writes: "Captain Porter was a graduate of Yale, a fine scholar, and had entered the profession of law with excellent prospects." The following tribute is from the pen of his surgeon, Dr. L. Holbrook, in a communication to the afflicted parents:

"With your honored son, Capt. Porter of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers, I had formed a pleasant acquaintance, though of short duration, and I remember him as one of the noblest of the company of martyrs, who, on that memorable morning, offered up their lives on the altar of constitutional liberty. At my suggestion he went to the post hospital at Winchester, two or three days before our evacuation of the place, being sick with what I feared might prove typhoid fever. I vis-

ited him the day before the battle, and found him very weak, and hence was very much surprised to find him at the head of his company, but a sense of duty and a strong desire to be in his place, in time of action, caused him to forget his physical sufferings. One of the officers of the regiment informed me that he seemed possessed of superhuman strength and energy in the battle, and gallantly led his men in the charge against the enemy, when he was struck by a rifle bullet in the head and died almost immediately. Captain Porter left a bright record of honorable manliness, was dignified and gentlemanly in manner, always prompt in the conscientious discharge of duty, and with his whole soul he espoused the cause of his country, and died in the fore-front of battle, attesting by his death the sincerity of his patriotism, and sealing with his blood his love of liberty, struggling against armed treason. His memory will long be cherished in the hearts of his companions in arms, and I trust his grave will long remain honored by his countrymen, as that of one of the noblest in the long list of our country's martyrs."

These are just and beautiful tributes to the memory of Capt. Porter, and others would cheerfully add theirs to swell his fame, if it were necessary. We do not wonder that his record was so bright and glorious, for he was the son of a mother who said, "Edward is my only son, and well beloved, but if I had six sons like him I would give them all to the service of my country."

Such were our country's soldiers. They counted not their lives dear unto themselves, but fearlessly braved the storm of death, and fell with face to the foe. If a faithful history of these patriots could be written, a large volume would hardly contain the record. Special reference ought to be made of each man who fell in those terrible charges that were instrumental in checking the advance of the foe for three days, and thereby ensuring the Union army the victory at Gettysburg. The men who died at Winchester and Summit Point fell in one of the grandest and most important fights for the Union. They were

gloriously victorious in their death. Had they not stood fast and fallen at their post, the enemy would have had comparatively an easy task to have reached Gettysburg three days sooner, and who could have computed the results to Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Baltimore? It would have been a miracle if Washington itself had not been captured. The men who fought and died, during those three days, died not in vain, and each man seemed to understand the situation, the momentous interests involved, and shrank not from the exigency. The Eighteenth Connecticut need not fear that they wrought nothing for the Union because they were defeated and mainly captured in those memorable battles. They were overpowered, it is true, but not dispirited. They were captured, or dispersed, but unyielding and defiant in spirit and purpose, determined to fall into line again at the first opportunity. The memory of such men is blessed, they shall be held in everlasting remembrance, their heroic deeds are immortal. Their death is inspiring, ennobling, and encouraging to those who shall come after them.

"Historic land of heroes,  
Whose glories ne'er can fade,  
While lives a hard to chronicle  
For record they have made."

Monday, Caruthers, who was supposed to be mortally wounded, had rallied and his prospects seemed good for recovery. The first intimation he had of the capture of his regiment was received from Harry Gilmore—a guerilla—and Gen. Stuart, who took breakfast at the same house with Caruthers. Gilmore, at one time, was a prisoner at Baltimore, and was acquainted with him, and hence was disposed to show him favor. He sent an ambulance at three in the afternoon which conveyed Caruthers to Taylor's hotel at Winchester. Here he found Geo. Ward and Hospital Steward Ripley, with several others of his regiment. It was fortunate for him that Surgeon Holbrook and Ripley were there, and permitted to serve the wounded in the hospital, both being spoken of as especially serviceable to their wounded comrades.



CAPT. JOHN E. WOODWARD.



It should be mentioned that a few of the citizens vied with each other in kind attentions, among them being the two Misses Sharps and others who came and ministered to the Union soldiers in their unfortunate condition. On the fourth of July, Ripley obtained leave to return to Summit Point to designate the grave of Captain Porter and those of two members of Company A, from Greeneville, but most of the time the Union prisoners were watched very closely, and allowed but few privileges. If any extras were enjoyed, they were obtained through strategy on the part of surgeons or Union attendants. Many will doubtless remember the secret passage in the hotel, through which not a few comforts were obtained, without exciting the suspicion of the rebel authorities, but deliverance came at last. All the officers of the Eighteenth, as before stated, had been sent to Richmond on the third of August. Three days after the last squad had been sent off, Maj. Gibson of the Third Virginia Cavalry, (Union), made a dash into Winchester and charged through the town. In the confusion, Lieut. Caruthers, who had partially recovered from his wound, and Ripley made their escape, by getting into Gibson's ambulances which had been provided for the purpose of rescuing wounded prisoners. They had barely time, however, to get away, for as soon as the Union Cavalry had driven the rebel guard through the place, they, in turn, were attacked by rebel forces, stationed at different points outside, and driven back in great haste. But the ambulance train kept in advance of the Union force, and the rescued prisoners were thus saved. They reached Harper's Ferry the same day, though hotly pursued by the rebels. Lieut. Caruthers, however, was put in great danger of his life by this sudden and hasty movement. His wound bled freely again, and he was nearly senseless from the loss of blood. Ripley gave him every attention, and but for his timely and kind attentions, Caruthers would probably have lost his life. After two days at Harper's Ferry he was able to go to Baltimore, thence he returned home on a furlough, where he remained about forty days. Hav-

ing nearly recovered, he returned to his regiment, joining Col. Peale at Washington depot, Baltimore, in charge of the paroled portion of the regiment, on its way from Annapolis to Martinsburg.

Corporal S. D. Worden, Company A, was among the paroled wounded, but was sent to Richmond, and from there to Annapolis. His wound was not serious, being on the ear, but the inhuman treatment of his captors at Belle Island ruined a naturally strong constitution, and there were planted the seeds of a disease which finally resulted in his death. After his parole he became an inmate of the New Haven hospital, where he remained until March 8th, 1864, when he received an honorable discharge and returned to the home of his brother, in Windham county. Soon after, he received a final discharge from the Great Commander, when he was in the thirty-second year of his age. Worden was a worthy man, liberally educated, being a graduate of the Meadville, Pa., Unitarian Theological School, and had occasionally occupied the pulpit of that denomination in Lowell, Mass., and other places. He left Lowell for Greenville, Ct., but after his arrival at that place, heard the call of patriotism, and enlisted in the company then forming in that village. Worden will ever be held in grateful remembrance by his comrades in arms, who esteemed him highly for his noble qualities of mind and heart.

Privates John Crawford and Islay B. Martin, Company A, died of wounds, at Winchester, July 2d. Their bodies were after a time returned to their parents in Greenville, and buried with imposing funeral rites from the Congregational church, a large audience attending. Nelson C. Thompson, of the same company, died June 30th, in Avon in Hartford county. Of the others, who received honorable scars in the memorable fight at Winchester, almost the entire number finally recovered.

The officers captured, not wounded, were as follows:—Col. William G. Ely, Lieut. Col. Monroe Nichols, Surgeon Lowell Holbrook, Quartermaster Dwight W. Hakes,

Cpts. Henry C. Davis, George W. Warner, Ezra J. Mathewson.

First Lieuts. A. H. Lindsay, Andrew W. Loomis, John T. McGinnis, John E. Woodard, I. N. Kibbie, George Kies.

Second Lieuts. James D. Higgins, E. D. Carpenter, Henry F. Cowles, Frank McKeag, Joseph P. Rockwell, John Francis, William H. Locke, M. V. B. Tiffany, Ashael G. Scranton, twenty-two, in all.

The last of these arrived at Libby, August 5th, viz. Holbrook, Bowen and Merwin, and like their predecessors they were subjected to all sorts of rebel indignities, strict search was made, money, rubber blankets, haversacks, officers' sashes and everything of value that could be discovered was taken, and they were left entirely to the tender mercies of their captors.

The officers wounded and captured numbered four, viz.: Cpts. Thomas K. Bates, Company B; George W. Warner, Company G; Charles D. Bowen, Company H; and Lieut. Merwin, Company C. From the commencement of the fight until the close, there was great confusion and excitement, but amid it all, preparations were made for the best attention possible for the wounded, by the Union surgeons, who resolved to remain with their regiments. The surgeon of the Eighteenth, Lowell Holbrook, took possession of the nearest house and established a field hospital. The usual signal was raised by hanging a small flag out of the upper window, but for a time the rebels did not see it, or did not care to see it, and continued to shell the house, to the great danger of the wounded who had been conveyed there, or who had sought shelter in the rear of the building. Ninety-three men in all were received at this place, thirty-five of whom were members of the Eighteenth. The hospital steward, J. D. Ripley, who had been partially disabled by a shock, the result of concussion produced by the explosion of a shell, had the surgeon's case of instruments taken from him by the rebels, and this greatly embarrassed and hindered



the work of giving proper attention to the wounded. Other regiments fared no better in this respect; the hospital stores generally sharing the same fate. Dr. Holbrook had no surgical instruments except such as he happened to have in his haversack.

The surgeons were thus deprived of the necessary means of properly dressing wounds of an ordinary character, and what was of still greater importance, deprived of the means of rendering timely aid to several, in whose cases immediate amputation of limbs was necessary to ensure preservation of life. Among others, Capt. Bates was badly wounded in the arm, though at the time he did not think his injury very serious, it was at length decided that amputation would be necessary. As soon as it could be effected the wounded men were conveyed to Winchester, and Dr. Holbrook, who had received an order from Gen. Early soon after the surrender, to remain in charge of the field hospital, which he had established in the morning, made a request that ambulances should be sent for this purpose, but only one ambulance was forwarded the first evening. A similar request of Gen. Johnson, the next day, resulted in the acquisition of a few more. It was not until Wednesday afternoon, the third day after the battle, that all the wounded of Summit Point arrived in Winchester. Capt. Bates was under the immediate care of Surgeon Holbrook, who thought the captain's arm might be saved. The rebel surgeons insisted upon amputation, but at length gave away, on account of the earnest pleadings of the captain, that it should not be done. It required, however, great care and skill on the part of Dr. Holbrook to save the arm, and Capt. Bates declared that he owed his life to the faithful attention of his surgeon. But he was reduced very low by his wound, which was exceedingly troublesome. He was now at Taylor's hotel, which was used for hospital purposes. Dr. Holbrook made arrangements with parties to bring, as often as possible, a few necessary comforts for the wounded, and in this way the wants of the wounded, were in part

supplied. About the last of July Capt. Bates made his escape by strategy. Frequent proposition had been made, and times set to send him to Richmond, but he had pleaded so earnestly, saying that he would rather be shot than sent to Richmond, that the time for his departure had been deferred.

It became evident, however, that his removal would not be deferred much longer, and Bates determined to make his escape. A party of rebels having been ordered out toward the Union line, for observation, under a flag of truce, Capt. Bates, by a change of suit, managed to join them, in the garb of a rebel private. Proceeding toward Harper's Ferry, this squad of observers very unexpectedly fell in with Union Cavalry that took them as prisoners into the Union lines, and thus Capt. Bates obtained his liberty. From Harper's Ferry, he was sent to Baltimore, from whence he returned home on a furlough. Continuing to suffer from his wound, and his prospect not being very flattering for recovering the use of his arm very soon, if ever, he was, by his own request, honorably discharged for disability on the 17th of November following. Capt. Bates was an excellent officer, and one of the best disciplinarians and tacticians in the regiment, and his loss to the regiment was universally regretted.

Capt. Bowen having received a dangerous wound in the right lung, had been left on the field for dead. At length reviving, he was taken to the hospital, but for several days, it was the opinion of the surgeon that he could not recover. He remained at Winchester about four weeks, and was then so far recovered, that he was sent to Richmond, in company with Lieut. Merwin, who had a wound in the foot. Capt. Bowen and Lieut. Merwin were put into an old rickety army wagon, with nineteen others, and sent to Staunton, where they were detained three weeks, suffering greatly from their wounds, and the want of proper food and care, having no shelter, or medical care of any kind, and but for the aid of a rebel sergeant they must have died on the way. He marched all day, and then sometimes went two

or three miles to get rations cooked for the wounded. His kindness was highly appreciated. At Staunton they were surrounded with a guard, their money was taken from them, and they suffered other cruel annoyances. The officer in command, excused his conduct, saying that it was the most disagreeable duty he ever had to perform, and throwing the responsibility upon higher rebel authorities. Surgeon Holbrook marched as far as New Market, and then, in company with six others, rode to Staunton in a two horse coach, for which each paid twenty dollars in Confederate money. On reaching Staunton, they were marched to the top of a hill, in the vicinity of the place, and within the limits of twenty rods square, on a barren mountain peak, closely guarded, were left to shift for themselves. Nothing in the shape of a covering, from the scorching rays of an August sun, was provided, and there was no protection from storm, or the dews of night. A protest was met by the declaration that "surgeons were held as prisoners of war, to be treated like officers of other rank." A temporary shelter was made by the use of rubber blankets, fastened together and thrown over a frame work of rails, under which the two men were made more comfortable, but they still suffered much, especially for want of proper food. After a few days the surgeons were sent on to Richmond and Libby. A day and a night were spent on a platform car, or freight box, huddled together so closely, that there was no room to lie down without lying upon each other. It was a very tedious journey. The men would have nearly suffocated in the closely packed car, if they had not kicked out about one third of its side. The opening let in fresh air, and thus the ride to Richmond was rendered tolerable.

The Libby so famous in the history of the war has been so many times described it is hardly necessary to say much about it here, and it will be sufficient to give only a brief description. Two hundred feet long, and forty wide, three stories high, with a partition cross-wise in the middle, making six rooms 100 by 40 feet.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE OFFICERS AT LIBBY.

There was a cellar below paved with cobble stones, adjoining Libby but separated from it by a wall, which cellar was said to have been mined for the purpose of blowing up Libby with its inmates, in case the city should be taken by the Yankees. Ascending from the ground floor is found a long oblong room, with two rows of stout wooden posts to support the ceiling. The windows were iron-grated, those of the front looking out upon the street, and those of the rear commanding a view of the canal close by, and the river just beyond it, and the opposite shore. Above this was an immense garret, embracing the entire area of the floor. This is the famous Libby prison, converted into a den of misery, starvation and death. At the time the officers of the Eighteenth were incarcerated here, there was present in all, about one thousand officers of all ranks and of every department of the service. There were representatives from all parts of the country, from Maine to Minnesota, and from Michigan to Tennessee, and they were as diverse in their nationality as in their place of residence. Yankees, Germans, French, Spanish and Irish were mixed up indiscriminately, and were not a little incommoded by this close proximity of discordant elements. But they were not long in choosing their intimate associates, and every one found his appropriate sphere of social intercourse and action. Here was found the erudite scholar, the cultivated gentleman, and genuine chris-

tian, and their opposite, and although shut out from the world, the inmates of Libby were subject to almost every variety of influence, and hence, those not doomed to intellectual torpor, or moral degeneration, cultivated a literary taste by the study of languages. French, Spanish, Latin, Greek, English, history, and science here found her admirers and votaries. A literary society existed, in which questions of national policy, morality, civilization and Christianity were ably discussed. A paper called the "Libby Chronicle," devoted to facts and fun, was edited with marked ability, in which articles appeared that might vie in merit with those of the best periodicals of the day, both in prose and in verse.

On the whole the officers of the Eighteenth had very good company while in Libby, as among their number were nine clergymen, chaplains from the army, men of talent and zeal. These conducted religious meetings on the Sabbath and held frequent prayer and conference meetings during the week. Their fare at first was none of the best, and the officers did not grow fat as fast as they would have done had beef-steak been a little more plenty.

In looking back upon their scanty fare, it seems almost impossible that the men could have stood it as well as they did. It is true their labors were quite light, not having much occasion for muscular strength.

One day's rations—One-fourth of a pound of beef, nine ounces of bread of variable quality, sometimes wheat, sometimes a mixture of flour and corn-meal, and sometimes of coarse, unsifted corn-meal mixed with water and about a gill of rice, was a full daily ration, and to men who had been full fed or accustomed to good fare, this seemed rather hard. After the battle of Gettysburg there was a marked difference in rebel treatment of these prisoners, as the tables were turned; Lee, having been soundly whipped, was in full retreat for Richmond, and many rebels had been captured by the Union army. The number of prisoners

greatly preponderated in favor of the North, and the opportunity to retaliate was now given to "Lincoln's Government," hence the authorities at Richmond began to be more lenient, and by simple force of circumstances, there was a great change for the better. The buildings were thoroughly cleansed, white-washed from ceiling to floor, water from the James river introduced into all the rooms, and the officers were allowed the privilege of sending to the market by the prison officials for fruits and vegetables, while the rations issued to them in a raw state they were permitted to cook for themselves. Here was a fine chance for the display of Yankee ingenuity to make the best use of their means for health and comfort. For a while they were permitted to receive boxes of food and clothing from home, and no one can realize the delight of these men in the reception of the kind remembrances of the loved ones at home, but those who have been placed under similar circumstances. In this way, gold and even greenbacks were smuggled into Libby and the prisoners received pocket money to buy comforts, without which they must have suffered great inconveniences and actual hunger. A ball of butter, or a loaf of cake would contain the golden coin, and a very pleasant sensation would be produced by these happy revelations.

The following is from the "Connecticut Record during the Rebellion."

This monotonous life was occasionally varied by a distinguished arrival. Col. Straight, then famous, enlivened the prison by his able and fearless debates on the slavery question with any rebel who came within reach. Gen. Neal Dow arrived from Mobile, where he had been a prisoner in the enjoyment of a considerable degree of freedom and intercourse with the citizens, and he repeatedly addressed the officers, informing them of the inner life of the Confederacy and its waning hopes and prospects. These speeches were frequently interrupted by the sudden appearance of the rebel sentinel, when the speaker would continue,

unterrified, "As I was saying, this indulgence in alcoholic stimulants is ruinous to the mental, moral and social character of men," &c. Officers came in from all the armies constantly, and the occupants of Libby were probably better informed in regard to the condition of the Rebellion than were their friends at home. By a constant interchange of news and sentiments, they were kept in cheerful spirits.

In February of 1864, Col. Ely escaped from Libby with one hundred and eight other officers, through the famous tunnel. They had obtained entrance, through a hole in the floor, to an unoccupied basement; and thence had dug directly out under Twentieth street, loosening the earth with an old hinge, and removing it in a broken sugar-scoop taken from the hospital. The sand was then drawn out in a carpet-bag, and secreted about the cellar. They were at work upon the tunnel for fifty-five days, when the pioneer, Capt. J. N. Johnson of the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, reached daylight, and came up under an old shed across the street. That night, at nine o'clock, the first man left, and at five the next morning the last man had gone. About fifty were finally recaptured by the cavalry, who scoured the State in all directions; among them being Col. Ely, in a state of great exhaustion. He was taken by the cavalry, forty-two miles out, after being absent four days.

In March, 1864, Col. William G. Ely, Lieut. Col. Monroe Nichols, Capt. G. W. Warner, Lieuts. I. N. Kibbe, M. V. B. Tiffany, J. P. Rockwell and John A. Francis were paroled and returned to the North, their exchange following. The other officers of the Eighteenth were, on May 7th, sent to Danville, Va., and after a few days transferred to the new stockade prison at Macon. In December, Lieut. D. W. Hakes and Capt. Charles D. Bowen, with Lieuts. A. H. Lindsay, George Kies and A. G. Scranton were paroled and went North. In February, 1865, the men and balance of the officers of the Eighteenth were sent to Charlotte. On the way, Lieut. Henry



Joseph P. Rockwell





F. Cowles jumped from the cars, was secreted by the negroes, and joined Sherman's advance cavalry. Lieut. Ezra D. Carpenter escaped from the hospital, and occupied Columbia the day before Gen. Sherman. The remaining officers were paroled at Wilmington, N. C., in March 1865; having been in captivity twenty-one months, without the loss of a man.

The following letter from Surgeon Holbrook, written soon after his release from Libby, will give a truthful idea of the life the officers of the Eighteenth led, while confined in that memorable prison:

"Some account of the daily round of duties and occupations in Libby, might be worth recital. With the first grey dawn of the morning, the sleepers scattered over the floors of the various rooms, as thickly as they could well be stowed, were aroused to consciousness by the stentorian voice of a stalwart darkey, crying out, 'All four copies of the morning papers!' 'Rise gentlemen and buy the morning news!' 'Great news in the papers!' 'Great news from the Rappahannock!' 'Great news from Charleston!' 'Great news from James river!' 'Great news from Ireland!' 'Are all the gentlemen supplied with the morning news?' 'I'm bound for to travel!' He brought copies of the daily Richmond papers, each a small half sheet of dingy, brown paper, generally containing little that we could regard as reliable. They usually had a leading article, filled with the most exaggerated statements and falsehoods of Yankee barbarity, and thoroughly imbued with the most uncompromising hatred for the Union, and all who remained loyal to the government. The next business in order for the now thoroughly aroused prisoners is, for those whose turn it is to act as cooks for their respective messes, to commence their culinary labors, which consist in preparing a hash from the meat boiled the previous day, and whose juices well extracted in boiling with rice, had served for yesterday's dinner.

"Then the rattle of cooking utensils, the slamming of stove doors, the crowding around the fires of a hundred men, each with

his tin cup, intent on preparing for himself some extra dish, afforded a lively and amusing scene. Each mess of twenty five or thirty enjoyed its privileges of the mess kettles and tables, in regular order, and one succeeds another in the greatest rapidity practicable. After breakfast follows a general preambulation through the different rooms, all of which communicate, and an interchange of mutual greetings and discussion of the news of the day. Next the class in French, or Phonography, or German, or Battalion drill is announced, and the students betake themselves to the room and corner designated.

"In the meantime a troupe of some dozen negroes appear with brooms to sweep and scrub the floors, which they do in a hurry, leaving instead of the dust removed, a quantity of water which will be evaporated in the course of the day. Some pass the hours in writing, reading, or in games, among which chess, checkers and various games with cards are included. Among the variety of pursuits and amusements, music claims no small share of attention, and groups may here and there be found, intent upon rendering in most melodious accents, the choicest selections from Handel, Mozart, and other masters of sacred song. In other places, proficient upon the violin discourse Ethiopian melodies, to which some charmed listeners are keeping time, giving lively motion to their pedal extremities, and so wears away the day, till at length the sable curtains of night again cast their shadows over the crowded rooms.

"At early candle lighting, evening services are announced for some particular room, when all, who are religiously inclined, repair thither to engage in the exercises of the meeting. But among such a company, perhaps less than one-fourth move in that direction. Others are gathered in groups around the rooms, busy with games, and thus pass away the time.

"Among soldiers, it is a remarkable fact that smoking is almost universal, and a person of sensitive olfactories, who dislikes tobacco, if in Libby, must be a martyr, with no possibility

of escape. He must eat it in his hash, drink it in his coffee, inhale it at every breath, and experience no relief, till lost in the unconsciousness which sleep brings to his offended senses.

“But some of the most ludicrous incidents in Libby life occur after all its inhabitants have arranged themselves, each in his chosen spot, upon the floor, with his army blanket around him. Then commences a succession of conundrums, questions and replies, technically called the catechism. This embodied a general censorship of the habits, opinions or peculiarities of whatever kind, of any, who might attract special attention. And among such a collection of persons of such diversity of opinions, and such a variety of habits, enough could always be found to furnish means for an hour of uproarious hilarity. Such questions as the following would be proposed:

‘Why ought the best of English poetry to emanate from this room?’

‘Because we have a Spencer and a Burns here, and they live in a garret—the poet’s usual abode.’

‘Who stole Mosely’s hash?’

‘Carpenter.’

‘Who says he does not belong to the Abolition Army?’

‘Glasboro.’

‘Who offered to enlist in the rebel army, if he could be released from prison?’

‘Pierce.’

‘Who said he had more meat than he could eat?’

‘Ketchum.’

‘Who sold his boots for money, to buy extra mutton chops?’

‘Ketchum.’

‘How does Libby differ from another public institution in Philadelphia?’

‘That is a Northern home for friendless children—this is a friendless home for Northern children &c., &c.’

At last all seem satisfied, and sleep and silence, except the sub-

bass of heavy snoring from many up-turned noses, reigns supreme till the dawn of another day. Thus it will be seen that live Yankees, even when prisoners in Rebeldom, and subject to all the discomforts which semi-barbarism can impose, will be Yankees still, and find amusement in the exercise of the mental vivacity peculiar to the race. But in the day time, the numerous specimens of mechanical skill, wrought from the bones of the thin, blue beef, which supplied us food, were truly worthy of admiration. Here were manufactured finger rings of exquisite workmanship; crosses inlaid with hard rubber, cut from the back of a pocket comb, napkin rings, wrought with the most elaborate designs, miniature toilet tables, &c., in great profusion.

But in all this activity and bustle, when all seemed cheerful, if not contented, there was none, whose thoughts did not often revert to the scenes and affections of home; and none failed to enquire daily for the news in relation to exchange. Many were the rumors that daily went the rounds, to elate or depress the poor prisoner, who, whatever else he might do, or think, ceases not to long for the happy hour which shall place him again under the folds of the "Star Spangled Banner," and return him once more to the society of loved ones at home. Examples of these ever recurring, hope inspiring and depressing agents, were the following:

'Commissioners of Exchange met yesterday, and effected a cartel!—All to be exchanged immediately!'

'Then in the same hour, purporting to come from some official—

'Commissioners could not agree!—No exchange probable for months to come!'

'Another would affirm—

'All to be exchanged except the surgeons!'

'Then—

'The surgeons will go in the next boat!'

'The negro question prevents all exchange!'

‘Then—

‘The negro question has never been an issue!’

‘One comes directly from the commandant of the prison and informs us—

‘That we shall be here only a short time longer!’

‘Another says—

‘It has been advised from the same authority, that we had better prepare for winter quarters, and send home for clothing and provisions!’

But this will suffice for a sample of prison-life in Libby, as recording the varying hopes of alternate lights and shades, conflicting hopes and fears.

To one who has endured it for four months, never for a moment walking abroad into the outer world, and never breathing for once the pure air of heaven, and finally has passed once more to the comforts and enjoyments of freedom and home, it is more pleasant to forget, than to cherish the memory of this long, dark period of sharp discomfort and privation.”

August 15th, Major Peale, with about two hundred and fifty men, was at Hagerstown, Md., doing provost duty—about four hundred and eighty paroled men were at Annapolis, or on a French leave to their homes in Connecticut, and a few others were in hospital, either at Baltimore, or Harper’s Ferry. The remainder, mostly officers, were in Richmond, having a taste of rebel hospitality, in Libby prison.

Returning to parole camp August 15th, we find some change in the position of affairs at that place. So large a portion of the regiment having nothing to do, but to enjoy themselves as well as they could, it was not surprising that the men became restless. Doing nothing was most tedious of all things. The men becoming dissatisfied, longed for a change. As they had not been exchanged, and there being no prospect that they would be for sometime to come, they began to think that they might as well make an effort to reach home, as to stay where they were. They

made known their intention to one of the officers who replied: "If they did not set out for home, it was because they were not smart," which was plain intimation for them to go. Of course the officer in charge could not give permission, but the boys understood that if they could succeed, he would make no trouble. Not one of the men, however, had the least idea of deserting, but they were of no use to the government where they were, and they might as well go home on a short visit, returning as soon as it was announced that exchange had been effected. They did go, at least a portion of them, some one way, and some another. They remained at home about a month, or until an order was issued for their return, from the Provost Marshal, in the district to which they belonged in Norwich. They made arrangements to return at once, and would have been back at Camp Parole, several days earlier than was the case, but for the deception practiced upon them by two men from Hartford, named Chapman and Calhoun. Among the number were eleven men, from Putnam, who were basely imposed upon by meddling officials. The night before the boys intended to set out on their return, these men visited Putnam and informed the soldiers that they would furnish them transportation, cheaper and quicker than they could get it for themselves. This quicker passage proved to be via Hartford, New London and Governor's Island, New York. At the latter place they suffered great indignities, and were put into "Castle William," where they were compelled to lie on the bare floor, without blankets, or bedding, suffering not a little from the cold, it being about the middle of September. It was the opinion of the victims that they were safer in the hands of the rebels, than with their Hartford friends, whose infamous conduct will not be forgotten. With reference to this affair one of the boys wrote as follows from Annapolis:

Once again, owing to the philanthropic and patriotic efforts of the friends of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers, our regiment is somewhat numerously represented here. On our arrival

we found it was not our loved and respected Uncle Sam, who wanted us, but some individuals who wished to demonstrate, to the wondering eyes of all beholders, the mighty power resident in the small body, and smaller soul of some of the petty officials of Connecticut, who, we suppose, consider their office almost, if not quite, equal to that of President of the United States, and are afraid that some may not be aware of the fact."

It would have been a great deal more instructive than flattering to those friends of the soldier, if they had heard the opinions of the boys concerning their character, and the kind wishes expressed for their present and future state. At this time the paroled prisoners had been removed from the old camp, into the new barracks built this summer, about a mile from the old location. The barracks were more comfortable than the old tents, but they were not comfortable enough to eradicate from the minds of the boys, their hatred and contempt for the "petty officials" referred to above. Nor are they to be blamed for this. The officers knew that the soldiers were not deserters, they acknowledged they were not deserters, and, moreover, had said that had they been in their places they would not have done otherwise.

After this, matters resumed their usual appearance at Camp Parole, and the boys tried hard to be contented with their idle life, though it was difficult to be contented. The camp was pleasantly located, on a level piece of ground, about a mile and a half from the city of Annapolis as before stated. There was a wood lot near by, which furnished excellent shade in the heat of the day but at the same time, it harbored swarms of mosquitoes and flies, that persisted in desperate charges on the men at every opportunity. Finally it became the general opinion that fighting mosquitoes, was about as unpleasant and dangerous as fighting rebels. Good bathing places were within a short distance, and other pleasant surroundings and conveniences, made the situation tolerable. If any one was not cleanly and measurably



healthy, it was chiefly his own fault. Rations were drawn regularly, and in sufficient quantity, and the men, divided into squads, suiting themselves as to the number in a squad, took turns in cooking and doing housework generally. Not a few boasted of their accomplishments in the culinary art, and many a "better half" at home, was informed of what she might expect in the line of instruction, if "Johnny" should be so fortunate as ever to come marching home again." Hospital tents, a few rods in the rear of the camp were kept clean and comfortable, and the sick apparently were well cared for. Near at hand, also, was a good reading room, free to all, and furnished with tables, writing material in abundance, and a variety of things for the convenience and pleasure of the soldiers. The good Union people of Baltimore had the credit of providing all these comforts and conveniences. Religious meetings, singing schools, and debates, were held in one tent, where those disposed could spend much of their time pleasantly, and profitably. In fact the boys had nothing to do, but please themselves through the remainder of the month of September, and they succeeded as might have been expected.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE REGIMENT REUNITED.

On the 27th of September, 1863, Col. Peale was ordered to report to Gen. McReynolds at Martinsburg, Va. This being done, he was then ordered to Annapolis to conduct the paroled portion of the regiment to the same place, as it was reported that an exchange had been effected. The reunion occurred October 3d, and was a time of great interest. For nearly four months the regiment had been in a condition of disruption and uncertainty, not at all favorable to military order and discipline, and the boys were glad to see each other once more. With reference to these movements we find the following recorded: The first is from a correspondent, H. C. T., of the Windham County Transcript, under date of October 16th, as follows:

"Two weeks ago we left our encampment near Hagerstown, and marched to this place, and find ourselves once more with the brigade that escaped from Winchester. Fifty of our regiment were left at Hagerstown, for provost guard, and Lieut. Spaulding, Company D, is provost marshal there. The men have plenty of guard duty, as the force here is not large. Some of the boys became very much attached to Hagerstown, and were sorry to be ordered away, but last Tuesday orders came from the war department to remove all government stores to Harper's Ferry, and the sick were sent to Cumberland. The troops were then ordered to have three days' rations cooked, and to be ready

to fall in at a moment's warning. Sutlers and store-keepers packed their goods, and many sent them off on the cars, negroes and non-combatants prepared to leave, and rumor said that Gen. Lee with his whole army was again in the valley. Our cavalry went out in all directions, but did not discover that any force of rebels had been near the place, with the exception of Imboden's cavalry. Forty of the rebels were captured and brought in last night. We miss our brave officers, the most of whom are still in Richmond and we feel rather weary of the situation here. The past three days have been full of excitement, but things are more quiet now."

There were serious doubts with some of the regiment about the validity of the exchange, and hence some hesitation in resuming duty, as the following letter, signed "Transcript Department," will show:

"We are once more in camp with the regiment, having been brought from parole camp by Maj. Peale. Our arms have not yet been offered to us, and there is a disposition on the part of a majority, to refuse them, believing, as we do, that the exchange was unlawful. Therefore the men hesitated to return to duty, as in case of a re-capture they would be subject to be shot instantly and without trial."

The difficulty, however, was soon satisfactorily settled, and the men resumed duty under the government which justly demanded and needed their services. At this time the regiment numbered about six hundred, with nine officers, four staff, and five of the line. Of the field officers were Maj. Henry Peale, in command; E. Benjamin Culver, adjutant; Josiah V. Harrington, first assistant surgeon; William B. North, second assistant surgeon. Of the line, three were captains, Joseph Mathewson, William L. Spaulding and John H. Morrison; Lieuts. Horatio Blanchard and Noadiah P. Johnson. It was a small number of commissioned officers for so large a number of men. Surgeons Harrington and North were not in very good health, the latter



Capt. FRANKLIN G. BIXBY.



having but just recovered from the typhoid fever which attacked him soon after his escape from Winchester, and which had been induced by the exposure and fatigue of that hasty retreat. Dr. Harrington had suffered severely from the same causes, but the health of the regiment, as a whole, at this time, was remarkably good. The camp was located about one half of a mile west of the town, upon a slight elevation of woodland, and was beautiful in its situation. The growth of timber was very fine and large, and the near proximity of the Federal troops furnished an excellent market for it as it rapidly disappeared, being converted into log huts, and fuel for camp fires. However, the boys were obliged to go a long distance for water for drinking and cooking purposes. Between the camp and the town there was a beautiful plain, a quarter of a mile in width, and half a mile long, which was used for company and regimental drills, and dress parades. No place could have been better adapted for these purposes in dry weather, but after rain it was like most Virginia soil, muddy and slippery. The Eighteenth were not without pleasant neighbors. On the north was the camp of the Third and Fourth Regiments of Pennsylvania infantry; on the south, the One hundred and sixteenth and One hundred and twenty-third regiments of Ohio infantry; and other regiments of infantry and cavalry were in close proximity, besides several batteries, making a large force in and about Martinsburg. All this force had access to the parade ground, drilled when it was convenient, thus making lively times during the fall and winter months. On the whole, the Eighteenth was as pleasantly situated for winter quarters as one could reasonably expect. Many rumors were now becoming rife as to the near approach of the rebels. On the 18th of October, there was quite a lively fight at Charlestown, eighteen miles away, and while this was progressing the roar of artillery was distinctly heard at Martinsburg, producing no little excitement. An order broke up the camp of the Eighteenth, and the paroled prisoners

were sent off toward Williamsport, with the trains, while other regiments were drawn up in line of battle. After marching about eight miles, news came that the rebels had been forced to retreat, and in obedience to orders the regiment returned to Martinsburg, arriving in their old camp about nine o'clock in the evening, tired enough, and quite profane in their compliments for almost everybody, and the rebels in particular. It was their first really tiresome march, as a regiment, since their reunion. Life here was somewhat different from that, either at Annapolis, or Hagerstown.

In speaking of the little scare on the 18th, it might be mentioned that our Sulter, showed a little nervousness, as the firing continued and the troops began to move. He became very benevolent all at once, and began to distribute his effects among the boys, some getting one thing and some another. The paroled prisoners who marched toward Williamsport that day, were under the command of Lieut. Blanchard, Company B, some of whom thought the march to Richmond not much worse. The weather at this time was delightful and the regiment continued in excellent health. The boys entertained each other with a variety of good things, which they bought (confiscated) of the farmers in the vicinity of the camp. Hard tack and milk was the common dish, though, and on the whole it was not a disagreeable one. It is true the men sometimes forgot to pay the farmers for the privilege of milking their cows, (on the run too), into their canteens, "but then they would make it all right, when they came that way again, or when the war was over." We were a happy jolly crew, in those days, says one of them. October 21st, the regiment was ordered to report to headquarters, and arms were offered to the men, but some were still in doubt about the legality of the exchange. Later in the day the regiment was ordered to the parade ground, when an officer from the general headquarters assured the boys, upon his "honor as a gentleman and an officer, that the exchange was all right." All then received arms and were ready for service again.

October 23d—a beautiful day. —Battallion drill in the afternoon and some of the men had cracker toast for supper. The latter was relished quite as well as the drill.

October 29th, had the first drill, forenoon and afternoon since the reunion, as it was four months at least since most of the men had handled arms, and it was a little hard at first.

October 25th, there was an inspection. It had been a long time since the regiment had had one, and Capt. Mathewson, Co. D, was the inspecting officer. Apple and bread for supper that night. It was luxurious living, some thought, for a soldier, but all were not quite so lucky. Next day there was guard mounting down town, and a large picket guard was sent by a round about way to the north, where they camped in the woods and lay around during the day, and at milking time assisted the farmers, as usual. The men rarely forgot to be helpful when out on picket duty, and hence they fared sumptuous. In camp everything had gone on bravely; with logs and boards, comfortable tents and huts were made, and the general appearance was more like civilization. Special attention was given to the cook houses, and to make brick ovens in which to bake pork and beans. The latter arrangement proved to be an excellent institution as "Pork and beans day" suggested many pleasant recollections, and furnished occasion for the boys to brag about their proficiency in the culinary art.

October 27th, George Hayes, Company H, died and was buried with military honors. Poor fellow, he had been sick a long time, but his discharge came at last.

On October 30th, company drill as usual in the forenoon, but it was soon brought to a halt, to give the boys an opportunity to sign the pay-rolls. This delightful service had not been performed by some of the men for four months, and the prospect of receiving all of sixty-four dollars at one time, was quite exhilarating. The last day of October was cold and blustering, but the men did not mind it, as they were marched on to the parade ground, for muster.



During the day companies K, D and E, were ordered into town on provost duty, and were quartered in Grantham Hall, an old structure, not a little dilapidated and defaced, inside and out, though it still furnished quite comfortable quarters. Surgeon North was sent down from camp and had a room in the same building, but his health was so poor that he was really not able to attend to his duties.

November 2d, Col. Rogers, post commander, reviewed his troops, and artillery, infantry, and cavalry marched through the town, making a fine display. It pleased the Union people of the place, but the rebels looked as black as night. The army blue had no charms for them, and Lincoln's government was an abomination not to be endured. These fellows, however, could not help themselves; and there was some comfort in this thought. On November 5th there was another scare, as the rumor ran that Imboden's cavalry was coming. A citizen was mistaken, and soon everything became quiet again.

November 6th, three companies were sent to town, the rest of the regiment being still in camp. Several promotions had been made before this time, to fill vacancies: First Lieut. John E. Woodward, Company F, was promoted captain, October 10th; First Lieut. John H. Morrison, Company I, was promoted captain, October 16th; Second Lieut. M. V. B. Tiffany, Company I, was promoted first lieutenant, October 16th; and Second Lieut. Henry F. Cowles, Company C, was promoted first lieutenant, October 16th. Other changes had been effected up to November, which had increased the numerical strength of the commissioned officers. Previously, on August 12th, private D. L. Wilson, Company C, was promoted second lieutenant, Third Maryland cavalry. No doubt these promotions were well deserved and not merely complimentary.

On November 12th, the paymaster came again, and the Eighteenth went to bed that night with their pockets lined with greenbacks. Pay day was a gala day, and it was emphatically so

that time, as it had been so long since the money had been paid off. On the day previous, Gen. Sullivan had been expected, and the troops all turned out to give him a salute, but he did not come. Before paying off the men, the provost marshal had closed all the drinking saloons in town, and this was fruitful in keeping the money in the regiment. Nevertheless, the saloon keepers resorted to all sorts of ways to smuggle in the poison, but a close watch was kept for them. One day a lot of barrels came to the depot, marked flour, salt, potatoes, &c, but when examined each barrel was found to contain a large keg of whisky, with above articles packed around them, but on the whole prohibition worked well. There was better order among the soldiers, and less disturbance both in camp and in the town.

November 18th, scouting parties and foraging trains were sent out in all directions, and they were quite successful. One party brought in thirteen prisoners, and a foraging train came with three hundred bushels of wheat, and a large quantity of corn. The next day one hundred bushels of wheat and two hundred and fifty bushels of corn were brought in. This kind of work was exciting, and often resulted in important captures, and the seizures of rebel property, which was confiscated for use of the Federal government. In the meantime company, battalion drill, and dress parade were daily duties, as circumstances and weather permitted. The old interest and pride of the Eighteenth seemed to be revived in these matters, and the promptness and efficiency of the men received the hearty commendation of regimental and brigade commanders. This was all the more creditable from the fact that their condition, for months previous, had been anything but favorable to progress in military science; it requiring constant activity and perseverance to make a good soldier, as in other things.

At the depot there was special work to do upon arrival of all the trains, and this duty was attended to by a corporal and twelve men from Company K, after November 21st. All sus-

picious looking trunks and boxes were examined, and in some instances the wardrobe of a single lady was found to be enormous. An excellent way was this to smuggle dress goods into "Dixie," and there was a great deal of it done, in spite of the closest vigilance on the part of the provost guard.

November 25th. This was the second Thanksgiving spent in the service, and the friends at home did not forget their absent ones. Boxes from various points in New London and Windham Counties, had been arriving for several days in succession, so that by Thursday there were many happy hearts in the Eighteenth. Of course all the turkies eaten this day, did not come from Connecticut, for some of the stay at homes omitted to send contributions. Some had none to send, and some sent them too late, but most of the boys had a good time. One of them shall speak for the whole number on this question, though if all the letters could be produced, that were sent home about the "dinners" of that day in Martinsburg, they would make an interesting volume. One of Company D, writes as follows to the Windham Co. Transcript:

"Again have we passed a thanksgiving away from home and loved ones, but it was not forgotten by us. We thought of the many Thanksgivings spent at the old homesteads, where children and grandchildren met, and in peace and happiness partook of the sumptuous fare. We remember that there are many who, as they meet upon this day, will miss those, who in former years, have always been with them. Yes, Thanksgiving day will be a sad time for many families throughout the land, and nearly every one will mourn the absence of father, brother, or son. Yet we have reason to give thanks for the blessing that so many of us are spared, and that our armies are victorious; and let us hope and pray that before another year rolls round, the rebellion will be crushed, and we shall be permitted to return to our homes. Many of the companies here had a good supper, and if the turkies were raised in Virginia, I think they were Union before we got through

with them. Our own company had turkies and plum pudding, served in a style that reminded us of home, and even the sick grew better at the sight of the heavily laden tables, and claimed their share of the good things. After supper remarks were made by members of the company, and I venture to say that if we live to return, we shall look back with pleasure to this time. But we would not have our readers believe we live like this all the time, for fear 'Uncle Sam,' would have more volunteers than he could find use for. There was preaching in the Methodist Church, both forenoon and evening, by the chaplains of regiments stationed here, and it was well attended by Companies D, E and K, stationed in town, but those in camp were not allowed to go, having but little time for religious meetings. Our regiment is very much in want of a chaplain at this time.

A member of the Company K, gives a similar picture of affairs with them. They had turkey too, and other "fixins" all of which were pronounced very good. At this time the weather was splendid, the days being warm for the season though the nights were cool. The men were in excellent spirits, Bragg's defeat in Tennessee, and retreat into Georgia, and some successes of the Army of the Potomac creating much good feeling generally, and the hope was strong that the Eighteenth would soon be on its way home. Patriotism ran high in the Eighteenth, and many letters were written home by individual members of the regiment to induce young men to enlist, and help put down the rebellion.

The following is, perhaps, a fair specimen and worth preserving, and shows the spirit that prevailed at the front. It was written by a member of Company D, Frank W. Cheney, to his sister in Eastford, Conn. Frank was a good fellow, every inch a soldier and brim full of patriotism; but we shall let him speak for himself. He writes:

"I have the same things to do, day after day, but I consider that it is for my country, and if I live to get home, after the war is ended, I shall be satisfied. There is one thing about it that

is sure, I would not be a young man at home in security at such time of our country's danger. It seems to me that I could not sleep if I was at home now, knowing how much my country needs me. Thank God, I am fighting to save it! You girls, at home, are not half as patriotic as you ought to be. If you were, our army would be full of young men. You ought not to speak to a young man who will not go where duty calls. Kate, now I am going to give you some good advice, and do heed it, if you love your poor brother at all. Don't ever marry a man who has not been a soldier. I consider that there is very little true manhood in any young man, who continues at home, when his country has called so long, and is still calling for all her loyal sons to rally for her support. What we want is more men. Our armies have been successful all through the summer campaign, and of course have got thinned out, now more men are wanted to press on the rebels while they are discouraged. In all your actions, dear sister, remember you are sister to a soldier, and allow no one, who has not patriotism enough to do what he can in the cause, to have anything to say to you. Perhaps you think I write too much and too strongly on this point, but it is true. The North is not half awake. While you are living in security at home, you do not realize that there is a bloody war going on, that is to decide whether we have a country or not. If we loose our cause, it will show to other nations what a degenerate race we are—not willing to save the free institutions our fore-fathers fought seven years to bestow on us, their descendants."

Noble sentiments! They ought to be handed down to future generations, as indicative of the noble qualities of the men composing the Eighteenth and of the Union Army as a whole. On November 30th, Second Lieut. Noadiah P. Johnson, Company D, was promoted to first lieutenant, and Sergeant Franklin G. Bixby was promoted to be second lieutenant of the same company. These officers had done excellent service, and well de-

served their new honors. Both of them were successful teachers before the war, and left remunerative positions to take part in the war for the Union. And there were many more in the ranks who would have filled an officer's position, had there been offices enough for all.

As the cold weather came on, the number of deserters from the sinking confederacy, greatly increased. Refugees from up the valley were glad also to partake of Union hospitality. It was a sad story that most of them told, of want and destitution and high prices of living. They were a care-worn pitiful looking set. A deserter from Stuart's cavalry came in one morning and took breakfast with the Eighteenth pickets, after which the poor fellow said: "I feel the happiest now I have for many months, and there are thousands who would leave if they could."

A great many of these unfortunates were glad to take the oath of allegiance, declaring they were sick of the war. Large numbers of contrabands came in also, and were employed as waiters and teamsters. On the whole the Eighteenth had very interesting experiences with Confederate deserters, who seemed glad to get away from the dominion of "Jeff Davis." It was pleasing also to note the growing sentiment of the citizens in Martinsburg and vicinity, in favor of the Union cause, as the opinion was gaining ground that the "Confederacy" must soon be destroyed.

Capt. Thomas K. Bates, Company B, wounded at Winchester June 15th, was honorably discharged November 17th, as there was no prospect of his speedy recovery. This was a matter of general regret, especially in his company, as Capt. Bates was a strict disciplinarian, much respected, and his loss was deeply felt.

Of the twenty-four officers taken to Libby, Surgeon Holbrook was the first to be exchanged. On November 23d, the following record was made by an inmate of Libby. "The prospect of an immediate exchange having vanished, there seems to be no hope, for at least two months to come. We can with but

slight certainly predict the future." Five long months have passed, and "hope deferred makes the heart sick." It was therefore a joyful surprise, when on the 25th of November, the surgeons in Libby, or a part of them, were informed that they were exchanged. Major Turner issued the order for the surgeons to fall in, early in the morning. There was a general desire on the part of the remaining prisoners, to send some word to their friends at home, at the hands of the liberated. Though the medical gentlemen were quite willing to oblige their comrades, they had to be exceedingly careful not to be detected.

All the exchanged were carefully searched, and all contraband articles found on their persons were not only taken away, but all such persons were retained. If only one or two had been going away, it would have been possible to make a rigid examination, and if nothing objectionable was found, to let them pass. But there being so large a number, there was no time for so minute an inspection, and hence all articles found were confiscated. But the sharp rebel officials, in some instances, were outwitted. Letters written on tissue paper were concealed in coat-buttons, under the soles of boots and shoes, and the crowns of hats, and cuffs were ripped open and filled with letters, and then sewed together again. "Every device was resorted to, which promised success." The prisoners were, of course, anxious, in some way to convey to their friends the "secret of communicating with them, without the knowledge of the rebels." Thus: "Hold this paper to the light," wrote one, while another directed a box to be sent him with greenbacks hidden in a roll of butter, or in a piece of cheese, or inside a pickle, or a bottle of vinegar." It was hoped that the surgeons would make such representations at Washington, as would bring about a general exchange. Surgeon Holbrook was the bearer of important information to the friends of his comrades, in different parts of New London and Windham counties. He remained in Washington no longer than was necessary, and made his way home to New England.





1811. 2nd.

1811. 1st.

Sketches by J. H. SAWYER.

Winter Quarters on Tuscarora Road, near Martinsburg, Va. 1862.





He went direct to Providence, R. I., and thence to Thompson, Conn. His arrival in Connecticut was an event of importance to home friends. He was besieged everywhere, and plied with questions with reference to the condition of the remaining officers of the regiment, and as to the probability of their release. There was a general desire to hear the surgeon on this subject, hence he wrote an address portraying his "Experiences in Libby." A public meeting was called in Putnam, on Monday evening, December 14th, and Quinebaug hall was filled with the friends of the Eighteenth, who listened for one hour and a half, with unflagging interest, to his able address. His views of the character of the leaders of the Rebellion, its objects, and the melancholy results that must follow a failure to suppress this determined onset against republican institutions, together with his portrayal of the patriotic endurance of his many fellow prisoners, who were willing to suffer to the last rather than have our government yield to any terms of exchange that would be dishonorable to our cause, were given with the force and energy of one who had seen and felt the monstrous and outrageous tyranny of the Southern Confederacy. This address was published afterward in the Windham County Transcript, in a series of articles, which gave universal satisfaction.

Dr. Holbrook's experiences were read by the regiment at Martinsburg with the deepest interest. The boys were pleased to hear directly from their officers in Libby whom they greatly missed. Their continued absence was the topic of daily conversation, and there was a growing desire for their return, as their presence was needed. There could be no promotions while they were still members of the regiment, hence officers of a lower grade were obliged to do the work of the higher. Most of the companies were under the command of lieutenants and orderly sergeants doing the service of a higher grade. In some instances one lieutenant had charge of two or three companies. Thus the regiment suffered not a little for the want of more commis-

sioned officers. This want was felt more seriously at a later period when it was ordered again to the front. However, but few regiments ever showed more proficiency in drill and discipline under the same circumstances than did the Eighteenth. The few officers remaining performed their duty well, and took commendable interest and pride in having their command under good discipline and drill. It was very creditable, however, to the whole regiment that absentees were kindly remembered, and their return ardently desired. It is not to be expected that the best of feeling will always prevail among officers, or between the officers and privates of the same regiment. There will be feuds and jealousies, detractions and evil speakings. The Eighteenth was blameworthy in some of these respects, still it is but just to say that there was not a regiment in the service in which a better spirit was shown in all grades, and among all grades than in this; and a contrary feeling and action were the exceptions. In proof of this, it is only necessary to refer to the kind manner in which the men often referred to their absent officers, and the general wish on the part of both officers and privates at Martinsburg for the return of that portion of their regiment in Libby. Whether in writing home to their friends, or in conversation with each other, the same kind and appreciative language was observable. It is due to all concerned, and as a very pleasant feature in the history of the Eighteenth, that some of these comments should be recorded.

A private, writing home, says: "We miss our brave officers greatly; most of whom are still in Richmond." Another writes: "We feel proud of our officers. They were in the thickest of the fight, and displayed the best qualities of soldiers." Another comments: "Little knots of us gather and talk of the bravery and coolness of our officers and men, and could strangers listen they would know how deep is the affection of the soldiers of the Eighteenth for their comrades. All are lavish in their praises. As a child treasures up the recollection of his parents, so do we

treasure the recollection of our commanders." Many an evening was spent in the tents at Martinsburg discussing the merits of different officers and privates who distinguished themselves in the battle at Winchester. All were agreed that Capt. Kibbie's excursion to Richmond might have been better managed by the Yankees in every respect. That it was so was not the fault of the commanders, either of the field or line. Col. Ely's name was often mentioned with pride, and Lieut. Col. Nichols astonished all his command by his bravery and daring, winning universal admiration. Maj. Peale was fearless and brave, and it was universally admitted that almost every line officer was worthy of promotion. It is no wonder then that the men often wrote home that their officers in Libby were missed, and anticipated the time of their return with unfeigned pleasure. About this time a letter was written by Lieut. Scranton, Company K, in reply to some of these commendations, calling attention to the fact that Capt. Matthewson, of the same company, deserved the highest praise for leading his company in three charges in the face of the greatest dangers.

Among other matters of special interest about the first of December, was an extensive revival of religion in Martinsburg. The Methodist church was open nearly every evening for a while, and there was preaching by the chaplains of the One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio regiments of infantry. The meetings were attended by many of the soldiers, and among others, Companies D, E and K, Eighteenth Connecticut, stationed in town. Soldiers and citizens bowed together in worship, and many sought and found the Saviour. The influence of this revival was very salutary, and a great change was manifest in the deportment of the soldiers. Home friends were made glad by the glowing accounts which the newly converted sent them of the pleasing work. The members of the church took great interest in this revival, and often invited the men to visit them, when off duty, for religious conference,

singing and prayer. One custom of the people here was new to New England men, viz.: that of kneeling in public prayer on the Sabbath. It was an interesting sight to see a crowded assembly fall at once upon their knees and join in the public prayers of the pulpit, as well as of the conference meeting. Many soldiers will never forget those interesting and impressive scenes of religious enjoyment.

On December 10th seven companies were ordered to Charlestown, rumor being rife of the near approach of rebels. Gen. Averill, with a body of cavalry, was to go up the valley at the same time with the Eighteenth. At Strasburg thirty rebels were captured. The Eighteenth had a rough time at Charlestown, and were absent eighteen days. Returned to camp at Martinsburg on Christmas day. As they passed through the town, on their way back, three hearty cheers were given for the old flag. Their transit through the town created considerable excitement. The men were glad enough to get back to camp. During their absence twenty-two recruits had arrived for the regiment. They came on December 17th, and the men were distributed among the different companies, Company D having seven of the number, and lacking only five of having its full complement, including a few who were absent on account of sickness.

On December 19th Martinsburg was barricaded, a line of posts being driven across the street. These were eight or nine feet in height, and intended to prevent the rebel cavalry from surprising the town. Many of the men received a portion of their State bounty at this time, ten dollars each, and Christmas day passed very pleasantly. At the beginning of the holidays, some of the boys in town had roast turkey and other good things, while the principal part of the regiment, having just come in from their eighteen days' visit to Charlestown, were glad to take what they could, after their arrival in camp. Company E, Capt. Palmer, relieved Company D, and the latter was ordered to report at Hagerstown, Md. This change caused some complaint in cer-

tain quarters, but there was no help for it. Soldiers must obey orders without asking questions. Lorenzo N. Buck, Company B, died December 28th, and his body was sent home to his family in Putnam, Conn., the next day, being escorted to the depot with military honors. Buck was an excellent man, a good soldier, who enlisted from sincere convictions of duty. His loss was deeply felt in his company. His body was taken to Connecticut and buried in the same grave with that of his son, who died two days later. The funeral services were held in the Baptist church in Putnam, the sermon being preached by W. C. Walker. On December 31st, the regiment received light marching orders. Next day the order was given for the three companies in town to fall in, and they did so, stacking their arms in front of headquarters. Gen. Averill was in command of the post. Next, the Fourteenth Pennsylvania cavalry came in from a scout up the valley. The whole cavalry force at that time amounted to about three thousand men, but they were badly broken down, men and horses having suffered greatly in the valley, for lack of food and clothing. At that time Gen. Averill had his boots stolen, and his feet were frozen. His good-humored remark was, that if any one needed the boots more than he did, he was welcome to them. All the soldiers were loud in the general's praises. He was a man of medium size, quick in his movements, and of fine appearance. The first day of 1864 was an exciting one, the rebels being expected, though they failed to come. At night, the Eighteenth was in its old quarters, in town and camp. On January 6th, Company H was ordered from camp, to do duty in the town, the weather being cold, with some snow. Two more scouting parties came in, after a skirmish with the rebels, and brought in one prisoner.

January 8th, what is this that sounds so much like Yankee winter music? The merry sleigh bells! But what sleighing! "All slush, and nothing else!" "It does very well, however, for Virginia." But how the sight and sound of sleighs and bells

made the boys sigh for home and the merry sleighing parties of old Windham county. The Baltimore train was quite late, on account of the snow which was about four inches on a level.

Sunday, January 23d, there was considerable excitement, because William Taylor, Company K, fired at a railroad man, though nothing serious came of it. Gen. Averill had been relieved of the command of the post, and a Col. Rogers appointed in his place. In the meantime the men, both in camp and town, made the most of the situation, and enjoyed themselves as best they could. The rations were of excellent quality, and of sufficient quantity, each company having its own cook and meals served at regular hours. This arrangement gave general satisfaction and gave the men an opportunity to display their Yankee ingenuity in trade, and to supply themselves with many luxuries, in exchange for coffee and sugar. It was quite amusing to see the men leaving camp with their haversacks and pockets loaded with articles for barter, and in appearance resembling Yankee peddlers. On their return they seemed well pleased with their success. In this way some companies raised quite a fund to draw upon for extra occasions. The citizens generally were well satisfied with the arrangement. They were generally as anxious to get the coffee and sugar, as the soldiers were to obtain butter, eggs, hams and milk, which was an improvement on Uncle Sam's rations.

Another matter of considerable interest was the establishment of a singing school in town, under the leadership of A. C. Green, Company A, in which the citizens were invited to participate. Of course this entertainment attracted the Union ladies, who attended in respectable numbers, their presence and singing adding much to the pleasure of the school, which always drew crowded houses. Green was well supported by the Hoveys, Kerr and Parker, of his own company, Amesbury of Company B, the Jordans of Company H and the Prays of Company K, and other members of the regiment, equally interested in the



success of the entertainment. Instrumental music also was introduced, which kept the "choir steady on the key," and gave life and zest to the whole affair. Clergymen and their wives, and other leading citizens lent their presence and influence. The recollections of these scenes will be among the most pleasant in the experiences of the Eighteenth in Virginia.

During the month of January, 1864, recruits arrived almost weekly, and were distributed among the different companies, as they were needed to fill up the quota. Dr. Holbrook had returned from Libby after the close of his furlough, and the regiment began to assume more of its former appearance, in numbers, drill and efficiency. Among other recruits, came a new chaplain, Rev. W. C. Walker, of Putnam, Conn. He arrived in camp and reported to Major Peale's headquarters on the afternoon of the first day of February, and was assigned temporarily to the surgeon's quarters. These consisted of a long tent, with two apartments, one of which was occupied by Surgeons Holbrook and Harrington, the other by the hospital steward, Dick Ripley. There was one spare bed, and here the new chaplain began his new life "on the old camp ground." The weather was quite cold and for the first few nights it was difficult to keep off the shivers. However, the hardening process went on bravely, and the new comer began to accommodate himself to the situation. The regiment had been without a chaplain for more than ten months, and a desire had been frequently expressed, by some of the regiment, that another be appointed; hence the presence of this recruit gave very general satisfaction.

It was evident, however, that the chaplain had never studied the tactics very thoroughly, for when he came out on dress parade, for the first time, it was thought by some that he would be a better Walker, than a marcher. It was remarked, however, that the chaplain "talked pretty well, and would become popular," even if he was a little awkward on dress parade.

The first religious service was held in a soldier's tent, or log



hut, in Company D, which was quite large and convenient, and it was crowded while many stood outside to hear. It was a meeting of peculiar interest. Several of the soldiers prayed with great fervency, thanking the Lord that he had sent them a "chaplain to care for their souls." They seemed to take special delight in singing, which was heard all over the camp, producing a pleasing impression. On February 3d a funeral service was held in the open air.

On February 6th Maj. Peale ordered a large board tent to be erected for the chaplain in which religious meetings could also be held evenings, and the men could meet in the daytime to read, sing, and write letters to their home friends. This proved a place of pleasant resort, and seemed to be highly appreciated. Arrangements had been made to furnish the regiment with reading matter, consisting of the home papers, viz.: Norwich Weekly Courier, Windham County Transcript, Willimantic Journal, Christian Secretary, New York Independent, Boston Recorder, and other papers obtained at the Christian Commission rooms in Martinsburg. These were distributed regularly, and each week the men received the local news from home. The Christian Commission, before this, had done excellent work in the regiment, its agents visiting it nearly every week, making a general distribution of papers, and supplying writing materials and other much needed articles for the use and comfort of the soldiers. On February 7th the chaplain preached in the German church in Martinsburg, a large number of the men being allowed to leave camp to attend the service with the companies in town. There was a large congregation, chiefly soldiers, a few citizens being present, a very small proportion of whom were women.

The camp hospital had but few inmates at this time, the regiment being in remarkably good health. Those who were ill were furnished with pleasant accommodations, and Surgeons Holbrook and Harrington managed this department to the general satisfaction. "We could not have better care if at home."

was the comment of an invalid. David M. Colvin and John Harrington, Companies B and K, had the care of the sick and gave them every possible attention. A short religious service was held every evening, which was conducted by the chaplain.

The month of February passed very pleasantly. The duty was not hard. When the weather and grounds would permit, company drill in the forenoon, and battalion drill in the afternoon was the order of the day. In these disciplinary exercises the regiment recovered its former interest and pride in military tactics, and won the hearty commendations of its own officers, and of the brigade inspectors. There was one alarm during the month. The rebels had robbed a passenger train a few miles from Martinsburg, near Duffield Station, on the morning of the 12th, and the Eighteenth was sent out early on that morning on the road toward Winchester—troops being dispatched in all directions with a view to cut off the retreat of the robbers, but they escaped. The Eighteenth, however, went as far as Winchester, returning early the next morning, having marched forty-four miles. It was a tiresome march. This was their first visit to Winchester since the three days' fight of June previous. The rebel citizens gave the regiment a cool reception, and they were glad to get back to Martinsburg. On Sunday, the 14th, the chaplain preached in the Methodist Church. The men in camp were permitted to attend, in company with those of the regiment in the town, a larger number of citizens being present than at the church on the Sunday preceding. At the close of the service the pastor of the church thanked the chaplain heartily for his sermon, and invited him to come again. A day or two previous Oliver B. Burnham, Company K, accidentally shot himself and died a short time afterwards. His remains were sent to Killingly, Conn., where his family resided. His sad death produced a deep impression. He had been a convert at the recent revival, and died the death of a Christian.

On the 16th there was great excitement in the hospital on ac-

count of the breaking out of the small-pox. The poor soldier who was thus afflicted was sent to the small-pox hospital on the road to Harper's Ferry, two or three miles away. To the surprise of all the disease did not spread. On February 25th two companies went out on a scout but returned in the evening, making the camp jubilant with their good spirits. On the 26th the regiment was mustered for pay. For several days following the weather was very disagreeable, but all made the best of it, and enlivened the time with an occasional "sham snow fight."

March 6th proved our last Sabbath in Martinsburg for a long time. Had preaching in the old court house. In the evening, while a religious service was being held in camp, an order came to move. This announcement was a complete surprise. There was not much sleep in camp that night, and at daylight the camp was fairly in a blaze, everything that would burn being destroyed. The scene was one not soon to be forgotten. Before sunrise the order came to "fall in," and all things being in readiness to move, the regiment was marched through the town to the depot, and stowed away in box cars for Harper's Ferry. Companies A and G were sent on to Frederick City, Md., companies B and D to Monocacy Junction, and Company C to a place near Berlin on the Potomac. The remainder of the regiment was sent to Bolivar Heights and occupied a camp just vacated by the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers. It was very pleasant thus to find a camp all in readiness for occupation. The officers were quartered in an old government building, excepting Maj. Peale, who had his headquarters in a tent. The weather was disagreeable indeed, alternating from rain to snow, and with high winds. Camp fires were as much a necessity as in the dead of winter. The teamsters had to go a long distance for wood, and all in all, though the regiment found tents in readiness, the men soon learned their change had not been for the better. They bemoaned their warm log houses at Martinsburg, which they had so lately reduced to ashes. Of course there was grum-



LT. COL. & ADJ. GEORGE W. BRADY.



bling, but soldiers are permitted to grumble so long as they obey orders. Remained here twenty-one days, during which time Capt. Spaulding, with a portion of his company, returned to the regiment from Hagerstown, Md. The captain also had left very comfortable quarters, and his command was as much disturbed by the change as the main body of the regiment. However, all seemed in good spirits. At this time there was considerable excitement, and camp rumors in great variety were the order of the day. The spring campaign was about to open, and what would be the position of affairs the next day, or even hour, was a matter of absorbing interest to every soldier. Constant changes were going on; troops were passing every day on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and scouting parties were sent out in various directions. The Eighteenth was sent over Loudon Heights, and up the valley as far as Snickersville for three days, but they found no rebels in arms, and only a few old women, who were in the habit of harboring and feeding Mosely's cut-throats, and other bands of guerillas. Loudon valley, from the beginning of the war, was a popular resort for rebels, and from this point were started numerous raids into the Union lines. It was not until late in the war that Sheridan succeeded in driving them out of the valley. Had this been done before far less injury would have been inflicted on the Union cause in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry during the war. There was hardly a day, while this place was occupied by Union troops, that rebel spies or scouts were not taking a view of the situation from Loudon Heights. Union soldiers knew they were being watched daily by men within easy musket range, and they hardly ever felt safe in penetrating the outskirts of the place. The capture of the rebel spies and cut-throats was a thing of daily occurrence. Refugees also were constantly coming in from the Shenandoah valley. The old jail on the island was full of prisoners of war, and the upper story of the Lockwood house, on the heights near the camp of the Eighteenth, was crowded with refugees. Corporal John E.

Barrows, Company H, had charge of this department for some time. Many of these men had a sad story to tell of the oppression and outrages of the Southern confederacy.

It is exceedingly difficult to keep pace with all the changes in a regiment of soldiers for three or six months, there are so many on the sick list, while others are discharged for disability, and for promotion in other regiments, and some desertions. During the winter and spring of '63 and '64 but few deaths occurred, except what have already been noted. Of Company A, William H. Towne died March 28th; Wallace Fox, Company E, died February 2d; Julius J. Rood, Company E, died February 3d; Nathan B. Green, Company F, died February 24th; Henry Apley, Company H, died January 9th. Fourteen men had been discharged for disability in all the companies; seventeen had been transferred to the invalid corps, and several others to the veteran reserve corps. As evidence of the good material of which the Eighteenth was composed, from fifteen to twenty of all grades had passed a rigid examination before a military board at Washington for promotion to other regiments under commissions. This fact was considered a compliment to them and to the regiment. The names of those promoted will appear in the roll of the regiment at the proper time and place. Most of those receiving the appointments left the regiment during the months of February and March, and they were a severe loss which could hardly be afforded at this time as so many of the officers were still in Libby. But about the last of March the welcome news was received that a portion of the officers were exchanged, viz.: Col. Ely, Lieut. Col. Nichols, Capts. George W. Warner, and John E. Woodward; Lieuts. I. N. Kibbe, John McGinnis, M. V. B. Tiffany, Joseph P. Rockwell and others. This news created considerable interest in the regiment, the return of so many of the officers to their respective posts of duty, being anticipated with great pleasure, and as a hopeful sign of greater efficiency in the campaign then opening. Col. Ely, as

early as February, had made his escape from Libby through the famous tunnel or "Yankee Wonder," as the rebels called it, but he had been recaptured, and on account of the failure of that effort, it was a very agreeable surprise to hear of his release and speedy return to his post with his old command.



## CHAPTER IX.

GOING HOME TO VOTE.

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Every day the regiment had some new cause for excitement. All sorts of rumors were afloat, when, to the surprise of almost everybody, the order came on the 28th of March to report as soon as possible at Norwich, Conn. This order was received with shouts of joy. The prospect of going home, no matter for what purpose, was cheering enough, and produced the greatest excitement. No man reported at sick call that morning unless he was forced to do so, going home being the best treatment for a sick soldier. "Hurrah for Connecticut!" "Hurrah for Governor Buckingham," and "hurrah for everybody in the land of wooden nutmegs," was the watchword of the hour. At three o'clock in the afternoon the regiment was homeward bound, crowded into box cars, and one old rickety passenger car for the officers and several ladies, wives of either the officers or soldiers. It took nearly all the following night to reach Baltimore, where the regiment arrived at four o'clock next morning. Some of the men jokingly declared that the engineer and conductor must be rebels, that they mistrusted for what purpose the Eighteenth were being sent home, and therefore determined on delay so that the men should not reach the land of steady habits until after the election. However there was some swearing as well as joking, but neither the one nor the other put more speed into the sleepy engineer. Remained in Baltimore about four hours; after breakfast at the

Soldiers' Relief marched across the city and took the cars for Philadelphia, where the train arrived about five P. M. The troops were thirteen hours on the road. This record surpassed the Baltimore and Ohio road for slowness. At the same rate of progress it was thought that the year would not be long enough in which to reach Connecticut. Marched to the Cooper Relief Association rooms, where there was a bounteous supper in waiting, to which full justice was done by the weary and hungry soldiers. About dark crossed to the Camden and Amboy station, and took the cars for New York. Arrived there next morning, about one o'clock. At New York found a small steamboat in waiting, too small by far to accommodate so large a number of troops. But the men "piled in" before day-light. There was scarcely room to step without putting a foot on somebody, and the situation was anything but comfortable. In the meantime a northeast storm set in with great fury, and withal it was very gloomy and cold. The remarks made on the situation were not complimentary to railroad accommodations and steamboat companies, as there was a general feeling of indignation that such a small craft should have been provided to convey the regiment through the sound to Norwich. Luckily, or providentially, the plan of sending the men by boat was abandoned, as the storm increased, and greatly to the delight of all the soldiers, many of whom seemed to think they had had a narrow escape. Accordingly the regiment was transported by rail to New Haven, and thence set out at 9 A. M. for Norwich, by the way of New London, the storm growing worse and worse. At the Connecticut River were detained about three hours on account of the storm and a strong tide. The ferry-boat was obliged to cross thrice, and at one time there appeared to be great danger of her being swept out into the sound. But at last a landing was effected, and in a short time the regiment was on the move again, arriving in Norwich about twelve o'clock the same night. Nearly three days had been consumed on the way from Harper's Ferry to Norwich.

Marched at once to Treadway's Hall, where a collation was in readiness, and that part of the regiment who had not already reached their homes in the city enjoyed the hospitality of Norwich friends, which was very acceptable excepting the floor mattresses; but these seemed easier than the soft side of a pine board or the ground of Virginia. On the whole it was a joyful occasion. The next day, April 1st, the regiment was scattered through New London and Windham Counties enjoying the warm congratulations, hospitality and love of friends. The next three short days, were spent in delightful intercourse with old-time neighbors and friends.

The time seemed so short that on the Sabbath allusion was made almost in every pulpit in Eastern Connecticut to the arrival of the Eighteenth and many blessings were invoked in their behalf. On many accounts it was a solemn and interesting occasion. The Eighteenth had come home, but not all of them. Many had slept their last sleep, and their remains were resting in Southern soil, they having fallen either in battle or by disease. Others were still prisoners of war, literally starving to death, or suffering from rebel hardships. In many a home that day there was weeping for the hopelessly absent. The widow sat solitary and disconsolate. The arrival of the Eighteenth had awakened only painful recollections of departed hopes, and heart rending losses and disappointments. Children mourned for their fathers, and loving sisters for their brothers. There was only one thing that afforded sorrowing ones the least comfort. They could make inquiries of the living and learn more particulars of their lost ones from lips of comrades than by correspondence. On the whole, it was a day of conflicting emotions to the visitors themselves. It was a great joy to be with their families, but in a few days separation would come again with added sadness. The rough, self-denying life of a soldier had taught an impressive lesson of the priceless value of home comforts, and the thought of returning again to a life of comparative want and barbarism

was exceedingly painful and distressing: nevertheless it must be done. The cup of pleasure pressed to their lips by loving hands would soon be dashed away. The country still needed their services. The old flag must be defended to the last. The power of treason at home and Rebellion in the South must be broken. A campaign was about opening which would in all probability decide the question whether the cause of the Union should live or die. The government at Washington expected every man, every soldier, to do his whole duty. When they sent the Eighteenth home on the 28th of March they expected it to serve their cause as much by votes as could possibly be done by arms in the field. This duty done, and a man re-elected to fill the chair of the State who would stand manfully by the general government in its work of crushing the Rebellion, the soldier must return to the field to face the men who had sworn to pull down the stars and stripes and place in their stead the emblems of Secession. It is to the glory of the Eighteenth that it was as loyal at the polls as in the field. Hence it never did a better deed for the country's honor and perpetuity than on the 4th day of April, 1864, when it cast nearly its entire vote for William A. Buckingham for Governor of the State of Connecticut. This was a glorious charge on the enemy in the rear. A telling victory over the opposition to a holy cause at home. Three cheers for the paper bullets of the Eighteenth Connecticut.

Monday, April 4th, 1864, was an earnest working-day with the Eighteenth. Before twelve that night the wires flashed the joyous result to the anxious President of the United States. William A. Buckingham, the faithful ally of the government in its struggle with the Rebellion, re-elected Governor of the State of Connecticut. By this act the State was kept true and faithful to the cause of the Union through the dark and terrible days of 1864, when the enemies of Lincoln's administration put forth their most earnest and cruel efforts to save the Confederacy from defeat and failure. The adherence of Connecticut to the President had

its significance and power. It greatly strengthened the courage of the Unionists, both citizens and soldiers, and was the precursor of the re-election of Abraham Lincoln in November following. It may be repeated, the Eighteenth never made a better fight for the Union than on that eventful first Monday of April. Every such victory had a telling and disheartening effect upon the disunionists everywhere. It had its influence on England and France also, in preventing their recognition of the Southern Confederacy. This work being accomplished the Eighteenth was ready to return to the front and measure strength with armed rebels. Having smothered the fire in the rear they could meet with more courage and hope the fire in the front. In making this record there is no design, however, to reflect upon that class of persons who looked upon the participation of the Eighteenth in the election, under the circumstances, with evident disfavor if not with alarm. The act was severely criticised in their favorite journals, called impolitic, undemocratic, misuse of political power, squandering the public money, and the soldiers were alluded to as Lincoln's hirelings. Allowing for honest differences of opinion, and for some things that were dishonest, it must be admitted that the end secured by this action of the government was discouraging the Rebellion and hence justifiable as a war measure in strengthening the hands of the civil and military power of the country. It was strictly an act of self-defense, the State at that time not permitting its soldiers to vote in the fields and hence was perfectly justifiable. The enemies of the government understood its significance and effect, and hence their opposition. Looking at the measure from a present stand-point all true friends of the Union will acknowledge its wisdom and necessity. They can afford to be generous toward those who opposed it, and with "Charity for all, and malice toward none, pursue the right as God shall give them the sight to see."

Wednesday, April 6th, was another day of intense interest and excitement to the Eighteenth. The early railroad trains from

every point were freighted with soldiers and their friends on their way to Norwich.

At two o'clock P. M. the Eighteenth stood once more in line waiting for the order to march. The city was crowded with people from the country, and the city turned out once more to give the Eighteenth another farewell. The Wauregan presented a lively scene. On the balcony appeared Governor Buckingham, Col. Ely and prominent citizens. The presence of the Governor, and of Col. Ely, who had just been released from Libby prison, was warmly greeted and their words of interest and welcome were highly applauded.

After this review the regiment marched about the city until about three P. M. when it halted near the old railroad bridge, and near the wharf, where a steamboat was in waiting to convey the men to New York on their return to the seat of war. Here friends flocked around to tender tearful farewells, and good wishes for a speedy and final return.

It was a source of sorrow and regret to the friends of the regiment that anything should occur to mar the tender interest of the occasion. Some persons took it upon themselves to "treat" a few of their friends in the regiment, who drank to excess, and created considerable disturbance while the regiment was in the act of going on board the steamboat. However, at four o'clock P. M. lines were cast off, the boat swung around into the stream, while the air was filled with cheers from the boys and the crowds of people upon the wharves, and the Eighteenth was off again for the war. It was a solemn moment. Many had exchanged the "last farewells on earth." As long as the boat was in view crowds stood on the shores gazing with swimming eyes, while the sun-browned men, with sad, lingering looks crowded the upper deck of the boat, their hearts swelling with sorrow at the painful parting. Home never appeared more sweet and precious than at that hour. When the evening shadows fell that night dear old Connecticut was hid from the eyes of an anxious company of

men, and from some of them forever. After the fatigue and excitement of the day rest and sleep were very welcome. The boat made a fine run through the sound, and at seven o'clock next morning she touched at Jersey City. At half-past eight o'clock the train was on the move, bearing the Eighteenth on toward the city of "brotherly love," where it arrived about noon. In Philadelphia refreshments were furnished at the Cooper Relief Association. "We never had a better dinner," was the comment of all. The day was very fine. Good air and fasting brought an excellent appetite. Left Philadelphia at five P. M. and reached Baltimore at one o'clock A. M. Friday. At daylight marched through the city to the Washington depot. Remained in Baltimore until Saturday at half-past ten o'clock A. M. It was said that the waiting was on account of the lack of cars for transportation. It was a tedious hinderance. "Got off" at last on Saturday about eleven A. M. in a terrible rain storm, which increased all day and the following night. Arrived at Sandy Hook at nine P. M. The storm was so violent that the regiment remained in their "boxes" all night. It was a sure sign of proximity to rebeldom when soldiers were compelled to ride in box or cattle cars without straw or anything to make a comfortable bed. The railroads made enough out of the government to have furnished better accommodations for transportation; and if it was impossible to furnish passenger cars their cattle-pens might have been more endurable. Sunday morning, April 9th, the regiment arrived at Harper's Ferry, marched up to their old camp on Bolivar Heights and found it occupied by the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts Volunteers. Were quartered in old government buildings through the day and following night. Next day put tents on the south side of or in front of the Lockwood House. A fine place for a camp in pleasant weather, but in rain was dangerously slippery in the streets. The Lockwood House was used for headquarters. The largest east room was assigned to the chaplain for a reading and writing room, and for public worship. The Christian Commission, as



Lieut. ADAM H. LINDSAY.





usual, furnished the regiment with writing material, papers, singing books, testaments and "comfort bags." Every soldier will know what "comfort bags" or housewives were, and the mere allusion to them will awaken many pleasing recollections of their camp and hospital experiences. These were made of different material and filled with a variety of useful articles indispensable to the comfort of the soldiers. Hence their name was very appropriate, their contents being adapted to keep alive pleasant and loving thoughts of "home, sweet home." It was said that these domestic reticules were prepared by little Northern and Western girls. Whoever suggested the idea conferred a great favor upon every soldier who received one of these comforts. The recipient, on opening his bag, would be filled with inexpressible delight to find a needle case and pin-cushion well filled; also thread, woolen yarn, wax, a thimble and combs, and in some a letter full of kind words, with the request that the recipient would send a reply in due time. It was afterward found that some pretty large girls had a hand in writing a few of these letters, which resulted in a correspondence of life-long interest to the parties concerned therein. Most of these letters of course came from little girls who had fathers and brothers perhaps in the army, or who, if they had none, wanted to do something for the comfort of those who had. It was a common thing for the soldiers to visit their chaplains and show some of the letters received from different parts of the country. One of these was too good to be read merely by the one receiving it. It was sent to one of the home papers and was read by thousands of people, and others were thereby incited to go and do likewise. It belongs to the history of the Eighteenth, and if the soldier who received it is now living, he will read it in this connection with new and tender interest.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA., January 16th, 1864.

DEAR SOLDIER.—I know not who you are, yet it is enough for me to know that you are fighting in the cause of our now bleed-

ing country, and be assured that you are often thought of and prayed for by the good people at home. I am a little girl—a Sabbath school scholar. On last Sunday our superintendent said that our soldiers stood in need of “housewives,” and at once little brains and fingers were active in planning and working for your comfort. I attend the Lutheran Sunday school. It matters but little what church we belong to here on earth, only so that we are good Christians, and are members of the church on high. If you have any little girls at home I hope you love them, and often pray for them. And I have no doubt they often pray for your safety, and if you are not a Christian that you may become one. O, dear soldier, love Jesus Christ, and then if you should fall in battle God will take you home where there shall be no more fighting, suffering, parting or death. I hope before long this unfortunate war will be over, and our dear country once more united and happy, and all you soldiers permitted to return home to your dear families, and the rebels taught a lesson that may be alarming to them so long as the world stands. Fight on, brave soldiers, and may God protect you all from danger. I hope this “housewife” may prove of much comfort to you. Write to me and let me know if you love Jesus, the sinner’s friend.

LOUISE S. LEISERING.

Our location was very pleasant, the scenery in every direction being the finest in all Maryland and Virginia. To an admirer of natural phenomena, the whole view from Bolivar presents a subject for profound study and thought. At the right flows the beautiful Shenandoah, ranging along the Blue Ridge for one hundred miles, and forming a junction with the Potomac, with Loudon Heights frowning on the one side, and Maryland Heights looking down with awful grandeur on the other. Directly in front, and through the cleft of the rocks, there is a fine opening, revealing a variety of scenery, grand and beautiful. The Potomac flows on with increased volume and power, with here and there terrible precipices hanging in fragments over it, as at Sandy

Hook and Point of Rocks, and then in the distance appear the blue horizon and patches of plain country, inviting one from the riot and tumult roaring around to participate in the quiet below. The view to the left of Bolivar, along side, and on both banks of the Potomac, is grand and imposing, impressing one with the truth of Jefferson's declaration, in his "Notes on Virginia," that this whole scene "is worth a voyage across the Atlantic." Every day's observation reveals some new object to interest and wonder. The subterranean passage, supposed to lead across Bolivar at a point nearly a mile wide, between the Potomac and the Shenandoah; the "table rock," weighing many tons, with a nearly flat surface, containing perhaps one hundred square feet; the old engine house near the junction, and the house up the Potomac in Maryland side, both of "Old John Brown" notoriety; and not least, the natural scenery of Maryland Heights and the military defenses of the place, were a few of the many objects of interest and thought to Yankee soldiers. The officers and privates of the Eighteenth were very busy when not on duty in examining these several places of natural beauty and sublimity, and were well paid for their difficult and fatiguing excursions. The more an intelligent soldier studied his surroundings in such a place the more he admired his country, and the more he felt that these grand old mountains, beautiful rivers and rich valleys were worth fighting for to save them from the power of a Confederacy that would wrest them from the domain of the Union. The sight of such grandeur gave a fresh inspiration to the cause of freedom. To the "tramp, tramp" of men keeping step to the music of the Union, the mountains of the old dominion echoed:

"From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring."

They re-echoed the language of the prophet of God: "Let every yoke be broken and the oppressed go free," and they were witnessing the glorious fulfillment. There rang out on every breeze, from rocks and rills, from woods and templed hills,

"Sweet freedom's song."

The "table rock" was often visited, as it was but a few rods from the camp of the Eighteenth. The citizens had wonderful stories about this rock. One was that in "ye olden time" a distinguished couple in the first families in Virginia celebrated their nuptials on the rock; and it was said that while Jefferson was preparing his "Notes on Virginia" he visited this rock and sat upon it while he sketched his notes of the place and its surroundings. There was an ancient burying place near by often frequented for the purpose of reading the curious epitaphs there found. On the whole it was hardly possible for the Eighteenth to spend the same number of days in any one place so well calculated to gratify a taste for things curious, good and beautiful as in this. And the regiment as a whole enjoyed and expressed its delight with the situation.

The latter part of the month of April was spent in preparing for the spring campaign. It was the general impression that an early movement would be made up the valley, and that the Eighteenth would participate. Accordingly Maj. Peale and Adjutant Culver were very busy in work of preparation. Company I, under the command of Lieut. Lilley, had been sent to Falling Waters, on the Potomac, to guard that point against the incursions of scouting bands of the enemy; and on the evening of the 26th of April Maj. Peale received orders to move early the next day with the remaining nine companies. Consequently on the morning of the 27th the Eighteenth started on the road to Martinsburg. The day was cloudy and chilly, and the road rough and hilly for the first few miles, and hence progress was slow and difficult. However, it was a change, and on the whole the day's march was a lively and pleasant one. At noon the "raw recruits" were quite amused at the novelty of eating their rations for the first time by the road-side. It did not take them long, however, to become initiated into the process of making coffee, and breaking and splitting rails to make fires for culinary purposes. Of course rations relished well with "minute coffee" to men who

were as hungry as bears. At nightfall the regiment had marched twelve or fourteen miles, two-thirds of the distance from the Ferry to Martinsburg. In the mean time the clouds had passed off and it was clear and cold. Camped for the night in a beautiful wood-lot at the right of the road near the house of Dr. Magruder. The doctor and his wife professed to be friendly to the Union cause, while their two daughters gave unmistakable signs of being in sympathy with Jeff Davis, whom they thought to be a very fine man, and a "heap smarter than Abe Lincoln." However, several of the officers were "kept over night," and furnished with good beds, supper and breakfast free of charge. The evening was spent in pleasant conversation on national affairs, Yankee and Southern phrases, and in singing. The young ladies played on the piano and sang finely, and among others sang a few national and "secesh" songs with fine effect. Their guests left early the next morning expressing many thanks for their pleasant and hospitable entertainment, and promising to repeat the visit at the earliest date possible. Of course acceptance of such comfortable quarters, while most of the rank and file lay out of doors shivering in their blankets, was not very soldierly and perhaps a little selfish; however, the act was thought to be pardonable as Surgeon Harrington was nearly an invalid and the new chaplain had not become acclimated or accustomed to "sleeping out." Arrived in Martinsburg about ten o'clock A. M. on the 28th, and went into camp on the east side of the town. Here it was ascertained that the Eighteenth was to join the force which Gen. Sigel had been collecting at this point for a forward movement up the Shenandoah Valley. The day was full of care and work, both on the part of the officers and men. From every point came news of startling interest. It was evident that the campaign of 1864 would be earnest and decisive. The enemy everywhere was as defiant and persistent in appearance as ever; Gen. Bank's ill success in Texas and some reverses to the Union troops at other points having raised the expecta-

tions of the rebels, and their papers were full of exaggerated statements of what Gen. Lee and other rebel commanders would accomplish toward the ultimate defeat of the plans of Gen. Grant. A united and simultaneous forward movement was expected. The enemy was to be engaged at every point to prevent reinforcements being sent to Lee at Richmond, or Johnson in Tennessee. Gen. Sigel was to approach Richmond in the rear, and detach a portion of Lee's army from the defense of that stronghold of the enemy. The magnitude of this plan was not fully estimated on account of the small force at Sigel's command. Up to this time it had not been generally known that another advance was to be made toward Richmond by the way of the valley, and many of the men, remembering their unpleasant experiences of the previous year in that direction, were not so jubilant and confident as they would have been under other circumstances. It seemed to them next to madness to think of sending a force of only ten thousand men, all told, into a hostile country, with every advantage in favor of the rebels, and where at almost any point a force twice or three times as large as their own could be thrown against them, and that too when they were a long way from their base of supplies and reinforcements. Before leaving Martinsburg the general conviction, among those who were acquainted with previous valley movements, was that Sigel's force was altogether too small for the purposes intended, and the campaign at the start was considered extremely difficult and uncertain. The remark was often made: "We want at least fifty thousand men for such a campaign. What can Gen. Grant be thinking of to send such a little handful of men on such a hazardous expedition?" Most writers on the late civil war have been pleased to speak of the movements of Sigel and Hunter as "miserable failures," as though the blame of not accomplishing all that was intended was to be ascribed entirely to their want of tact or bravery. Now all such statements show either culpable ignorance or unpardonable spite on the part of the writers. The valley campaign of

1864 was not a miserable failure, but on the other hand, considering all the circumstances, the difficulties encountered, and the inadequate means to counteract them, the results were all and more than those best acquainted with previous valley operations anticipated, as the sequel will abundantly prove. The writer well remembers a conversation about this time which indicates that at the start the expectation of great success was not indulged generally either by officers or privates.

"Well, what is it now?" "On to Richmond," was the reply. "Remember Winchester," said another. "We shan't get farther than Fisher's Hill," remarked another, "for a thousand men at that point will stop our whole force." But another more hopeful said: "Boys, I want you to remember that we are going to fight mit Sigel." Others thought that it was quite as important to have an adequate force as to numbers, as to have a competent leader. However, the work of preparation went on, and every one seemed inclined to make the best of the situation.



## CHAPTER X.

## ON TO RICHMOND.

Friday, April 28th, were early on the move. Joined Gen. Sigel's division for a raid up the Shenandoah Valley; or, as one facetiously remarks: "To march on Richmond with six or eight thousand men and attack Lee in the rear, while the army of the Potomac, two hundred thousand strong, held him in check in front." Maj. Peale and Adjutant Culver were early in the saddle and promptly moved the Eighteenth to the right of the first brigade. The number of men in line, about five hundred, were well armed and equipped, with a few exceptions. Company A was commanded by Orderly Kerr, who took the right of the regiment. He was a prompt, energetic officer, of Scotch blood, and ready for any movement. Sergeant Murray commanded Company F, which came next in order, and was prompt and efficient. Capt. Joseph Matthewson led Company D, the largest in the regiment, and well commanded. Company I was absent, as before stated, at Falling Waters, under the command of Lieut. Lilley, a good officer. Company C, color bearers, was commanded by Lieut. Hinckley. The lieutenant was not quite so finely attired as some others of the line, but no officer took more pride in his command than he, and the commanding officer had no occasion to be ashamed of his men. Company H was in charge of William Caruthers, an efficient officer. The other companies were equally well commanded, including Company B on the left, under command

of Capt. Spaulding, who had no superior. The Eighteenth was embarking on a long and dangerous expedition with only a few officers, but who, it is only just to say, were reliable and faithful. The quartermaster's and commissary's departments were well manned—Lieut. N. P. Johnson in the former, and Timothy Parker, Company A, in the latter. There was great excitement when the regiment marched through Martinsburg on that memorable Friday morning. The citizens, including the blacks, crowded the sidewalks and cheered heartily, while many ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows of their houses. A large number of citizens ran out into the streets to bid their soldier acquaintances adieu, and many a "God bless you!" came from the lips of true and loyal men. These friendly regards were appreciated and met a hearty response from the boys, who returned the cheers of their friends with a will. If the writer's memory is not at fault a few of the men stole out of the ranks to pay their compliments and bid more delicate adieus to fair friends, who greeted them with smiles of recognition and approbation. The day was lovely. The sun shone in a cloudless sky, the air was mild, genial and exhilarating, and the scene one not soon to be forgotten. As the troops went marching on in such excellent spirits, everybody seemed pleased and hopeful, and yet there were deep regrets at parting with warm friends and the sad thought would press into the mind, "When shall we meet again." The Eighteenth had formed many warm attachments the previous winter in Martinsburg, and the parting was a sorrowful one. Just in the edge of the town halted for a short time to let a body of cavalry pass, who, moreover, created a little confusion by their tardy movement; and then after a mile or two away halted again in a fine field of grass or clover, in which the horses seemed quite willing to tarry. While here an incident occurred on the opposite side of the road more amusing to the bystanders than profitable to one of the parties more immediately concerned. It seemed that a cavalryman was bent on swapping

horses with a farmer of rebel proclivities, or at least on capturing it. This man was well known to Union scouting parties and had become obnoxious to them. Both the man and his wife ran into the lot to thwart the cavalryman's design, and for a time there was a spirited race to decide which should have the horse. As the line moved on the contest was not decided, though the cavalryman seemed bound to win. If he was successful it is probable that he consoled the old people with a "promise to pay" at some future day. Marched only about eleven miles the first day, arriving at Bunker Hill about sundown, and camped near a "run." Found the macadamized road a hard way to travel, and a march of eleven miles far enough for one day. Spent two nights at this place, for what purpose the commanding general was not questioned. The time was occupied in viewing the town, which consisted of two or three old dilapidated houses and a sort of a mill. The Massachusetts boys, of the Thirty-Fourth Regiment, in the second brigade, had a fine opportunity to compare this F. F. V.'s Bunker Hill with a place of the same name in their own State. The puns and jokes on the Southern Bunker Hill were numerous and ingenious. The "first families" in Virginia might give Northern names to their lands and towns, still the opinion was that it would be some time before they could compete with the "mud-sills of the North" in building houses of respectable appearance. May 1st, Sunday, marched to Winchester, halting at noon at the old battle-ground near Summit Point, and remaining about an hour. In the mean time visited the grounds where the Eighteenth made its gallant fight the year before. Of course the boys were very much interested in recalling the scenes of that occasion, and pointing out the places where its most thrilling incidents occurred. "Here is where the brave Adjutant Porter fell and was buried; also, privates Noyes, Woodmancy, McCracken, Baldwin, Burnett, Dilliber, Tracy and others, who fell in death on that eventful day, June 15th, 1863," reflected one. "Capt. Bates was wounded here, Capt. Bowen there," and



Lieut. JOHN T. MASINNIS.



various localities were pointed out where different soldiers fell or distinguished themselves. It was exceedingly interesting to visit these grounds—the place where the last charge was made, where there were hair-breadth escapes, the place of the surrender, and to recall reminiscences of fallen comrades. Every spot seemed full of tender recollections of the past. It was holy ground, because of the blood of brothers shed there. The march through Winchester was peculiarly exciting. There was quite a contrast between their present circumstances and the day when they marched through the places as prisoners of war subject to rebel ridicule and insult. Now they came as victors, flaunting the beautiful flag, which was both the scorn and terror of the traitors of the Shenandoah Valley, in the faces of their former contempters and revilers. The white citizens crowded round, many of them looking cold and reserved, and at only one or two points was the Union flag displayed, or cheers given for the Union army. The colored people, on the other hand, seemed greatly delighted to see the Yankees once more, and gave significant looks and signs to each other as the army moved on through the town. Camped that night about two miles away, near the junction of the Strasburg and Front Royal roads. This was a part of the old battle-ground of the Eighteenth and the One Hundred and Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteers the year before. The latter was now camped near by, and was reviewing the ground in search of the graves of their fallen comrades. The body of one was found to be only partially buried, within a few rods of the Eighteenth's encampment, and the company to which he belonged gathered in the twilight to give their brother a decent soldier's burial; the chaplain of the Eighteenth officiating, his tent being within two or three rods of the grave. It was a solemn and impressive occasion. Contrary to all expectation we remained here eight or nine days, waiting it was said for wagons and supplies. Nothing of special interest occurred. The troops were drilled inspected and reviewed nearly every day;

and a general review took place on the 18th of May by Gen. Sigel and his staff, and the army was then ready to move farther up the valley. It was the fault of some one that it was not ready before. Gen. Sigel was called slow.

The week in camp at Winchester passed very quickly. The last day was Sunday, May 8th, a beautiful day, more than usually quiet for a soldier's life. It was understood the army was to move early the next morning; just at sunset the chaplain of the Eighteenth held a religious service on the brow of a hill in rear of the Eighteenth's camp, a large number being present from other regiments. The stillness of the evening hour was broken only by the voice of song by hundreds of voices, and then followed the utterances of heartfelt prayer and exhortation. The most earnest attention was given, and many a soldier united in the public worship of the Father of all for the last time. The evening of that day was unusually quiet and solemn. Many a farewell was written in the last hours of that Sabbath to loved ones at home. On Monday morning the army moved slowly away, the Eighteenth occupying the same position as before. There was much interest manifested in this march. The boys who had passed over this road, through Newtown, Middletown and Cedar Creek, pointed out to their comrades places where interesting incidents occurred when they marched as prisoners of war. One thing, of special note, was the great change in the deportment of the citizens. The people who met these soldiers the year before with taunts and threats, were now very quiet and undemonstrative. In fact there seemed to be fewer people in all the places which were passed. The men had either been forced into the rebel army or had run away in the mountains, and the women were not fond of showing themselves to the hated Yankees. Only few looked out of their doors and windows unless it was to answer the loud calls of some of the boys for water, milk or bread. At night camped very near Cedar Creek, some fording the stream and other by a temporary bridge, as the rebels had

destroyed the old one in order to delay Sigel's progress. Passed through Strasburgh, the most squalid looking town yet. As at Newtown the people kept out of sight, not seeming to relish the presence of Yankees with muskets in their hands so much as they did when passing that way without arms. Soon Fisher's Hill, universally dreaded before the march began, came in full view. This place, of such formidable natural defense, was thoroughly scanned and the opinion freely expressed that the rebels were unwise in not giving Sigel battle at this point where every advantage was in their favor. Passing over the hill halted for an hour for rations and rest. Marched about twenty-five miles that day, camping at night at Woodstock. Arrived in the midst of a heavy shower and camped in a wheat field. This field was fenced on three sides by a board fence, not one of which was standing in five minutes after stacking arms. Each man was anxious to have a board floor to sleep on that night instead of the mud of that wheat field, and one could not blame them. On the whole everybody was made quite comfortable for the night. Remained here for two or three days and it was the general remark that Sigel did not seem much in a hurry. The small town of Woodstock was visited by many of the men and officers. The name sounded home-like to that portion of the Eighteenth enlisted from Windham County, but the place itself bore no comparison with the Woodstock of the little nutmeg State. Saturday, May 14th, the Eighteenth, with one battery, was ordered to advance on Edinburg to the support of Col. Moore, of the Twenty-Eighth Ohio, who had been out to look for the enemy in the direction of New Market. Toward night there was sharp skirmishing in front, showing that Col. Moore had been successful in his search. The firing was rapid for a while and the enemy retreated. In the mean time Maj. Peale was in readiness to move at a moment's warning. He took a few prisoners at this point, one of whom was a rebel captain, who was quite reticent and disposed to keep his own counsels. He warned the major, however,



that his force could not go much farther without encountering hot resistance. He seemed to have obtained in some way quite an exact statement of the number of the Union forces, and the object of their movements, and was certain that our small force would be driven back in a day or two, if not entirely out of the valley. The regiment's camp was about one mile south of the town on a commanding position, and in easy supporting distance of the battery mentioned above. Found the people here of very strong rebel sentiment, who seemed to share the rebel captain's convictions that the Yankees would "find their match" before going much farther. It was evident there would soon be more lively times than had been encountered. They came sooner than Gen. Sigel expected, if one might judge by the disposition of his forces, for on that night his main force was twenty miles in the rear of his advance—a great mistake or a serious accident. During the night Maj. Peale received an order to move in great haste to the support of the Twenty-Eighth Ohio, Col. Moore, that regiment being threatened by a greatly superior force. Accordingly by daylight the Eighteenth was on the march and advancing as rapidly as possible toward the threatened danger.

The following is the official account of that day's operations which we insert entire:—

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT CONN. VOLUNTEERS, {  
CAMP NEAR STRASBURG, VA., May 21st, 1864. }

BRIGADIER GENERAL HORACE J. MORSE,

ADJUTANT GENERAL STATE OF CONNECTICUT,

HARTFORD, CONN.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to represent that at three o'clock on the morning of May 15th the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers, then on picket one mile south of Edinburg, Va., and six miles in advance of the main army under Sigel, received orders to proceed without delay to New Market, Va., at which place a cavalry fight had occurred the previous day, and which was then

held by our cavalry and a small body of infantry, who were seriously threatened by the enemy. The regiment, consisting of seven companies, Companies F, I and K having been detailed under Capt. J. H. Morrison, Company I at signal station, marched without breakfast, and in a drenching storm, reached our advanced forces about eleven o'clock A. M., the distance thus traveled was fifteen miles. At this moment the artillery discovered the position and designs of the enemy and commenced operations. The regiment was ordered to assist in the support of a battery. The position of our forces was on a hill northwest of New Market, and distant from the town half a mile. The enemy soon replied to our batteries from a wooded eminence three-fourths of a mile south, and slightly commanding our position. After an hour's cannonading the regiment was ordered to advance, and with One Hundred and Twenty-Third Ohio and First Virginia regiments in support of Snow's Maryland battery, formed line immediately upon the brow of the hill, and the Eighteenth constituting the right.

We here awaited the approach of the enemy, whose skirmishers in double line could be seen issuing from the woods covering his position. The artillery duel still continued with considerable vigor, and the enemy shelled our line with great accuracy, although without inflicting any considerable damage. Companies A and B were immediately deployed, and descended the hill. Severe skirmishing shortly ensued, our companies retiring very slowly. At this time Capt. William L. Spaulding, Company B, was mortally wounded in the abdomen and carried to the rear.

The enemy, in three strong lines, now issued from the woods and charged down the hill at double quick, his skirmishers also increasing their step and driving ours more rapidly.

It was at this time decided that a small knoll, some two hundred yards to the rear, would afford a better position, especially for the artillery, which could thereby inflict greater damage upon the enemy, who would be forced to pass over an eighth of a mile

of nearly level ground before reaching our lines. The line accordingly marched in retreat. The new position of the regiment was most unfortunate for its efficiency, being in a lane backed by barns and two rows of fence. A continuous rain of five days had rendered traveling on other than the roads extremely difficult, and the men stood knee deep in mud. As the lane was entered by the flank, so nothing but a flank movement could extricate the regiment in order. Companies A and B were now strengthened by Company D, leaving only four companies in line, in all somewhat less than two hundred men.

The skirmishers of the enemy now appeared on the brow of the hill, and rapid firing ensued, in which Capt. J. Matthewson, Company D, was wounded, as also several men of his company. As our skirmishers retired around our flank, the line fired several volleys, when it being apparent that the line of the enemy greatly outnumbered our own, and that further stay in that position was worse than useless, the commanders of regiments of left brigade gave the order to retreat, which movement was followed by the Eighteenth. The regiment, marching by the flank at a double quick, on emerging from the lane found itself some distance in rear of the retreating line, and was thereby thrown into some confusion, but with some exceptions the men were rallied, and were reformed with the rest of the first line in rear of the second line which now awaited the shock. The cannonading was at this time extremely rapid, the rebels shelling our position with great accuracy, while the batteries of our first and second lines poured grape and canister into their infantry, which came on in a splendid line. As they drew near, our second line fired and charged, partially checking their advance, but having suffered severely was forced to retire. For the same reason the enemy contented himself with sending forward strong lines of skirmishers to harass our now retreating force, himself advancing very slowly.

Desultory fighting was continued for three hours by our first and second lines alternately, when two fresh regiments arriving,

the broken forces were assembled in rear of them, and marched on the pike to the north bank of the Shenandoah, whence it continued to march until within two miles of Woodstock, where it halted at five o'clock A. M., having marched nearly thirty-five miles in twenty-six hours, in addition to the march incident to its participation in the action.

The whole number engaged in the action was somewhat less than three hundred and fifty men. I am happy to bear testimony to the good conduct of the few officers of the regiment present for duty and to the efficient aid rendered by them throughout the action.

The death of Capt. Spaulding is sincerely regretted by us all. He was a good officer, and stood firm in the brave performance of duty.

I am, sir, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY PEALE,

Maj. commanding Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

It is beyond question that the Eighteenth did all that could be expected of it, under the circumstances, and the number of the killed and wounded shows that the regiment were not a little exposed to the fire of the enemy, losing about one-fifth of their number in killed, wounded and missing. The regiment went into the battle exhausted by a forced march of fifteen miles, a part of the way in a pouring rain, and in want of food. True, hard tack was issued to the men just as they arrived at the scene of action, but before they had finished their coffee they were ordered into line of battle in the woods and marched thence in line until ordered to halt. When the enemy came in view the situation was appalling. The Union line consisted of only about one thousand two hundred men, all told, while the enemy numbered seven thousand men, advancing in three compact lines of battle. "Notwithstanding the great odds, the Union line fired several volleys," says Adjutant E. B. Culver, "when finding further continuance in that position worse than useless, the commanders of regiments on

left of brigade gave the order to retreat, a movement which was followed by the Eighteenth, which finding itself some distance in the rear of the retreating line was thereby thrown into slight confusion; but with few exceptions, the men were rallied and reformed with the rest of the first line in the rear of the second line, which now awaited the shock. It was no wonder that there was some confusion in the retreat, the ground being in a horrible condition; the mud so deep from previous rains that it was almost impossible to keep in line when no hasty movement was required. And to add to the confusion the rain began to pour again in torrents, greatly retarding the progress of the army. But for three hours the fighting was kept up, and at length two fresh regiments arriving, the enemy was checked and the whole Union force marched slowly in retreat to the north bank of the Shenandoah." One incident the writer well remembers while the Eighteenth was falling back. At one point the men rallied around their flags, cheering and encouraging one another, and Sergeant Hillard, of Company E, cried out to the chaplain as he rode up: "Here, chaplain, is the old flag and we will stick to it." Lieut. F. G. Bixby, of Company D, coming up at the same time with a squad of the boys, extended warm congratulations, and seemed not at all disheartened by the disasters of the day. Maj. Peale and Adjutant Culver did all in their power to encourage their command, and keep up the fight, being themselves severely exposed to a hot fire from the enemy at several points. The bravery of Capt. J. Matthewson, of Company D, is specially noteworthy; he rallied his men on the retreat and charged with a portion of the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts of the second line, receiving a severe wound in the wrist.

Maj. Peale bears testimony to the good conduct of all his officers. The official report shows that some of the best men of the Eighteenth were killed or wounded that day. Capt. William L. Spaulding, Company B, was wounded in the abdomen early in the battle, on the skirmish line. He was brave to a fault,

standing up in full view of the sharp shooters and giving orders to his men. Members of his company entreated him to take better care of himself and not make himself a target for the enemy, but he remained at his post and fearlessly gave the word of command until he fell, exclaiming "I am shot." He was borne at once to the rear, his wound was pronounced mortal by Surgeons Holbrook and Harrington, and he was placed in an ambulance in care of a comrade and the chaplain. The ambulance moved out on the pike to the rear, and was then ordered toward Mount Jackson. But it had proceeded but a little way before Capt. Spaulding expired. He was rational almost to the last, and after expressing his trust in the Father of Mercies, he expressed some anxiety about the fate of the day by inquiring: "Chaplain, are they driving us?" He was told, "I hope not." They were his last words.

The death of Capt. Spaulding was a great loss to the regiment, and caused deep sorrow in his company, among his fellow officers, and the regiment generally. After the death of Capt. Spaulding, the chaplain returned again toward the front to find the whole army in full retreat, though by no means panic-stricken, however. The pike was crowded with cavalry, ambulances and broken infantry, and not a few who were wounded. The wounded in ambulances were being conveyed either to the hospital, an old church on the right of the pike, or to Mount Jackson. As the retreat continued the former hospital was abandoned, and its inmates were sent to the latter place. Most of the wounded of the Eighteenth were saved from capture, and before night had reached the barracks at Mount Jackson. The main force having reached the north side of the Shenandoah the enemy appeared to give up the pursuit. Gen. Sigel, however, continued his retreat. About dark nearly all the wounded were placed in ambulances and the train moved on slowly toward Edinburg, where it halted about midnight, waiting for further orders. Corporal F. H. Converse, Company D, barely escaped being left, a fate

that he avoided only by his own almost superhuman exertions. He was severely wounded in the abdomen and forearm, and carried to Mount Jackson where his wounds were dressed as well as was possible under the circumstances. He was almost the last to leave the barracks. The chaplain and Surgeon Harrington in passing through the barracks after nearly all the wounded had been removed, found Converse and assured him that he would be sent for soon, while they passed into other rooms to see if there were others of the Eighteenth still in the barracks. When they returned, Converse was missing. In the meantime he he had crawled out of his room unassisted to the road side and hailed some battery men just passing, who allowed him to get upon one of the boxes, and in this way he rode all night and thus escaped capture. All were astonished by his cheerful endurance and determination not to fall into the hands of the rebels. But he suffered terribly, and is yet a sufferer from the terrible wounds of that fatal day. The march that night was slow and difficult. Camp fires blazed along the way lightning up the country for miles around. On reaching Edinburg, a halt was made for some time on account of the delay of the ambulance train. The officer in charge declared that he had been ordered to fall back to this place, and could not move further without special orders. While delayed in this manner, the chaplain rode in several directions about town to find the headquarters of the division. At the same time he came upon several wounded men on foot, who had walked all the way from New Market and were quite exhausted. Found accommodations in an ambulance for them with Moses Streeter, of Company D, as driver, or in charge of the wounded. After a tedious delay the train moved on again; at sunrise reached Woodstock, and when two miles farther on halted for rest and rations. The army needed both. For nearly thirty hours the troops had been constantly on the move, marching or fighting, and the exertions followed by the disasters of the day had produced a woful looking set of men.





Lieut. WILLIAM CARUTHERS.





May 16th, continued the retreat through the day, reaching Cedar Creek about dark. Camped in the woods, sleeping on the ground without covering. The men were so much exhausted they thought little of the discomforts of the situation. May 19th, passed over the creek about eight o'clock A. M., Company I joining the regiment here, also Companies F and K, which had been detailed at a signal station. Marched to the old camp ground. Found the ambulance train with the wounded here. Gen. Sigel visited each ambulance and talked encouragingly to the poor fellows, who cheered the General heartily when he told them: "Boys, we got a little the worst of it this time, but will fight them again." In the afternoon of the same day a squad of men were detailed to bury the body of Capt. Spaulding, of Company B, with military honors. The service took place under a tall black walnut tree about fifty or sixty rods east of the camp, the chaplain officiating. It was a sorrowful occasion. Every soldier of the Eighteenth sincerely mourned the loss of his brave and fearless comrade in arms. He was an officer of great promise. He entered the service from Eastford, August, 1862, as second lieutenant in Company D, and soon after was promoted to be first lieutenant of the same company. Two years previously he graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., with the highest honors. After which he entered the law office of Judge Carpenter of Danielsonville. He was young, of excellent character, and indomitable energy, perseverance and resolution. Although somewhat reserved, he made many fast friends. He brought into the service all the qualities of an educated gentleman as well as of an heroic patriot. With a full knowledge of the dangers of war, he deliberately chose what he considered the path of duty, and did not murmur when face to face with its fatal consequences. No man in the public service loved his country better or suffered with more cheerfulness in its behalf than Capt. William L. Spaulding. The Eighteenth remained at this place nine days. In the mean time Gen. Sigel was relieved and Maj. Gen. Hunter took

command. An event of more interest to the regiment than this occurred at the same time.

Col. William G. Ely, who had been a prisoner since June 15th, 1863, returned to his regiment. As he rode into camp on a noble black stallion, there was a good deal of stir among the boys, who received him with loud cheering and hearty congratulations. The colonel made a happy speech which was well received. There returned with him Capt. Warner, of Company G, and Lieuts. I. N. Kibbe, of Company G. J. T. McGinnis, Company E, and J. P. Rockwell. Capt. Warner, being in poor health, returned to Martinsburg, and Lieut. Kibbe was put in command of Company B, Lieut. Rockwell of Company G, and Lieut. McGinnis of Company E. This reinforcement of officers seemed to inspire new confidence. It was not without regrets, however, that the regiment parted with Maj. Peale as their commander. For nearly a year he had been with them on familiar and friendly terms and they had regained in a great measure the drill and discipline that distinguished them before the battle of New Market.

## CHAPTER XI.

HUNTER'S RAID—BATTLE OF PIEDMONT.

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We come now to a very important chapter in the history of the Eighteenth, where Gen. Hunter was ordered to retrieve the losses and failures of Gen. Sigel. Accordingly another movement up the valley was ordered and in order to increase the speed and efficiency of his army, stringent orders were issued reducing the amount of transportation allowed to each regiment two-thirds, thus allowing to each regiment one eight-mule team, and directing regimental commanders to send to the rear all surplus baggage belonging to the officers and men in their commands. This order left the officers without a "change of linen," and the men lost some of their most useful articles of comfort. Such being the case no one could doubt but that the regiment was under "light marching orders." Fortunate, indeed, for all was it that this proved true, for the next thirty days were days that "tried men's souls," the darkest days of the war. On May 27th, Hunter's army moved early on its way up the valley. Arrived in Woodstock, about six o'clock in the evening, and remained there for the night. May 29th, marched to near New Market where the army rested five days. In the mean time visited the old battle-ground in search of the dead. Found that the rebels had very carelessly buried the Union dead, while their own had been carried to a cemetery a few hundred yards distant and decently buried with head and foot-boards, the names of the dead being printed

on the head-boards. In the hospital were found several of the wounded, among them Hauerwas, of Company C, who had a leg amputated. It was thought at the time that he could not survive, but he eventually recovered and in due time was taken back into the Union lines, and returned to his family in Lebanon. The band of the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts serenaded the wounded while here, and it was affecting to witness the emotions and cheers of the poor fellows who had suffered so much from their wounds and their enemies. It should be said, however, to the praise of the good women in New Market, that many comforts were provided for the sick and wounded, even at the risk of their own comfort if not their lives. June 2d, on the march again. Passed through New Market at an early hour. The citizens kept quiet. Those who did show themselves looked angry and threatening. The day was extremely hot and the men fell out constantly. Whenever a spring of water was reached they rushed pellmell toward it, thus provoking the anger of their officers. Towards night, heard firing in front. The advance had overtaken the rebels, with whom they were exchanging compliments. Drew near to Harrisonburg, a pleasant little town, through which the Union cavalry drove the rebels in a panic. Camped near the town for the night. Remained here until the morning of June 4th. Found a large number of rebel sick and wounded in the hospitals, who seemed anxious to be paroled, being heartily sick of the war. It was evident from their youthful appearance that they had not been long in the service. Perhaps they were a part of the home guard, and had been forced into the war within a few days to impede Hunter's progress. Found none of the Eighteenth wounded here, but the adjutant of the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts, who had been badly wounded in the shoulder at New Market. Left Harrisonburg early in the morning, and after marching a mile or two left the pike and turned off to the left over a crooked, rough, hilly road leading toward Port Republic. Reached a branch of the Shenandoah early in the afternoon.

A squad of Union cavalry had forded the river and captured a rebel foraging party of two or three wagons. The river was so deep that it was necessary to lay a pontoon bridge, which caused considerable delay. Gen. Hunter superintended the work himself and seemed much annoyed at the apparent unnecessary delay. While the troops were waiting a number of cavalymen forded the stream, as much for their own amusement as anything. Two or three, more courageous than the rest, attempted to cross at a new place, where the water was so deep their horses had to swim. When about two-thirds of the way across, one of them was in some manner unhorsed, and he immediately sank to the bottom like lead. Thousands of men were looking on in breathless silence and seemed more affected than they would have been to see hundreds of their comrades shot down in battle. All possible means were used to rescue the unfortunate man. In less than two minutes several soldiers stripped themselves and plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot began to dive for the poor fellow. Again and again this act was repeated by different ones, but no trace of the drowned man could be discovered, and at last the attempt was given up in despair. About that time the pontoon bridge was completed, and the army began to pass over. It was late in the afternoon when the Eighteenth marched over, and here they suddenly turned to the right, and crossed another stream, which had a very rough, stony bed. At last reached the main road, when it was quite dark and rain was beginning to fall. Marched about two miles and camped in a dense wood-lot, the underbush being so thick it was impossible to move along. At length halted for the night with the rain pouring down; but the tired men slept soundly, and alas, some had their last natural sleep that dreary night.

June 5th was a memorable day in the history of the Eighteenth Connecticut. After a miserable night rose very early and had breakfast before sunrise. The boys were unusually thoughtful and silent as though startling events were anticipated. The im-

pression prevailed that there would be a fight soon, if not on that day, and Adjutant E. B. Culver remarked to Col. Peale that he was prepared to receive his death wound before the close of the day. The regiment moved out of the wood into an open field and halted for a half hour. The sun was just rising over the Blue Ridge and a heavy mist hung over the Shenandoah, which ran tranquilly along at the mountain base. For an hour the weather threatened to be unpleasant. In the mean time the Eighteenth was ordered back into the woods and marched along single file for a considerable distance, the undergrowth being very thick and a serious obstruction. Progress was slow. After a while emerged into an opening near the main road which was occupied by the artillery and the trains. The infantry were marching on the opposite side of the way. This order of movement indicated that Gen. Hunter was suspicious of danger, and was preparing to protect his trains from a sudden dash of the enemy's cavalry. Had not proceeded far before the Eighteenth was formed in line of battle and marched up to a hill heavily wooded, then filed to the right over a very uneven surface, with occasional deep gullies, almost impassable by mounted men. A short distance further on passed through a large wheat field, formed another line of battle, charged into a wood-lot and halted. Here Gen. Hunter rode down the line and said a few words to the different regiments. The writer will never forget the deep impression the speech of Gen. Hunter made upon the regiment. It was the most solemn moment he had witnessed since his connection with the service. It gave one to understand that there was earnest work to be done, and that too very quickly. The regiment was ordered to advance again, but it had not proceeded far before rapid firing was heard at the front. The Union cavalry had met the enemy in its attempt to check the movements of Hunter; charged them furiously and drove them back, taking several prisoners, most of whom were wounded and in a pitiable plight. Arriving at the place of this encounter found un-

mistakable evidences of an rapid and severe hand to hand fight. About a mile in advance was discovered the rebel position. Already the artillery had opened on the Union advance. The smoke of their guns was plainly seen, and everything indicated a severe and speedy conflict. A nearer approach to the enemy showed the great advantages of their position, but the Union forces steadily and firmly advanced in line of battle, and presently were within range of the enemy's artillery, which kept up a rapid fire, though their shot passed over, falling a short distance in the rear, filling the air with smoke and dust. The rebel position was in the form of a semi-circle as it proved, with a strong line of skirmishers in advance, occupying the brow of a hill thickly set with timber, near a wheat field. In this position the rebel skirmishers were concealed, their sharp-shooters climbing up into the trees, prepared to pick off the Union officers and do as much injury as possible. Both sides seemed determined to fight it out at all hazards. The excitement was becoming general and Gen. Hunter, occupying a position in full view, watched the movements with intense interest.

The rebels, as usual, had the advantage of position. The Union force was obliged to charge over a long space in an open field, under a brisk artillery fire, and then over a run into another open field of rising ground, then through a field of wheat on a side hill, the brow of which was skirted by a strip of woodland, affording a good shelter from the fire of Union guns. Still the Eighteenth, which had the right of Hunter's line, pressed on under a severe fire of shell and musketry and drove the rebel skirmishers rapidly before them. It was a brilliant charge. While nearing the enemy's lines the Eighteenth seemed to be more exposed to the enemy's fire than any other portion of the line, receiving several volleys of musketry which rapidly depleted their ranks, but did not in the least check their progress. The rebels did not tarry long after reaching the top of the hill, but continued to fall back over a space of clearing, about five hundred yards wide, until they



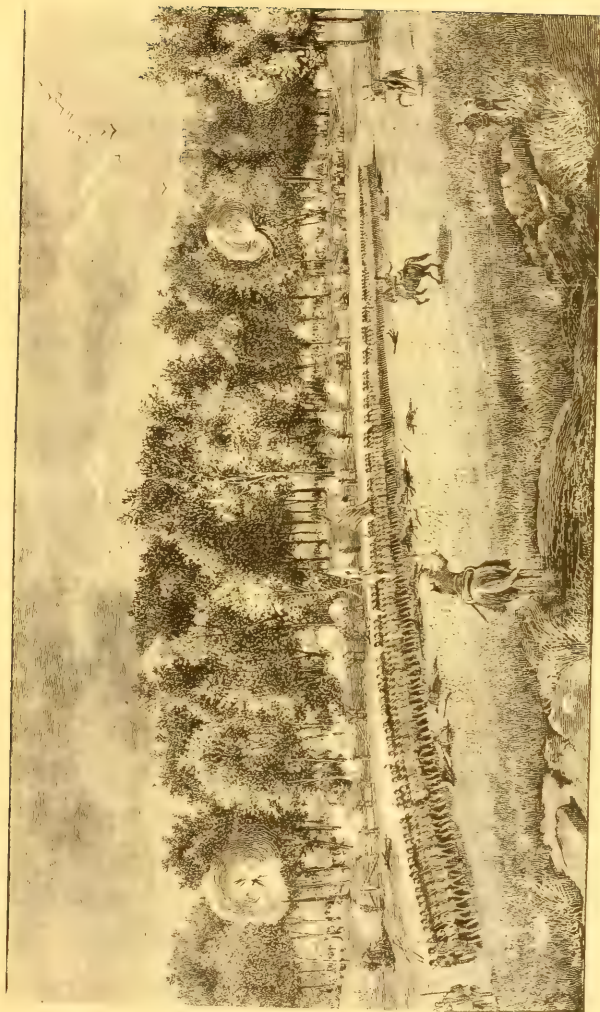
reached their main defenses in the edge of another wood-lot. At first the Union line was for following up their seeming advantage, when Col. Ely, being mounted, discovered defenses of the enemy and cried, halt. It was apparent that the enemy had chosen a strong line of defense, and it was necessary to proceed with the utmost care and caution. Hence the Union line fell back a few rods into the strip of woodland on the brow of the hill from which they had just dislodged the enemy. Up to this time the loss of the Eighteenth had been considerable. Among others Adjutant E. B. Culver fell early in the charge mortally wounded in the head while executing a special order of his commander. Private J. P. Adams, of Company D, was also killed instantly by a musket ball through the head. Several others were severely wounded, both in rank and file. Severe skirmishing continued for two hours. In the mean time several charges were made upon the whole line with severe loss on both sides. Previously, however, a German New York brass battery of two guns, twelve pounders, was brought up to the left of the Eighteenth, in plain view of the rebel works, and it did execution in weakening the enemy's line. This battery was brought up at the suggestion of Col. Ely, who from his position had a better view of the enemy's position than almost any other officer in the line. At the suggestion being made to Col. Moore, the brigade commander, that possibly rebels might be lying behind some rails which were plainly to be seen, he replied: "I tink dere is no rebels dere," but after one or two well directed shots, which sent rails and rebels' limbs flying alike into the air, he changed his opinion. Every successive shot told with great effect, rendering some portions of the rebel position untenable, and giving them great trouble. In the mean time, Gen. Hunter was preparing to make a general attack from all sides. He sent a force by a circuitous route to attack the enemy's rear. In the mean time, it was necessary to keep a bold front and the charges before referred to were made, in which the Eighteenth suffered severely. There was a knoll, or rising ground, about half way

between the rebel line and the main position of the Eighteenth which it was very necessary to hold. This was accomplished by the men lying on their faces. It was a terribly close, hot place, and here the regiment suffered its greatest losses. While the force in the rear was coming into position there was an interval of fearful suspense. The German battery was expecting a charge every moment from the line it so much annoyed, and to all it appeared exceedingly doubtful what would be the final result. But at length the signal was given, the left of the line began to cheer, then the right and center moved at once and together upon the enemy's works, and carried them in a few moments. The musketry firing was awful, while the rebels, perceiving they had been out-generaled, broke and ran in great confusion. The victory was complete. The flank movement was a great success, and seemed to have been entirely unexpected. Fifteen hundred rebels threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, and the dead and wounded were lying around in all directions. In this sanguinary and successful battle it is but just to say that the Eighteenth behaved splendidly, and did a noble day's work for their country. In the official report Col. Ely says: "The Eighteenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers were on the right of Gen. Hunter's line of battle. Its colors took the lead in the first charge, and floated defiantly till we triumphed. All the color guard were wounded except one, our banner riddled by minnie balls and cannon shot, and a loss of one hundred and twenty-seven killed and wounded tells our story. Officers and men all behaved most gallantly, obeying orders with alacrity, even in the thickest of the fight."

When the first charge was made it was a grand sight to see the whole line move forward so steadily and confidently. A captured rebel said: "We knew you Yankees meant fight in the morning when we saw you advance without the least hesitancy or confusion under our artillery fire." After the first charge through the wheat field, the drum corps was sent to look for the

dead and wounded and they came upon a suspicious looking pile of wheat beside a large stump. There was the appearance of a bundle of rags, but a closer examination revealed a rebel lieutenant who had secreted himself behind the stump and covered himself as well as he could with the growing wheat. Upon being discovered he instantly sprang to his feet, and seemed greatly confused and ashamed when Judson Gager, of the drum corps, commanded him to surrender, and took from him his sword and pistol, then marching him off to the hospital. It is unnecessary to add that the drum corps was not a little proud of their rebel prize. In another part of the field, a wounded rebel was found sitting under a tree deeply affected by the kindness of his captors. He said: "I did not expect such kindness as this," and similar expressions fell from his dying lips. He said that the rebel Gen. "Bill Jones" told them that morning they might as well die fighting, for if they surrendered the Yankees would surely kill every one of them. Hence the surprise and gratitude of this prisoner at his kind treatment by his Northern brethren. The prisoners, generally, were agreeably disappointed at the manner of the Northern soldiers, and many of them expressed themselves as heartily sick of the war. An exceedingly critical time in the battle was the period when the Eighteenth held the rising ground between the two lines of the opposing forces. Col. Moore, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Ohio, had suggested they had better retreat to the woods or they would be compelled to do so by rebel numbers, but Col. Ely and Maj. Peale insisted on holding their position, urging that if they did fall back the movement would be extremely dangerous and might cause the loss of the battle. Both these officers deserve highest credit for their resolute courage and for the inspiration they gave their men at such a critical junction.

At about this time, E. F. Bickford, Company D, color guard, was severely wounded and fell, and the "old flag" went to the ground; but at the same moment Charles Lynch, Company C



Drill of the 19th Regiment of Infantry, 1861, at Fort Mifflin, Pa.



who had had his gun stock shot off, instantly caught up the banner and raised it to its proper position. Subsequently he exchanged the flag for a musket and resumed the fight.

Soon after the German battery had reached position the rebels raised a black flag with a single star on it, which the Germans looked upon as a very fine target. After one shot, which seemed to strike near the murderous ensign, it suddenly disappeared and was seen no more. A captured rebel said: "If it had not been for that "Dutch" battery we should have whipped you."

At one point of the battle the rebel rifle pits needed reinforcements, and a rebel officer, riding a fine looking black horse, attempted to furnish them. He started with a squad of men, but had not proceeded far before a well directed shot from the battery fell among them and the men fled in every direction. The rebel officer, however, was full of the spirit of defiance, as riding out in full view, he turned his face toward the Yankees and seemed perfectly at ease. But it was not long before he was seen to fall from his horse and there were at least eighteen men in the Eighteenth Connecticut who claimed the honor of shooting him.

A captured rebel said they had no doubt in the morning but that the Yankees would be driven back and perhaps most of them captured. The situation was not favorable for a retreat they well knew, and it was this fact that made the Union troops fight with such desperation. They knew they must gain a victory as defeat would be their ruin.

Most of the prisoners taken seemed surprised that they were treated so kindly by the hated Yankees. Some expressed a wish to have no more to do with the war, but others were sullen and not inclined to be talkative about the situation. Among these was a lieutenant colonel, who lay on the ground near the hospital in sullen mood. He was a fine looking man, and received every possible attention.

Gen. "Bill Jones," who commanded the rebels, was instantly killed, having been hit over the eye by a Minnie-ball. This

must have been in the last charge, as the retreating rebels were in such haste they could not take his body with them. It was found by members of the Eighteenth a few rods from the rebel line in the woods. In a few moments every button on his coat was cut off for relics. The death of Jones, it was thought, hastened the defeat and retreat of the rebels. He was a noble looking man and no doubt a brave soldier.

The Union men could not restrain their shouts of joy at their victory, and the Eighteenth, especially, were exceedingly jubilant. It was their first victory. They had wiped out New Market effectually, though not without severe loss. It was both a time of joy and sadness, as the official report shows how terribly the regiment suffered. Nearly one-third of their number were among the killed and wounded, and it is not saying too much that these were among the most brave and faithful comrades, whose example was always inspiring and encouraging.

Maj. Peale had been ordered in the morning, about five o'clock, with Companies A and B, and two companies of the New York Fifth heavy artillery, to follow closely on the track of the cavalry sent in advance to ascertain the position of the enemy. These companies had to start off before they had breakfasted, and they found but little time for eating before the enemy began to feed them with shot and shell. The men found more hot work than hot coffee that morning. But not a man flinched from duty or left his post unless wounded. Company A had many hair-breadth escapes, especially after the general charge before referred to, which drove the rebels from their first position. In feeling the left of the enemy's line, to ascertain its strength, there was sharp practice on both sides. It was by this movement that the rebel position was more fully discovered and reported by Maj. Peale to Col. Moore and Col. Ely.

A complete record would reveal many narrow and wonderful escapes from death during the day. That part of the line occupied by the Eighteenth was very much exposed from the first,



the extreme right and advance being on the skirmish line, as before stated, consisting of Companies A and B, together with two companies of the New York Fifth heavy artillery, under command of Maj. Peale, who had orders to hold the position taken at all hazards. This line was so near the enemy that their works were plainly seen, and the orders of the rebel officers at times were heard. Some very sharp shooting was done, and both sides suffered severely. Col. Ely had his horse shot under him, and had a very narrow escape himself from death.

A farm house, about half a mile from the battle-field, was taken possession of for one hospital, and another was selected a mile to the rear of this. Both were literally crowded with the wounded, and the door yard of the first named was thronged with wounded men. The first man carried to the rear was Adjutant E. B. Culver. He was mortally wounded, as before stated in the first charge, by a bullet in the head; the injury rendering him senseless from the first. He fell directly under Maj. Peale's horse. At the same time the major caught the adjutant's horse by the bridle and prevented his escaping, the steed being excited by the fall of his rider. The horse was given in charge of an orderly who took it to the rear, and as soon as possible the major went to the aid of Culver. He could not do so at once as the regiment was in the act of charging, and required the presence of every officer in his place. The wounded officer was conveyed to the rear and laid under the shade of a tree near the road, where a surgeon of an Ohio regiment, Dr. Harrington of the Eighteenth, and the chaplain soon found him. Everything that was possible was done for him. He was placed on a stretcher and conveyed to the nearest hospital, and there he died the following night, not having regained consciousness after his hurt. Adjutant Culver was sincerely mourned by the whole regiment, especially by the officers of the staff who knew him best. He enlisted from Norwich, Conn., quitting a fine situation in the drug store of Lee & Osgood, by whom he was held in high esteem on ac-



count of his intelligence and fidelity. He was assured when he enlisted that if he returned from the war he could have his old position if he desired it. He carried into the service of his country all the qualities of a scholar, gentleman and a good soldier. He was a superior officer, prompt, energetic, obedient, brave and faithful. He shrank from no duties, and shunned no dangers. He went into an action prepared and determined to do his whole duty. He was a general favorite. His deportment was such as to elicit the respect and praise of the privates, as well as his superiors in rank, and it was a pleasure to witness his soldierly bearing at dress parade. Every man in the regiment loved him and was proud of him. His loss was deeply felt and regretted. Both Col. Ely and Maj. Peale felt that his loss was almost irreparable, and this conviction was shared in by all their fellow officers of the staff and line. His remains were buried near the hospital, his grave marked, and the following week his remains were removed and buried in his native town in New York state.

Lieut. McGinnis, Company E, was shot through the head late in the fight, and died the same evening. The following record has been furnished by a friend, which is here inserted entire: John T. McGinnis was born in Stamford, Conn., September 25th, 1825. With only the advantages of a common school education he learned the trade of a printer, and was for some time engaged in the New York Herald office as foreman, and afterwards as compiler and proof reader. Most of his life was spent in this way until 1849, when he engaged in mercantile business. At the first outbreak of the Rebellion he wished to enter the field at once, but was prevented by the persuasions of his family. When the President made his call for 'three hundred thousand more,' he said: 'My country is in great danger; I am going now.' He immediately commenced recruiting for the Eighteenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers. With noble modesty he declined any position of honor until he should have earned it. On the

18th of August, 1862, he was commissioned second lieutenant of Company E, Eighteenth Regiment. While stationed at Perryville, Md., he was promoted to first lieutenant, December 26th, 1862. Although not called immediately into active service in the field, yet he acquired a high reputation among those who knew him for faithful discharge of his duties as a soldier. Leaving Baltimore with his regiment on the 25th of May, 1863, he was engaged in the Winchester battles, under Gen. Milroy, June 13th, 14th and 15th. On the morning of the 15th, after some hard fighting, he was taken prisoner, together with most of the officers and men of his regiment, by Johnson's division of Ewell's corps. They were immediately marched to Libby Prison, Richmond, suffering greatly from fatigue, thirst and hunger, where they arrived June 23d, 1863. Lieut. McGinnis was not discharged until March 16th, 1864. At one time while in prison he was very sick. From cold, privation and suffering he contracted a cough from which he never recovered. Receiving a furlough he returned home to his family for a few weeks, and though still suffering from illness, when his leave of absence expired he expressed an ardent desire to return to his regiment, many of whom he had not seen for ten months. His lungs were visibly affected. Many of his friends endeavored to have him obtain an extension of furlough, but his reply was: 'My boys are already in the field; they are on the march; they need me. My country needs the help of every single arm. Of what account is my poor life, and of what account are the lives of a million men if thereby our nation is saved.' It was hard parting from his family, but God gave him strength. He joined his regiment, then under Gen. Hunter, near Strasburg, Va., May 24th, 1864. His last words were true to himself and his great nature. He writes from Woodstock, Va.: 'I regret that my health is not sufficiently good to justify much exposure, but poor as it is I wish you to know and feel that I shall not shirk my duty in the hour of trial.' On the morning of Sunday, June 5th, 1864, Gen.

Hunter's command met the rebels, under Gen. Jones, at Piedmont, Va. Lieut. McGinnis led his company into action, and by his coolness and bravery, as in former battles, won the praise and admiration of his brother soldiers. At mid-day he fell mortally wounded in the left forehead, killed by an English Tower rifle ball. 'If I am to fall,' said he, 'let it be on a victorious battle-field, amid the cheers of the boys in blue, and under the triumphant shadows of our noble flag.' The prayer of the brave lieutenant was answered. He proved himself, like thousands of his countrymen, a true patriot, a brave soldier, a noble man. His name is honorably mentioned by Col. Ely, of the Eighteenth Regiment, in his report to the adjutant general, 'as a valuable officer, who in camp inspired the soldiers to excel in the faithful discharge of military duties, and on the battle-field encouraged the men by gallant examples.' One who knew him best has written: 'Lieut. McGinnis was an honest, upright, whole-soled man; everywhere and under all circumstances a true gentleman. No officer in the regiment had more attached and devoted friends than he, and among his military companions, as well as in a wide circle of relatives and friends, his loss will be deeply and sincerely felt.'"

"Sergeant William Henry Paine was the only son of William Paine, of Woodstock, Conn., and was a young man of much promise. Having no taste or inclination for camp life, only at the call of duty did he with others volunteer to defend his country. Boasting no courage, he was ever to be relied upon in difficult and dangerous service, and never was known to shirk duty, even in the face of death. His superior officers relied much upon his vivacious disposition to keep the men in good spirits, and they testified that his services in this respect were invaluable. It was during what was known as Hunter's raid in Virginia, the 5th of June, 1864, that Paine lost his life. At the battle of Piedmont, in the face of a shower of bullets, while faced about to give directions to the men in his charge, a bullet from the enemy en-

tered his body, and in a few hours ended his life at the age of twenty-four. His remains were at length conveyed to his native town, and interred in the family cemetery. On his tomb-stone is inscribed these truthful words: 'A precious sacrifice.'

From personal observation we are prepared to endorse the testimony here given concerning his excellent qualities, both as a Christian, gentleman and a soldier.

In addition to Adjutant Culver and Lieut. McGinnis, there fell at Piedmont as noble a band of men, as ever gave their lives for their country. "Death loves a shining mark," and it seemed that rebel bullets were aimed at and struck down some of the best men in the Eighteenth Regiment at Piedmont. Such honor has been freely accorded to these men by their surviving comrades. Never was the loss of soldier comrades more sincerely regretted and mourned than in this instance. It was the general remark after the battle. These men stood bravely to their post until they were shot down. It would be invidious, perhaps, to particularize. The name of every one is immortal, and their memory will be very dear to those who knew their worth as brave soldiers in a righteous cause, for which they became martyrs. But there were those who were more than respected as good soldiers, who were loved as intimate companions and friends for their many virtues. Each company had its special favorites, who were greatly esteemed for their general usefulness in their respective positions. The writer regrets that personal reminiscences of these men have not been furnished by their surviving comrades or relatives for this history. It ought to have been done in justice to the memory of these patriots and defenders of their country's flag. They died that the nation might live; that our free government and institutions of learning and freedom might be preserved and handed down in their purity to the generations to come.

Had they and their fallen comrades not bared their breasts to rebel bullets and fought to the last, our Union would have been

rent asunder, and Southern hate and revenge would have committed the same atrocities here at the North as they did at Richmond, or Andersonville, or Columbia. Blessed be the memory of the men who gave their lives to destroy the Southern Confederacy, thus preventing the barbarism of negro slavery from spreading over the whole country, and thus warding off further inflictions from the hands of divine justice.

Nor should the maimed and wounded of the Eighteenth at Piedmont be forgotten. They too, as a whole, conducted themselves in a manner that deserves special commendation and even admiration. It was a sad sight to see more than one hundred men suffering from their wounds, and exposed to the extreme heat of that terrible hot day. The hospital was filled early in the battle, and then the poor sufferers were laid in rows in the adjoining yard, covering a large space of ground. It was a long time before all could have their wounds properly cared for. Some were constantly calling for water to quench their extreme thirst, and others for relief from their acute sufferings. Others were dying, while others still were enduring amputation with the hope of saving themselves from the grasp of the pale messenger. On the whole, it was a sight that once seen would never be forgotten, and the wonder is that more of the wounded heroes did not give way to impatience and despair. On the contrary, they were remarkably cheerful and hopeful under the circumstances. They bore their pains without murmuring or complaint. The writer was amazed, in going from one to another of his regiment, to find them so reconciled to their distressing condition. They seemed to forget their pains in their great interest in the result of the battle that was being so hotly contested. When the news came that the rebels had broken and were retreating in wild confusion, and our cavalry were in hot pursuit, the wounded men seemed to forget entirely their painful condition. They were almost beside themselves with joy. They cheered, clapped their hands, and those who were able sprang to

their feet, threw up their hands and caps, and amid shouts and tears of joy cheered again and again for the Union. The impression of that scene will never be effaced from the hearts of those who participated in it. Not a few of the wounded who made the air vocal with their shouts that day were soon numbered among the dead. In nearly two-thirds of the cases the wounded were saved, but in several instances death ultimately ensued. God bless the "cripple brigade," in which the Eighteenth Connecticut had its full share. May their sufferings and privations ever be gratefully remembered by the American people.

It was nearly dusk when the dead were buried and the Eighteenth lay down in the woods for the night, only a little way in advance of the rebel position, greatly reduced in numbers and nearly exhausted from the constant fighting and fatigues of the day. Nevertheless, all felt jubilant over the result. They had whipped the rebels and sent them flying over the Blue Ridge; yet the victory had been dearly purchased, as the list of the dead and wounded clearly showed. This thought chastened the joy and the men lay down that night serious and thoughtful.

There were several promotions after the battle. Lieutenant J. P. Rockwell, Company G, who had received a slight wound in the abdomen but still remained on duty, was promoted adjutant in place of the lamented Culver. Orderly Robert Kerr, who had commanded Company A, was promoted to a second lieutenancy for gallant conduct. Other promotions were made, equally well deserved, and the regiment was ready and eager for further service.

On June 6th moved early on Staunton. As the regiment filed out of the woods into the highway, Gen. Sullivan and staff were sitting on their horses near by, and the general cried to his staff: "Three cheers for the Eighteenth Connecticut who saved the day at Piedmont," and they were given with a will. Gen. Hunter also complimented the regiment for its gallant

conduct. The boys went on cheering and singing. There was great enthusiasm along the whole line. It was a day of triumph, and the march of fifteen miles or more was performed with less fatigue than usual. The march was through a fine country. The citizens were mostly civil, belonging to a religious sect generally called "Dunkers," who were believers in true immersion, and in their views concerning war something like the Quakers. Many of the able-bodied men had run away to escape the draft, some of whom had been met at Harper's Ferry before the Union force moved up the valley. One old man and his wife stood at their gate as the army moved on, and very freely expressed their views with regard to the war, denouncing the Southern people for resorting to arms to secure what they called their rights. The old man said: "I have been telling the people round here that it would come to this if they did not cease their agitation and their violent threatenings. Now," he added, "we have this cruel war, and the end is not yet." These people seemed greatly excited by the movements of Gen. Hunter's army. They had reason to be.

Staunton was reached about five P. M. Here the boys became very much excited and enthusiastic. Not quite a year before most of the Eighteenth had passed through this place on their way to Richmond as prisoners of war. Then the citizens were as numerous as bees, cheering and laughing derisively, and asking many impertinent questions; among others: "How do you like 'on to Richmond' as far as you have got," and otherwise insulting them. The men had replied by cheering for the Union and the old flag, and predicting: "We are coming this way again before long, and shall bring our muskets with us." This prophecy was now being fulfilled, as much to the delight of the Yankees as the previous experience had been delightful to the proud and exulting rebels. It was mortifying enough to the Staunton people to hear the Yankee music, and see the Union colors flying, to listen to cheers of triumph as Northern soldiers





LIEUT. JOHN A. FRANCIS.





marched through the town. The men as usual kept out of sight, while the women looked out of their doors and windows in sullen silence or in spiteful defiance. Some of the citizens expected the hated Yankees would commit all kinds of violent acts in town, but afterward confessed that the troops appeared more orderly than they expected. Went into camp about half a mile west of the city, in the midst of a heavy shower, where the grass was tall and heavy.

Remained here three days. In the meantime different regiments were sent along the railroads to destroy the tracks and burn the bridges. The Eighteenth was absent one day; captured several fine horses, and helped themselves to the good things of the land. Great quantities of tobacco were destroyed. Houses were searched for fire-arms, ammunition, and provisions, and property generally well shaken up. In the midst of this work, Gen. Averill's cavalry came marching into town, the band playing "Yankee Doodle." The men were nearly crazy with delight, and told the new comers to help themselves to tobacco, and the latter proceeded so to do after a soldier's most approved style. Every pocket was crammed with the luxury. Gen. Crook came into town soon after with a force of infantry. Crook and Averill had reached Staunton by another route, and now were joined to Gen. Hunter's command, making a force of some fifteen or sixteen thousand men. The Eighteenth wrote great quantities of letters while here to their old homes in Connecticut. The time of the Twenty-Eighth Ohio having expired, they were ordered home in charge of a train, by a mountain road through West Virginia. A number of our wounded were sent to the rear by this train. Most of the badly wounded at Piedmont were removed to the hospital in Staunton, several of whom soon afterward died. After our force left the town, the poor fellows seemed to become discouraged, and it was said they died of home-sickness.

June 9th, reconnoitered in force a few miles west of Staunton,

a rebel force having been seen in that direction the night previous. Halted about noon near a railroad crossing for rest and rations. In the meantime made considerable work for the railroad company in repairing bridges and laying new rails and ties. Returned to Staunton and spent another night. The men found it quite as pleasant staying here with their muskets as without them a year before. They would have been quite willing to have remained a longer time.

Staunton is beautifully located on a small branch of the Shenandoah near its source, and on the Central Railroad in Virginia, one hundred and twenty miles from Richmond. Gen. Hunter caused this road immense damage while here, besides destroying quantities of military stores and tobacco. The Western Lunatic Asylum was located here. There was also an institution for the dumb and blind. One or both of these buildings were in use as hospitals for sick and wounded Confederate and Union soldiers. The town contained five or six churches, two academies, two female seminaries and two banks. The capture of this place was quite an achievement, as the destruction of rebel property here was estimated at over a million of dollars. It was a terrible mortification to the rebel citizens of Staunton to see the Yankees in power. The old men, however, said but little, but the young men were very bitter and fierce in their denunciations and determination to carry on the war to the bitter end. The writer recalls a conversation with one of this class, in substance as follows: "What right have you to come down here to fight us and destroy our property?" "We are here in obedience to our government, and to defend its honor and flag." "Why do you employ the niggers to fight for you?" "For the same reason that you employ them as servants, to dig your trenches, build your fortifications, and wait on your officers of the army. They serve us equally well as soldiers. We have left white folks enough to raise food for our armies. We do not need niggers for that, but only to fight." "But you will never whip us." "Yes we shall,

for we have the most men and the most money, and besides we have right on our side. If you should kill off our present armies our government could raise others like them, while you have got already your whole available force in the field, and you cannot raise another man and you know it. Now take good advice: return to your allegiance to the United States government and be loyal citizens, and it shall be well with you." "We shall not do it; we will die first." "Very well then make up your mind to die, for we shall put down this Rebellion if it takes twenty years." "We can't see it." "You will see it, and besides we will introduce free schools and the free institutions of the North all over this Southern country, and in ten years you will see the good effects and thank us for whipping you. If you do not, your children will, and rise up and call us blessed."

## CHAPTER XII.

HUNTER'S RAID—ON TO LYNCHBURG.

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On the 10th of June the united forces of Hunter and Averill left Staunton for Lynchburg. The day was very hot and the march was in silence. Halted at one time near a very fine spring. While here a train overtook us from Martinsburg and some of the Eighteenth came on it. Received a mail, which the chaplain distributed, greatly to the delight of those who were lucky enough to get news from home. A member of Company A says: "I received a letter from my wife and was very thankful. In it I found a little green tea. She little knows the good it will do me when we go into camp to-night, for I have no coffee." Passed on a little way and found an old man standing by his gate, who said with deep emotion: "It does me good to see the old flag. I have not seen it for more than three years."

Went into camp that night at a place called Medway, near an old brick church. Rations had begun to be scarce. The boys cooked their meat by holding it in the blaze of their fires. However, made the best of it, the boys having considerable sport in this novel process of "broiling steak." Next day, Saturday, June 11th, after a tiresome march arrived at Lexington, the seat of Washington College and the Virginian Military Institute. Found Gen. Crook skirmishing with a rebel force on the opposite side of the north branch of the James River. The firing was kept up for several hours. In the meantime a force was

sent to the enemy's left, by fording the river a mile or two above the town. The rebels rushed out in great haste. The Union force took possession of the town and burned the Military Institute and Governor Letcher's house, and destroyed not a little rebel property. The statue of Washington, in front of the Institute, was taken away and sent to Washington. Next day, Sunday, the whole force was moved across the river. The rebels had burned the bridge, but the river, being low on account of the drouth, it was easily forded and the Eighteenth went into camp a little east of the town. The situation was delightful. Lexington lies in a valley, and the mountain scenery on all sides is grand and beautiful. Moreover, the town itself was very pleasant. It had not suffered much from the effects of the war until now, with the single exception of Washington College. This had been occupied by the rebels previous to its occupation by the Union army, and everything was in a poor and dilapidated condition. The books of the library were scattered over the floor of the building, and the injury done was very great. This was not all the work of Yankees, the rebels did their full share. This place is about one hundred and forty-six miles from Richmond, and about thirty-five miles northwest from Lynchburg. It is noted as having been the home of several leading rebel commanders, especially "Stonewall Jackson," and also the place of his burial.

When Hunter's army entered Lexington the rebel flag was found flying on a staff at the head of Jackson's grave. It was taken down, and during the two days' stay of the Union forces the flag-staff, and the head and foot-board of his grave were fairly whittled away and carried off for relics. The house of Jackson was pointed out, as well as other places of note, owing to their relations to the Rebellion. Mayor Adams—as he was called—was very polite and gentlemanly—the son of a Northern man—and did not seem to be very hearty in his support of the war. He expressed the hope that Hunter would take every

black man from the county (Rockbridge.) Slavery he said was not at all profitable to the owners, and they were tired of it. Provisions seemed to be very scarce among the citizens. The mayor invited the chaplain of the Eighteenth to take breakfast with him, and there was nothing on his table but rye coffee—called Jeff Davis coffee—and one plate of very small biscuit made of poor flour. "This," said he "is the best we have." On the whole, the stay of two days at Lexington was very pleasant. The men needed rest. The chief pastime was making rings and other trinkets from the black walnut boards captured from Stonewall Jackson's grave.

June 14th, left Lexington about seven A. M., and marched all day through a romantic country, passing within two or three miles of the Natural Bridge, which Lieut. Johnson and several other officers visited. Arrived at Buchanan about sunset. Here the rebels had committed a most foolish vandalism—burned a very fine bridge which spanned the south branch of the James River. This place was the head of navigation, and connected also with Richmond by the James River canal. The canal boats were used to convey the troops across the river to Pattonsburg, and this village the burning of the bridge set on fire. The Union advance extinguished the flames, and thus saved the rebels a greater loss from their own malicious folly. A large portion of the troops crossed on the remains of the bridge which had fallen into the river. The timbers and boards were so arranged as to make a passable foot-bridge. The horses and mule teams forled the river a mile or two above, but not without difficulty. Just before crossing the river the Yankees were greeted with cheers of welcome, and the old flag was waved by a company of people on the veranda of a large house a little to the left from the line of march. This was the first demonstration of the kind since the departure from Winchester, and each regiment responded with hearty cheers as they passed, causing no little excitement in the staid-looking town. The men

thought the very name was proof enough that it was an old foggy town and they wondered if the people would sufficiently awake to know that the Yankees had come. The crowd that had cheered were called "Northern people," and they showed about the only signs of life in the place. The Eighteenth camped in a wheat field that night about a mile above the crossing. All were weary and slept soundly. The wheat straw made a very good bed, but did not furnish very substantial food for stomachs which at the time began to cry for bread.

June 15th, Wednesday, arose about sunrise. Being but a short distance from the river, many of the boys repaired thither for washing, near the place of fording. Several wrecked team wagons were still in the river, besides one or two single-horse wagons belonging to the contrabands following Gen. Hunter's trains. Two darkies, a man and woman, were sitting in a wagon, minus a horse, waiting for a power of locomotion to "take them over Jordan," which they evidently began to find a "hard road to travel." About nine A. M. the order came to move toward a gap in the Blue Ridge, which was but a short distance away. Here a rebel spy was detected trying to decoy into the mountains one of Gen. Averill's trains. He was instantly shot and his body left in the road as a warning to others. Soon afterward began to ascend the mountains by a narrow, rough road, that was as crooked as a ram's horn, and in some places very steep. The rebels had made marching more difficult by felling trees across the way in many places, and by bush-whacking. One of these wayside murderers was brought to grief by being shot, and his body laid out by the roadside some way up the mountain. Several others were taken prisoners, among them a rebel colonel and his son. The colonel was a fine looking man and showed a good deal of spirit, and he became a marked character thereafter. The march was tiresome, but the scenery was grand and inspiring. The air in the ascent was cool and bracing, and the whole scene one never to be forgotten. Reaching the



highest point, the Peaks of Otter were in full view, and the lesser heights, with their intervening valleys dotted here and there with signs of agricultural life, formed one of the most picturesque and charming views in Virginia. A nearer approach to the peaks revealed a signal flag station. This at first was supposed to be rebel, but when it appeared to be Union there was great excitement and joy in the Union line. That night the Eighteenth slept among old logs at the base of the Peaks of Otter, a rough, barren place, with but little to eat either for man or beast. But the night passed quickly and revealed a splendid morning among the mountains. The day previous had been hot, and but for the great elevation must have been wilting to the already worn out men, some of whom were mounted during the day, having exchanged places with several of the horsemen, one or two old men must have been left in the mountains but for the aid thus given them. Now there was the promise of a still hotter day, and the descent into the valley east of the ridge did not give much encouragement to sore-footed and tired-out men. A march of two hours or more over a very rocky road, part of the way, brought the army into a splendid country—level, smooth and very productive. Here we struck the Tennessee and Lynchburg railroad at a town called Liberty, a very pleasant place, but strongly rebel in its proclivities, like most other places on the line of march. Gen. Hunter did all the damage he could by burning railroad bridges, bending rails, etc. A short way out of the place halted for rest and rations. The men found an out-building where bacon had been hid away, and helped themselves, marching into the woods with hams elevated upon their bayonets. But no one hurt themselves by over-eating that day. The heat, however, had become dreadful, and the men fell out in large numbers. There were also a large number on the sick list. Among others was Surgeon Harrington, who had found the mountain air of the day previous too bracing for his weak lungs. This, with great fatigue, brought

on hemorrhage of the lungs. He bled quite freely at night at Little Otter Creek, where the regiment went into camp for the night after a march of eighteen miles. The advance had skirmished with the enemy most of the way from Liberty. A large number of men had foraged through the day with indifferent success. Had to live mostly on the country, and the inhabitants did not leave much that would feed Yankees about their premises.

Sam Taylor, of Company A, foraged three pints of meal at one house, the family declaring that it was all they had in the house. But Sam thought it was all right to take it, they being the cause of the war and the ones who ought to suffer for it. At Little Otter Creek some of the men, with the chaplain, went after strawberries, and found them quite plentiful a short distance away. The best thing for supper that night was the dessert usual in Yankee land.

June 17th, fought the heat, which was intense, and the rebels who persisted in placing every obstruction in the way. At Big Otter Creek had to build a bridge before the trains could pass. Some of the men and horses forded the stream above while this was being done, and enjoyed themselves in looking on, and talking with citizens of different color on the opposite bank. One man asked various questions as to the number and strength of the Union force, but was not made much wiser for his pains. The respondent was sure to give pretty big figures in every instance, which not a little bewildered the inquisitors. Several old darkies, in a shy way, asked several questions with regard to chance for going off with the Yankees. Of course the replies were somewhat indifferent, as the prospect was not flattering at that time of the Yankees themselves getting very far, unless it was in the direction of Libby or Andersonville. Things began to look rather dark. It was evident that another fight was close at hand, and Hunter was a long way from his base of supplies. Surgeon Harrington, who had become worse, was put into an

ambulance, and placed in charge of the chaplain. Skirmishing grew hotter, like the climate, as the army advanced. Passed through a place called New London, which had the appearance of an old broken down London. Found near by the way an alum spring, with stone steps leading down to the water. Many canteens were filled here, as it was thought the water was very healthy for men in the condition of the soldiers at that time. True, the water was a little "puckering," but some thought the stomachs of the men needed to be brought into a compass to correspond with the amount of their rations, which began to grow uncomfortably small at this time. At all events the men were determined to make the best of the situation, and numerous jokes were passed with reference to the stringent water of New London, for there began to be a severe stringency in the forage market. Passing on from this place in the course of two hours there was brisk firing in front. The rebels had made a stand about three miles this side of Lynchburg, and there was quite a smart fight near an old church. Gen. Crook drove them back, however, and captured several guns and a few prisoners. Night put an end to the pursuit. The Eighteenth was ordered on picket duty, about three-fourths of a mile in front of the scene of battle near the church, and within speaking distance of the rebel line. Indeed the rebels were heard many times during the night talking and cheering, and giving signs of an immediate advance. There was considerable activity during the night. Maj. Peale, in looking after his picket line, came near being captured, finding himself at one time in perilously close proximity to the rebels. The regiment did not get much rest during the night, fearing an attack.

Early the next morning an artillery duel commenced, lasting several hours, during which time both armies remained comparatively quiet. While this duel was in progress, two shells from the enemy's battery exploded in the line of the Eighteenth while they were enjoying their pipes, seriously wounding the color



Lieut. JAMES E. HIGGINS.



bearer, Sergeant C. A. Tourtelott, Company H, and private E. R. Wood, Company B. Soon after Col. Ely was slightly wounded in the throat by a piece of a shell. From this time the command devolved on Maj. Peale. The troublesome battery was soon silenced. Shortly thereafter it was discovered that the enemy was massing his forces on Hunter's left, and they began to yell with great vigor. The Eighteenth, with other forces, were moved quietly to the left in support of Snow's Battery; four lines of battle were formed to repel a charge from the enemy, which was successfully done, the rebels being driven back behind their entrenchments, where they waited for reinforcements. About four P. M. the car whistles at Lynchburg indicated that the rebels were being reinforced—drums were beating, and there was great cheering and rejoicing. In the meantime Gen. Hunter, comprehending the situation, was completing his arrangements for a retreat. A portion of his train was kept in full view of the enemy, but the greater part was quietly moved to the rear, and headed towards Liberty. The charges of the rebels had been repelled in the afternoon, so that this movement was not discovered until it was handsomely executed. Not a single wagon or ambulance was captured. At sunset the relative position of both armies was about the same as in the morning, with the advantage in favor of Gen. Hunter for a successful retreat. By dusk the whole force was following the trains, excepting the Eighteenth Connecticut, which was left on picket duty in a perilous situation. The enemy was within speaking distance. Their conversation could be distinctly heard. Gen. Hunter had kept up a good show of fight through the day, and it was necessary that appearances should be maintained to the last. This was admirably done by the Eighteenth until after dark; then the regiment moved out as silently as possible on to the pike, and at a double quick followed in the wake of the retreating forces, overtaking them near New London.

It seemed the enemy had not made calculations for this

sudden movement, and hence the great share of the force eluded the grasp of Gen. Early, who was in Lynchburg. The wonder is that Gen. Hunter, with an army in front of him of at least thirty thousand men, got away with so little trouble and loss. If Gen. Hunter made a mistake in going to Lynchburg instead of Charlottesville from Staunton, it must be admitted that he displayed fine generalship in conducting the fight at, and in his retreat from Lynchburg in the presence of such a large force of the enemy. The loss of the Eighteenth was nine wounded. E. R. Wood had a leg amputated, as also had C. A. Tourtelott. The latter died at College Hospital, Lynchburg, on the 15th of August following. He was a brave and excellent soldier.

Soon after he was wounded he was carried, with Wood, to the hospital, a little to the rear and in full view of the enemy's line. Before his leg was amputated, and while our line was successfully repelling the charges of the enemy, he was told by the chaplain that the rebels were retreating. Lying on the ground, raising himself up and clasping his shattered knee in both hands he exclaimed: "Chaplain, I care nothing for this if we can only whip the rebels." Both he and Wood were very cheerful when the ambulance train left that evening to follow the retreat, but afterward Tourtelott lost all courage, and it is said he died broken hearted. Col. Ely had a narrow escape, as before indicated. All the wounded were left in the hospital with Surgeon Harrington, who was too feeble to be removed. This necessity was a source of deep regret to Surgeon Holbrook and Col. Ely, and a severe loss to the whole regiment. Harrington was a well-informed, considerate and faithful surgeon, and will always be remembered with gratitude by the members of the Eighteenth. He returned no more to his post of duty. He remained a prisoner until the 3d of September following, when he was exchanged at Charleston, S. C. Ten days after he wrote the following letter to his chaplain, which speaks for itself.

NEW YORK HARBOR, GENERAL HOSPITAL, Sept. 23d, 1864.

CHAPLAIN WALKER --MY DEAR SIR: --I am at liberty again; free from the clutches of the barbarians, but still a prisoner to disease, and held in pretty close confinement. I have seen some pretty hard times since I saw you, and reviewing them now I wonder how I could have endured what I have passed through. God was very good to me or I never could have withstood the hardships of my prison life. After my capture, for five weeks my health improved considerably, and then I was sent with about three hundred captured officers and men to Macon, Georgia. The hardships of the journey, and subsequent exposure, brought on an attack of pleuro-pneumonia from which I have not yet fully recovered. I am much debilitated. In fact my chief trouble is lack of strength almost to breathe. I remained in Macon about six weeks, was then taken to Charleston, S. C. arriving there on the 1d instant, just in time to be exchanged with other non-combatants on the 3d. After reaching our lines went into hospital immediately, and have been in hospital on sea or land ever since. From here I shall try and get home and recruit awhile. Whether I shall ever return to the regiment again is very doubtful. Time will soon decide. At all events, I am in the Almighty's hands, and his will be done.

Most respectfully yours,

J. V. HARRINGTON,

Assistant Surgeon Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

This letter will be read by many of the officers and men of the Eighteenth with tender hearts and moistened eyes. It will recall many deeds of kindness and faithful attentions, which distinguished Surgeon Harrington in his official capacity and in social intercourse. He reached his home in Sterling, Conn., in a short time after writing the above, but lived only a few days. The news of his death caused general sadness among his former comrades in service and hardships for the flag of his country. It is no wonder then that the Eighteenth deeply regretted the neces-



sity of leaving such an officer as Surgeon Harrington to the tender mercies of the rebels at Lynchburg on that ever memorable day when it turned its face to the mountains of Western Virginia.

It was said that when Gen. Hunter ordered the Eighteenth to cover his retreat from Lynchburg on the night after the battle, he expected the regiment would be captured. It seemed necessary that some regiment must be sacrificed to give the main force the start in the race that was to follow. But a good fortune favored the Eighteenth and nearly every man escaped. A few fell down by the way from fatigue, went to sleep, and were captured. Among this number was Sergeant Bently Shaw, of Norwich, Company I. He had a long confinement in rebeldom before his return to the regiment. All night long the weary march was kept up. Halted early the next morning near Little Otter Creek, not far from the camp-ground of the night previous.

At this point, on the morning of the 10th, the different detachments of the Eighteenth were again united. Their escapes were truly wonderful, especially Companies H, under Lieut. Caruthers, who skirmished with the enemy until passing the Quaker church, and D and G, under command of Lieut. Bixby. These companies had been left on the skirmish line in front of Lynchburg early on the previous evening with instructions to keep up a brisk fire, in order to better conceal the real movements of Hunter. They were not relieved until a very late hour and then made excellent time in joining the main body of the regiment, which was very much exposed throughout the whole of that first night's march from Lynchburg. Col. Peale asked Col. Thoburn, who had acted as a brigade commander during the battle, why he left the Eighteenth in such an exposed position unsupported. He replied "Because the Eighteenth Connecticut stay where they are put." It was necessary they should hold the position assigned them the night previous until the last minute, and they did so. The compliment of Col. Thoburn was well deserved.

In this reference there is no desire to make invidious comparisons. Other regiments did nobly and their record ought to be preserved. In writing the history of a single regiment it is impossible to say much with reference to others without making the work too large. But this much should be said, that it was the good fortune of the Eighteenth to be associated with the most true and gallant of all the Union army. Among them might be named the First, the Fourth and Twelfth Virginia Infantry, Snow's Maryland Battery, the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, and the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts Infantry. The West Virginians were not noted for the very best order on the march, but they were splendid fighters and as true every time as steel. Their officers, among whom was Col. Tholurn, were noble and brave. Of the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts and their officers much could be said in their praise. At New Market where the gallant Lieut.-Col. Lincoln was severely wounded they bore the brunt of the battle and covered themselves with glory. At Piedmont they made a splendid flank movement and charge, which contributed greatly to the glorious victory of that day. At Lynchburg, and on the retreat, they maintained their credit well and proved themselves worthy of the gratitude of the people of the old Bay State, the honor of whom they did so nobly sustain. The One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Twenty-Third Ohio Infantry, also deserve to be honorably mentioned in connection with Hunter's raid. A faithful history of all these regiments, and others, the names of which do not now occur to the writer, would form a work of great interest and honor to all concerned. Would some pen might write it!

Whatever were the mistakes in generalship on the part of Hunter, the rebels had but little to boast of on their part. It was greatly to the discredit of their commanders that the whole Yankee army was not captured. It is proof that the Union force fought well, and especially that the Eighteenth made a handsome show of fight until the very last. In one report of the rebels it

was confessed that "had the Yankees remained until morning they would all have been captured." It was an official rebel report which acknowledged the retreat, and also that during the battle, and the retreat as far as New London, only forty prisoners were captured. Another report said that three pieces of artillery were captured, but this was admitted by the same authority afterward to be a mistake, while not a wagon of the whole train was taken, as before stated. However, it must be admitted that the failure to capture Lynchburg was a great disappointment to Generals Hunter, Sullivan, Crook and Averill, and to the whole army also. It was thought by many of the officers and men that the great mistake of Hunter was that he did not press on after his success at the "Quaker" church on the previous evening, where one piece of artillery was captured from the enemy, and the rebel force was somewhat demoralized. Gen. Grant, in an official report of Hunter's movements up the valley, says: "Owing to a want of ammunition to give battle, Hunter retired from before Lynchburg and was left no choice of return but by the Kanawha. I have no doubt he acted within what he considered the spirit of his instructions, and the interests of the service. The promptitude of his movements and his gallantry should entitle him to the commendation of his country. It is saying only the truth, however, that Gen. Hunter was never very popular with his command as a whole. He was called a good fighter but was regarded as careless of the wants of his men. It was a common saying among a certain class of his men that he thought more of the negro than he did of a soldier, because negroes rode in the wagons while wearied and wounded soldiers marched.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE RETREAT FROM LYNCHBURG.

The rebels were evidently deeply disappointed too in the movements of Gen. Hunter. After Early's appearance with his thirty thousand men, they hoped to "bag" the whole Union force within a few miles of Lynchburg. But the "bird had flown." However, the rebels pursued on the 19th of June, while Gen. Hunter retreated from Otter Creek at his leisure, arriving again at Liberty Sunday afternoon about three o'clock. It was exceedingly hot, and the boys began to suffer severely from fatigue and heat. Gen. Hunter marched his forces in the direction of Salem, leaving the Peaks of Otter to the right. The view from this point was beautiful and grand. After marching a few miles halted, the Eighteenth lying on their arms all night in the woods. In the meantime, or about sunset, the rebels made a furious attack upon our rear guard, which was handsomely repelled by Gen. Averill, who captured fifty of the enemy. The Union loss was not known. There was no disturbance during the night, though the renewal of the rebel attack was momentarily expected. It was a dismal, disheartening night, during which, however, some of the men who had been prostrated with the extreme heat of the day rejoined their companions; among whom were Sergeant Wm. Hillard, Company E, and Frank W. Cheney, of Company D. The former was taken quite ill before reaching Liberty, and fell to the rear. A large dose of the "Balm of Gilead" revived

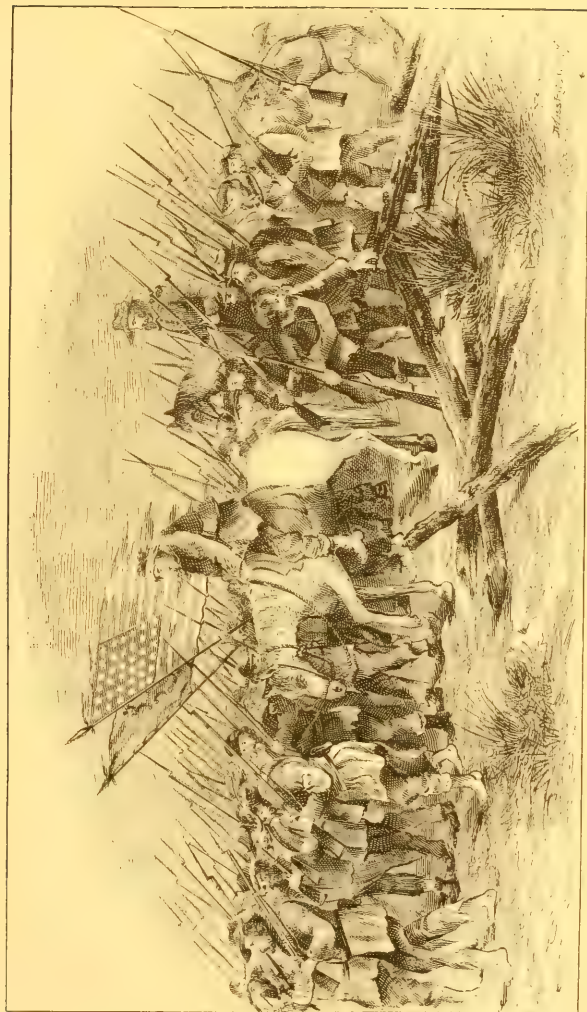
him, and he was put upon a horse belonging to one of the staff, and both came into camp at last in pretty good condition, all things considered. It was a marvel that men could endure such hardship. It was the third night since the regiment had had an undisturbed rest in sleep, although the rear guard was known to be in great danger. The men were so weary they could sleep under almost any circumstances. June 20th, as soon as it was light were on the move again. About noon, halted at a place called "Big Lick" and rested in a fine wood-lot, on a hill to the right of the pike, until near sunset. At this place a little altercation took place among some of the boys about rations, but the matter was soon adjusted, and a few hours of real rest were enjoyed. It was the intention to have remained in this place all night, but the rebels had come up with our rear guard again, and for a time the firing was quick and sharp. Then came the order, "fall in." "Too bad," say a score of voices. But no matter, the Eighteenth soon marches down the hill, on to the pike, and is put in charge of the wagon train for the night, moving on to Salem. It was a tiresome march, but orderly, although some of the men fell asleep by the roadside. They would sleep riding or marching, and at every halt most all would be asleep at once. During the night halted at Hot Springs, the first place of pleasurable resort on the route, but no one had any idea of remaining for their health. Most of the time we were near the line of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad; the bridges were burned and the flames lighted up the country around. Reached Salem about seven A. M.

Soon after the arrival of the Eighteenth at this place, sugar and coffee were issued, with fresh meat, and the boys made haste to prepare a breakfast after their long night march, but the rebels commenced blazing away again in the rear, and before breakfast was half ready the order came to "fall in." This was downright provoking. One mess had a nice soup well flavored, just ready to serve up. "Kelly," the butcher, had caught a fine

sheep that morning which was "sliced up" for the occasion, other things had been foraged, and there was the promise of a good time generally, until that command "fall in" was sent down the line. But there was no help for it, and the Eighteenth, with other regiments, was marched a half mile to the rear, and placed in line of battle in the woods waiting for something to turn up. And something did turn up in front, however, instead of at the rear. Col. Thoburn's A. A. G. soon came along, and to the inquiries: "What is up now? Where are you going?" He replied: "Back a little way after the rebels." "But you are going the wrong way to look for the enemy," said his inquisitor. "This demonstration in the rear is only a ruse of the rebels to get into our front," he replied. And so it proved, for while the Union forces were lying on their arms in the woods, at the expense of their breakfast too, the enemy had managed to get into a fine position in front, a mile or two from Salem, in the mountains, and had nearly destroyed one whole battery of artillery, capturing nearly eighty horses, unlimbering several guns and wounding many men. Of course after this mischief was done, Hunter thought it was time to be marching on. The Eighteenth, having advanced into the woods, marched out again, and passed through Salem under a scorching sun. Salem seemed to be surrounded with mountains—a small, low place. With the sun pouring down its intense heat upon the poor, hungry, tired men, the advance was almost unendurable. Just as the troops began the ascent of a steep hill, and at a short turn in the road, Gen. Hunter suddenly appeared in front looking blacker and more savage than ever. That little matter in front had excited him, and his appearance just then was amusing to say the least. It was really a sober affair, and yet one could hardly restrain from laughing to see the gruff old general "tly about," forming his line of battle at the foot of the hill. The "rebs" who had caused all this excitement were now fairly out of the way, looking out from some of their hiding places and enjoying the excitement they had made among

the Yankees. Very soon the Eighteenth arrived at the scene of disaster. The place was well chosen by the rebels, and it was a great wonder that they did not effect more injury than they did. Their position was upon a high cliff within fair musket range of the top of the hill on the opposite side of the way over which the Union troops were to pass. It was a place of concealment, and had the enemy been so disposed they might have remained there the whole time. Hunter's army was passing without being discovered. But watching their opportunity, and seeing the battery passing without proper protection, they improved the time to make an attack, which was so sudden and unexpected that the men in charge made no attempt to defend themselves, but left their guns and ran for their lives. It was well they did so, or all of them would have been killed or captured. The unresisted rebels made quick work of it, and in less time than it takes to tell the story were off with their captured horses, and such light articles as they could conveniently carry. The guns were left unlimbered by the wayside. The attacking party was thought to number about one hundred. The whole affair made quite a stir along the line of march that day. A few miles farther on we came to a place called Mason's Cove, and halted there an hour or two for rest, to finish breakfast and get a warm dinner. To say that the occurrences of the day thus far greatly dispirited the men is only a faint expression. The general impression was that as the Union army had fairly got into the mountains all would be captured or starved to death. But this was only the "beginning of sorrows." Had the men known at that time all the dangers before them for the next six days, every heart would have fainted and every man given up at the outset. Happily they were unconscious of what awaited them. The next move brought the Eighteenth to the ascent of "Walker's Mountain," a difficult ascent, long and in some places steep and rough. It was passed at length, and a place called "Sinking," on the Salem and Catawba pike, was reached a short time after sunset, where the





HUNTER'S RAIL. Retreat from Lynchburg.





night was spent in a refreshing rest. The next morning, June 22d, was very fine. Fortunately the boys had come very unexpectedly upon a half dozen barrels of flour just before going into camp. There was a flour mill and a few farm houses near by, and the forage contributed a little to the comfort of the boys. But what was this among so many. "Toe jams" were more common than usual the first morning in the mountains. "Toe jams!" and what were these? Let us see. Flour or meal mixed with water, shortened with water, salted with water, and fried in well-water, if no "grease" could be found, and then eaten with water, if we had no coffee, and perhaps a bit of fresh meat. Many a hungry officer or private was thankful enough for this poor stuff for breakfast on that sad morning. The writer will never forget the sorrowful faces that met him at Sinking. The spirits of the men tallied well with the name of the place.

One soldier, whom the writer will call "Bill," and whom every member of the Eighteenth will recognize by that name, was an indispensable adjunct to the teams on a march, and to the hospital when in camp. Well, Bill sat eating his "toe jam," with a face so elongated as to be catching. At length, with an indescribable sigh, he looked up and said: "I tell you, Chaplain, we are in a serious fix; we never shall get out of this in this world." The look and the tone "brought down the house," and poor "Bill" looked on in mute astonishment to see his chaplain laugh so rudely under such serious circumstances. A little way off were the smoking ruins of Hunter's pontoon train, the army was far away from their base of supplies, and the men were weary, faint and hungry, and "Bill" didn't see much to laugh at. Neither did the chaplain, but he laughed though. Some of the boys, however, thought the laugh was something put on for the occasion and they were more than half right. It was a serious time, but yielding to fear and despair did not help matters.

The second day's march of the regiment among the mountains of Virginia was one of peculiar interest. Every hour's ad-

vance revealed new wonders and marvellous experiences. The scenery became grand and imposing. The road lay between the mountains, or through the valley, and was not very hilly. The day, however, was excessively hot, and the men suffered severely. There were but few houses on the route, and these gave evidence of the great poverty of the people. The log houses of the mountain regions of the Alleghanies looked anything but comfortable. There was hardly a man to be seen, and the women were coarse, sallow, and altogether unlovely—gawky specimens of ill-dressed humanity, having ropy hair, and were barefooted or standing in clouted brogans, and exhibiting great clawing hands. The general appearance of the women, almost without exception, bore unmistakable signs of uncultivation, of rusticity and degradation. In some cases their condition was most pitiable and heart touching. While the men had run to some hiding place on the approach of the army, the women in most instances would remain in or near their miserable looking cabins, with their little children, to protect what little they had of this world's goods that was not secreted. It was their plan to hide what they could, or a great part of their domestic possessions, and then make a great ado about the soldiers taking what there was left. The women could manage this programme better than the men. This plan did not always succeed. The boys learned the ways of these mountain people after a while, and sometimes showed them a few Yankee tricks in their foraging expeditions. At Sinking, where a little foraging was done, the boys entered one house and inquired: "Have you got any flour?" "No, not a bit, the soldiers just gone took everything, and we have nothing left," was the quick reply. They did not believe her, and went looking into things. Directly the oven door in an old fashioned chimney was opened, and the ashes began to fall on the floor, and a little "digging" revealed three sacks of flour. "Oh," said one of the men, "I thought you had no flour." "Well, you have found it," was the cool reply.

At another poor, miserable looking house, a woman was found with three or four as dirty looking children as ever were seen, making a great ado about her lasses and the prospect of her children starving to death. There she stood crying and wringing her hands, saying: "O what shall we do? The soldiers have taken the last bit out of the house, and these poor little children will starve." The children looked more frightened than hungry. But there is no doubt there were many cases of actual want, and this might have been one of them. But these signs of distress were assumed for effect as a close search of their premises testified. However, there was much in the appearance of the mountaineers to excite pity, and if actual want and starvation had not stared Union soldiers in the face there was not a place on the route that would have been searched for food on account of their unpromising appearance. The whole country from Liberty to Gauley Bridge would be the last place to send foraging parties. Even Newcastle, where we camped for the night was a poor, barren looking place, containing only a few dingy houses, and a poverty stricken people. Arrived at the borders of the town about dark, slept in the open air, but tried to find a place to sleep where one's body would not be cut with sharp stones. If any one found anything for man or beast to eat that night he was more fortunate than the writer. The next morning, June 23d, there was not much improvement in the way of rations. Passed through the town early, and about a mile away began the ascent of "Little Mountain," and then passed through Barber's Creek, and over Pott's Mountain, a rough, winding road, and in some places almost impassable. Team horses and mules began to give out more frequently, and were shot to prevent them becoming serviceable to the mountain guerillas. It has been said that one hundred and ninety dead horses were counted that day. No doubt the number was very large, and the prospect of greater fatality was quite apparent. The ascent of Pott's Mountain, especially, was exceedingly trying to man and

beast. This was begun about two P. M., and consumed the remainder of the day until about sunset. From the top of this mountain was obtained the grandest view of the whole march. As far as the eye could reach, for miles in every direction, the mountains appeared like a vast rolling sea, or like waves of the ocean rising one above the other in awful grandeur. "Alps on Alps arise." The last rays of a golden sunset gave a beauty and glory to the scene perfectly enchanting and indescribable. It was a sight that was worth all its cost of privation and suffering to enjoy. The impression of the majestic wonders of creation will never be effaced from the minds of those who could at that time appreciate them. The descent was almost as difficult as the ascent; the men were so weary they could hardly stand up, and they went on stumbling and staggering until they halted about dark at "Sweet Springs." Those on horse back were not much better off and it seemed that the command, halt, would never come. The experiences of that day were terrible. All slept soundly that night.

The morning of June 24th was clear and beautiful, and the Eighteenth was stopping at one of the most fashionable watering places in the Alleghanies. It has been said that one of the most noticeable things of the late civil war was the discovery of Virginia and the Southern States by the Yankees. Here was a new discovery, a "sweet spring." The morning of June 24th was devoted to the discovery and examination of the large hotel near by, and the valley generally. A large number of the men engaged rooms for the season, or to be occupied when they should have a little more leisure to enjoy the fine scenery of the place. Many, however, who tried the "sweet waters" had tasted better in Connecticut, or even in the Shenandoah, and abandoned the idea of foraging on the spring for future use. There was a fine artificial place for bathing purposes in the hotel—a large room or reservoir in the centre of the building, with sky-lights, about twenty feet square, and dressing-rooms adjoining for the use of the

guests. All these advantages for bathing were well improved that morning, and the bath house was alive with Yankees for once. The water was about five feet deep and seemed peculiarly invigorating and refreshing to men who had been marching without change for so many days in succession. Nearly a whole day spent here was a great treat to the Eighteenth. They had a little time to rest, wash and "slick up." About nine P. M. we were placed in charge of the wagon train for a night's march. At ten P. M. halted in a mountain pass as dark as midnight. It was one of the most frightful looking places encountered yet in the mountains. The march to this point had been very rapid and fatiguing, and the men were so exhausted that as soon as the command was given to halt every man fell down on the ground and was asleep apparently in a minute. Here the force waited for an hour or two, it was said, for the moon to rise. At length the moon rose over the mountains to the right, and lighted up the narrow gorge. The men were awakened and began to make their coffee. The order came to march before they had time to drink it, and they went marching on, coffee smoking in hand. Directly rapid musketry firing was heard in the rear, and there was almost a panic. Soon the way was jammed full of soldiers on foot and horse, and the cry was heard: "The rebels are coming." After a little talking by the chaplain the boys fell back and then marched on as usual. It was only a scare on the part of the rear guard to rouse up the sleepers. It was successful, as some can testify who came very near being "run down" by the stampede. The morning soon came and revealed the largest number of soldiers who had fallen asleep by the wayside, seen at any time during the raid. Poor fellows, they looked completely worn out, but on being summoned to "wake up here, wake up, the rebels will catch you," they were soon in line, such as it was, marching on. Reached White Sulphur Springs, another famous watering place, about six o'clock A. M., and halted about half a mile from the hotel stand near the

healing waters, although it is said it is not so much as an invalids resort that these springs are famous. One thing is sure, those famous springs never had more invalids in proximity to them than on that June morning, the 25th. Of course the boys said they were there for their health and intended to stay until they fully recovered. Some of them began operations by making a "change of linen," waiting in the meantime for their garments to dry. Being shirtless for two or three hours was no hardship in view of the prospect of feeling clean once more.

White Sulphur Springs is a beautiful post village of Greenbrier County, containing the principal mineral spring of Virginia, on Howard's Creek, two hundred and five miles west of Richmond, eighty from Lynchburg, and nine miles east of Lewisburg. It consists of buildings or cottages arranged in a circular form, with a large hotel located near the springs, at the lower end of the village. The springs are covered with a dome supported by twelve Ionic columns and crowned with a statue of Hygeia, the goddess of health, and a daughter of Esculapias. The artist represents her as a virgin in flowing garments feeding a serpent from a cup. The poets speak of her as the smiling goddess. The springs are about two thousand feet above tide water and yields about thirty gallons per minute. This water was used for medicinal purposes at first in 1778; in 1820 the place had become a fashionable resort, and at the time of the visit of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers, the buildings would accommodate from one thousand five hundred to two thousand guests. The proprietors, no doubt, had not expected so large a company as Hunter's whole army, and of course were not prepared to entertain them. Indeed it was quite evident they did not relish the idea of so large a number of guests, as they did not remain at home to welcome them. This gave the boys the opportunity of discovery and helping themselves. They paid their respects to nearly every house and the hotel, and did not forget to drink of the "healing waters." A half day's stay, however, was hardly sufficient to

secure all the advantages of the place, but the time was well improved, and not a few wished that "when this cruel war was over" they might come this way again.

Now appear two cavalymen riding, one on Col. Peale's horse, and the other on Dr. Holbrook's. The night before these chaps had stolen the horses, and as a kind providence would have it, they come riding very unexpectedly into the lines of the Eighteenth. They were not a little "struck back" when they learned the real situation. However, the colonel and surgeon were highly delighted to see them, and especially their horses. But the fellows did not steal them; O! no, they only found them loose on the way and picked them up. Chaplain Woodford, of the Fourth Virginia Infantry, lost his horse in the same way, but he never was fortunate enough to find it again. If any man without a horse did not steal one on that raid or march over the mountains, if he had an opportunity, he was a mighty honest fellow. On the whole, the rest at this famous place was quite eventful and interesting. It was ever so much needed to recruit the sick, weary, and sore-footed men. The march began to tell with fearful effect, but as yet not fatally. A great many had been transferred to the wagons and ambulance train. These conveyances were by this time crowded, and nearly all of the regiment looked as though a rest of several weeks at the springs would be very beneficial. Among this number was "Dick Ripley" the hospital steward. Poor fellow, he was really sick, and so also was "Uncle Rufus," Company D, belonging to the surgeon's staff. He was nearly fagged out, and "David," Company B, grew as thin as a shadow, and the whole regiment began to look as lean as Pharaoh's lean kine. Even Col. Ely, Major Peale, Surgeon Holbrook and others on the staff appeared as though a little rest and more hard tack would be highly appreciated. Saturday, June 25th, until about three o'clock P. M., was a memorable day in the history of the regiment. When the order came to forward, it was exceeding by hot, and the



beautiful valley seemed almost ablaze with the sun's heat. Passed on a few miles and struck the left bank of the Greenbrier River, by an unfrequented way. The bridge had been burned a little time before when Averill came this way to punish the rebels of Greenbrier County, as he did quite effectually. The destruction of the bridge, however, interferred with travel. The season being very dry, the river was quite low, and hence Hunter's army found it not very difficult fording. This the Eighteenth accomplished about five P. M., and soon struck the railroad again. Then began the climbing of mountains once more to reach Lewisburg. Arrived at this place about dark after one of the most wearisome marches of all as yet. Hills were frequent, rough and steep. Men became weary and sleepy. Those on horseback were so tired they could hardly sit on their horses, and rode for miles in perfect agony, while the sufferings of the footmen were indescribable. It seemed that the order to halt that night would never come. When passing through Lewisburg, some of the rebels vented their spite by firing from their houses and yards at the boys in the dark. Fortunately no one was hit. The rebels of Greenbrier County, were noted for their cruel hatred of Union soldiers throughout the war, but at this time they were more revengeful and inhuman than ever. They seemed to feel toward Gen. Hunter a peculiar spite because he was a Virginian, and spared no pains to do all the harm they could this occasion. They bestowed on him all sorts of epithets, such as traitor, butcher, house burner and negro worshipper, and of course held his army in utter detestation and abhorrence. Between nine and ten o'clock that evening turned into a barren lot to the right and halted for the night. The men having little to eat had nothing to do but lie down on the ground and go to sleep, except those on picket, and it would not have been surprising if the picket men slept that night. In fact for days before it was almost impossible to find men that could watch even for an hour at their post, so great was their fatigue. There was

scarcely a man in the regiment that night but that was nearly famished with hunger. Even the officers lay down supperless. Oh, the thoughts and dreams of "home." Loved ones there were very anxious about the wants and sufferings of husbands, brothers and sons in the army, but what would they have suffered if they could have seen the "boys" at any time during that eventful week in the Alleghanies. God be thanked that they did not.

June 26th, Sabbath. Resumed the march early over a hilly, difficult road. A most welcome visitor to-day came in a refreshing shower, the first rain for twenty-eight days. Never was a shower more gratefully hailed. It gave new life and strength to everybody, and was the precursor of a greater blessing, the arrival of a supply train from Gauley Bridge. Camped for the night at "Meadow Bluffs." The next day, Monday, June 27th, was a memorable day. Marched until noon, halted in a dreary looking place, but it looked pleasant as here the supply train was welcomed with cheers and shouts of joy. Once more hard tack was issued, the first time for nearly a week or more. The scene that followed was indescribable. The boys fairly danced with delight, and a large number, in a more sober way, expressed their joy and thankfulness to God for succor afforded in such a peculiar time of need. Spent the night following here. The spirits of the men were high. The greatest danger of the whole raid was passed, that of famine. Tuesday, the 28th, marched to within eight miles of Gauley Bridge. Drew hard tack again. The danger now was in over eating, as was proved to be the case with many.

June 29th, on the march early. The scenery was grand and imposing. Passed two great natural curiosities, one called the "Hawk's Nest," the other, "Lover's Leap," on the New River. The former was a ledge of rocks about one thousand one hundred feet high from the top of which thousands of soldiers gazed with wonder upon the surrounding scenery, and cast stones into the river flowing at its base. Halted here some twenty

minutes. There is a romance connected with "Lover's Leap," the legend being that the daughter of a celebrated Indian chief had two suitors, and as usual, the daughter's choice was at variance with her father's. At length, the daughter requested her father to meet her at a certain point on the New River, and she would give her final decision. He did so in company with the man of his choice. The surprise and wonder of the old chief was overwhelming when he arrived at the spot indicated to behold his daughter standing on the edge of a fearful precipice with him she loved by her side. She then expostulated with her father to yield in favor of her preference, threatening at the same time to cast herself into the river if he would not. While this parley was going on the rejected young man, who was concealed near the girl's father, let fly an arrow which pierced the heart of his rival, but as the latter was about to fall, his fair mistress caught him in her arms and with one super-human effort, leaped into the air and was dashed in pieces on the rocks below, thus preferring death with the man whom jealousy had murdered by her side, than to live in wedlock with the person whom she never could love. Of course a visit to these places was a real pleasure and gratified that feeling of curiosity for which Yankees are generally celebrated. In a few hours arrived at Gauley Bridge, or the place where it once was. The bridge had been burned in the early part of the war, when Rosecrans drove Gen. Lee out of West Virginia. On reaching the place, the infantry turned suddenly to the right and after a half mile march forded the river where it was quite difficult to find footing, the rocks being thick in the bed of the river. The wagons were taken over near the usual crossing in a horse ferry-boat. It used up the remainder of the day to effect the crossing and we camped that night near the old battle-ground of 1862. Thus in ten days the regiment, with Hunter's army, had performed one of the most difficult and dangerous retreats of the war, marching about twenty miles a day under a broiling sun and in the face of appalling



Lieut. ROBERT WERR.



dangers from starvation and death, for days in succession. No soldiers were more painfully tried in their courage and powers of physical endurance, and still they were patient, orderly, obedient and uncomplaining in a wonderful degree. They had fought well, marched well, and suffered heroically. If Hunter had led them poorly and unwisely, it was no fault of theirs. Rather it was all the more to their praise that they discovered the best qualities of good soldiers under trying circumstances entirely beyond their control. It was necessary for the salvation of Hunter's army that this retreat should be made. It required pluck to do it. No regiment in the command displayed that quality more than the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers. It is not known that a single man perished in the mountains. A few were taken prisoners at the beginning of the retreat, but none afterwards. But all the men, with hardly an exception, were thin, haggard and careworn on their arrival at Gauley Bridge. "Dick Ripley" was so extremely ill it was thought at one time he must die after he had escaped the dangers of the mountains. The liberal rations, after so many days of comparative fasting, were decidedly injurious, and stomach disorders prevailed very extensively the next day after Gauley Bridge was reached. The medical supplies had been exhausted for several days, and there was great inquiry for medicine, but Dr. Holbrook was unable to furnish the much needed supplies, and other surgeons were similarly situated. Of course there was some complaining under these circumstances. In fact, it is surprising that there was no more. If officers and men were nervous and even selfish, the wonder is that they were not more so. The writer at the time was surprised that the rank and file preserved such good spirits as they did. Had they been more surly and fault-finding, no one could have blamed them, and it could have been easily accounted and apologized for. These were times that tried men's souls, their tempers, their patience and faith, and as a whole they stood the test well. They are good soldiers who endure hardships well.

After two days' rest at Gauley Bridge, in which the regiment was once more mustered for pay, and somewhat recruited, the order was given to march. Accordingly on Saturday, July 2d, started for Camp Piatt, twenty-six miles away. At noon, halted at a place called Tompkin's farm for a few hours. At this place it was said a sister of Gen. Grant resided and of course her house was made the headquarters of the command. Many of the boys professed to have seen the wonderful lady, but whether they did or not, or whether there was any such person, the stories answered very well to give variety to the day's march, which proved to be an extremely hard and tiresome one. It being very warm, and the boys having had a little reaction of physical energy after their escape from the mountains, the march was all the more wearisome and exhaustive. More than the usual number fell out of the ranks, and in a few instances men found refuge in the houses of loyal citizens by the way. The Eighteenth was now in the famous valley of "Kanawha." The citizens generally were friendly, and gave aid to the weary, sick soldier in not a few instances. The valley is narrow but the scenery is exquisitely beautiful, the soil very productive, and the mountains abound in coal and minerals. Much interest was elicited in passing several coal and oil wells. The frequent railways up the sides of the mountains showed that every one in that region had not gone to the war and that some were making money while the soldiers were marching on. Arrived at Camp Piatt about dark, and slept in the open air, after delivering up the teams and horses into the hands of the teamsters to be taken overland to Cumberland, nearly a hundred miles distant. It was a night of comparative quiet and rest. The great march from Lynchburg was ended. The race, however, with Early for Martinsburg had but begun. Early by this time was well down the Shenandoah.

July 3d, Sunday, remained at Camp Piatt until nearly noon waiting for transportation. At length two large double decked steamers arrived. These two-story transports were a novelty to

most of the boys, and their appearance excited no little interest. Camp Piatt is not much of a place, and if it had been there would not have been much business at sight seeing as the men were in a too depressed and dilapidated condition to take much notice of anything but the transports which were to bear them away from the dismal place. Went on board about noon, eight companies on one boat, and two on another, and were not crowded. The passage down the Kanawha was very pleasant. The day being fine, and no duty to perform, the boys lay around and took things easy. Never did men need rest more, and still the sudden change from hardship to ease, and from want to plenty, had its dangers and was attended with considerable sickness. At sunset hauled up at a place called Charleston for the night, as the river was so low it could be navigated only by daylight. About dark the boys gathered on the upper deck and had one of their old fashioned singing meetings. Their voices seemed to have the old Martinsburg ring to them, and the season was one of tender interest and filled the mind with thoughts of "home, sweet home." The rest of the night that followed was refreshing, if the boys did not repose upon a bed of down. The "soft side" of the deck floor was full hard enough for comfort.

July 4th, Independence Day. This one will never be forgotten by the Eighteenth. Very pleasant. Started early. The boys in excellent spirits. The country on each side beautiful, and near the river, rich and fertile. About noon arrived at Mount Pleasant, at the junction of the Kanawha and the Ohio. Rightly named, it is a beautiful spot. From this point sailed down the Ohio four miles, to Gallipolis, went on shore and remained about an hour. Many letters were sent home from this place. After looking about the place awhile went on board another boat and started up the Ohio. Passed Mount Pleasant again, also other places, viz: Middleport, Coal Point, Coal and Salt Works, Pomeroy and Syracuse on the Ohio side, and Hartford on the Virginia. All these were enterprising looking places and did not



show very much the effects of the war, especially on the Ohio side. There was a marked difference between the appearance of the Buckeye State, and the sacred soil of Virginia. The people all along the line of the sail did not forget it was the Fourth of July, and they made the "welkin ring" with their cheers and shouts of hearty welcome. At every landing, men, women and children crowded down to the shore, laughing, singing, clapping hands, waving handkerchiefs and cheering. At one place two companies of the regiment, as the boat stopped, were invited on shore to participate in a collation which had been prepared for the Sabbath School children. The children all fell back and let the soldiers have the first chance at the good things, and seemed delighted at the opportunity to show the brave boys this mark of respect. It is unnecessary to say that the boys could not restrain from tears and thanks of joy for the kind demonstrations, and cheer after cheer was given for the little folks, and the good ladies, and for Independence Day. Surely, this was a day of independence and joy to Hunter's raiders, and they were not slow in drawing their comparisons between the Ohioans and the Virginians. "This isn't New Market, nor Woodstock, nor Staunton, nor Lexington, nor Buchanan, nor Liberty, nor Salem; is it?" "This is rather better fare than we got at the watering places in the mountains," and other like expressions were heard. The boat, containing most of the regiment, did not stop only at one place. The boys did not go on shore, but the people crowded as near as possible to the shore, and threw cakes and bread, and even pies to the men, amid the most hearty shouts of joy and welcome. The boys responded most heartily with cheers and patriotic songs, and really it was a big day indeed to them all, excepting those who were so sick they could not go on deck. A few miles above Hartford cast anchor for the night. Another quiet night of rest. None but those who had been marching for two months or more, night and day, can fully appreciate the quiet rest of that Fourth of July night of 1864. Tuesday, the 5th, started

early, but proceeded only a little way and then stuck fast at the head of the river where there was an unlooked for hindrance at Rainswood, near "Big Sandy Creek." Remained here all day and night. Now rest began to grow tedious. Men began to grow dull and stupid, and the sick more ill. George H. Locke, of Killingly, seemed to be almost in a dying state as he had been very sick for several days, and had to be fed with brandy and water out of a tea spoon to keep the breath of life in him. On Wednesday morning a large number of the men went on shore, on the Virginia side, and walked a long way up the river, passing Buffington bar, and there waited several hours for the boat, which at length got afloat. The chaplain and a few others procured breakfast at a humble looking house on the bank of the river, consisting of corn cake and bacon. The people seemed friendly and disposed to do what they could for their visitors. About noon the boat made its appearance, and in a short time all were on board again. Arrived at the island Blennerhasset, of Aaron Burr fame, at four P. M., and the river being so low, landed just above and immediately commenced to march on the road to Parkersburg, five miles away. The officers, as well as privates had to foot it, as their horses, as before stated, had been sent overland from Camp Piatt. It was a delightful evening, however, to march, and the journey was accomplished easily, passing through a beautiful country about sunset. The inhabitants were friendly and seemed like New England people, and on inquiry found this part of Ohio was settled originally by people from Connecticut. One of the most prominent citizens at that time was William Piatt Putnam, aged seventy-three years, great grandson of Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame. Halted in front of his house a long time. The old man and his family were delighted to see the Union boys and to be introduced to Col. Ely, Maj. Peale, Surgeon Holbrook, the chaplain and other officers of the regiment. He exhibited several relics of his great grandfather, among which was a powder horn which he

made at Fort William Henry in 1759, and a brass bullet mold which he used in the old French war. It was intimated that these relics properly belonged to the State of Connecticut, but the old man would not part with them, but some day it is hoped they may find a place in the Atheneum at Hartford. Arriving at Parkersburg, found a train of box cars in waiting for us. Here, also, received another mail and news from home; although rather old it was really refreshing. Remained long enough to get a good supper, and read the letters from the loved ones far away. Left one or two sick men down the river in the care of detailed nurses, among them George H. Locke; and it is a wonder no more were left behind. About nine P. M. the box-cars were loaded with soldiers, well crowded. Some had a little straw for a bed, more would have hurt the bones of the boys less. Rode all night, arriving in Cumberland the next morning, and stopped an hour or more. Sent other men to the hospital.

Thursday, July 7th, rode two hundred and eighty miles through a wild and romantic country. The scenery of the Alleghanies and along the Potomac was grand—the boys wakeful and cheerful. Arrived at Cherry Run, twenty miles from Martinsburg, and stopped for the night. On Friday, moved on three miles down the railroad and camped at Back Creek. Here saw the mischief of the rebels who had beat us in the race for Martinsburg. The railroad bridge was destroyed and a part of Early's force was in possession of Martinsburg. Remained here over Sunday. In the meantime, clothing and shoes were issued to the men, who began to improve in their personal appearance. A large number of the men had been barefoot for some time. Albert M. Lathrop, Company E, had marched the whole route barefooted, and never entered a wagon or ambulance to ride a step. He wore a number eleven shoe and none were issued of that size when the regiment left its base of supplies to go up the valley. He stood the long march well, in good health all the time. The chaplain was taken suddenly ill here, and a religious service

was thereby prevented. "Dick Ripley," who was so ill at Gauley Bridge, was much better, and able to be on duty.

Monday, July 11th, the regiment marched down the railroad to Martinsburg, and on the way discovered more work of the rebels. The officers had received, the day previous, their horses. These were taken along by the main traveled road most of the way, and the chaplain was able to ride in company with Surgeon Holbrook. The people in Martinsburg were overjoyed to see the Union boys again, who had been absent seventy-three days. The rebels had left that morning and retreated toward Winchester. The whole valley was in the possession of Early's forces, while himself, with his main army, was in the vicinity of Frederick City, Md. Remained all day, July 12th, in Martinsburg. The officers found that most of their baggage sent back from Cedar Creek in June had been captured by the rebel raiders and carried off. But few were excepted. Among this number was the chaplain, who had left an entire new suit in the care of G. W. Wysong, the postmaster. The Wysong family were ardent friends of the Eighteenth and showed them many favors. But it was a great mystery how they escaped the vigilance of the rebels at that time. More than one of the regiment, however, were thankful that they did. Other families were equally serviceable in this department.

When the Eighteenth reached Martinsburg, on the afternoon of the 12th, it was hoped a few days of rest among their old friends would be enjoyed. The regiment sadly needed it. For nearly seventy-five days they had been constantly on the move, and had grown weary and were worn out with long marches, want and privations, and their ranks had been fearfully thinned by three battles. More than half of the number who had left Martinsburg to go up the valley were among the missing, either killed or wounded. It was no wonder the people on the streets inquired, as the Union army passed through, "What is that the Eighteenth Connecticut? How changed! They have seen pretty rough

times. They look as though a little soap and water and something to eat, a new suit of clothing, some new shoes and a little rest would not hurt them." The boys would like to have remained in Martinsburg long enough to have effected some of the needful changes here indicated. But this could not be. Early was threatening Baltimore and Washington, and Hunter must follow him up. Only three days before Early had beaten the Union forces at Monocacy Junction, and was marching on. But on the 12th, the very day the Eighteenth arrived in Martinsburg, Frederick City was re-occupied by Union troops. Great excitement prevailed all through Maryland and in the vicinity of the capital, and there was no time for the soldiers to rest. Consequently on the 13th the remnant of the Eighteenth was on the move again, and marched ten miles in the direction of Harper's Ferry under a scorching sun, and at night slept in a wheat field. Bundles of wheat were freely used for bedding, and on the whole, we were made quite comfortable. It was a beautiful night, the moon shining brightly. Next day passed on to the Ferry and crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge, and halted at night at Knoxville, near the canal.

Friday, July 15th, marched down the Potomac about two miles, following part of the way the "tow path" of the canal, and then forded the river just above Berlin. This proved quite an exciting movement, especially the passage of the river, it being of considerable width and depth at this point. In some places the water was nearly waist deep. Many of the men stripped off their shoes and pants, carrying them on their backs. Even the officers who rode took off their boots and hung them on their saddles and rolled up their pants above their knees. The passage was very slow, the bed of the river being very stony. Every one had to look well to his feet that his footsteps "slid not." But in spite of the greatest care, now and then a poor fellow would make a plunge of considerable depth and a splash which "brought down the house" in roars of laughter, and fun and jokes were

the order of the day. One or two of the horses made missteps that resulted in giving their riders a plunge which somewhat dampened their "linen," while others were in so deep the water came up half way to their knees, cooling them off finely. However, all agreed that on the whole the passage was quite a success as a wetting down and cooling off process. For a half hour afterwards the men were employed in dressing their feet, and drying their pants. Those who got their shoes and stockings wet, either purposely or otherwise, did not increase the comforts of the march that followed. It was a rough, hard looking place where the landing was made, and it seemed at first as though there was no way out. A little way from the river we came to one or two houses, where a few of the boys, and one or two officers obtained some milk. Ask a Virginia woman for bread and milk and she will bring in a pitcher of milk and a loaf of bread, and say: "Now help yourself." The idea does not seem to occur to them that a bowl and spoon will greatly facilitate, until it is suggested. This latter mode of eating bread and milk seemed to be wholly a "Yankee notion." The writer will never forget how amused the women of the house seemed to be when some of her guests insisted on eating bread and milk with a spoon, out of a basin or bowl.

When over the river and up the steep bank the line of march led directly through the rich London valley. Had not gone far before it was evident there was an enemy near, and the prospect was fair for another fight. Speedily the advance began to skirmish with the rebels, and before night several captures had been made. Proceeded slowly as far as Hillsboro, camping about sunset just west of the town for the night, and judging from the squealing heard in various directions, the proper name for this place would be "Pigville." Col. Thoburn, however, came to the rescue, and at one time there was quite a squad of "pig-killers" in front of his headquarters, guarding the work of their own hands. It did seem a little too bad that the boys were interfered with in the

distribution of fresh pork rations that night. Hillsboro was rebel to the backbone—the headquarters of the guerrillas of Loudon County, of which Moseby was the “chief of sinners.” There was every reason to believe that the citizens, and especially the women, were in full sympathy with the rebel thieves and cut-throats who had long annoyed the government authorities at Harper’s Ferry and Martinsburg. The boys thought Col. Thoburn was a little too lenient towards these fellows, and it made them angry to be put under guard for killing their pigs. On the whole this had been a very lively day and the prospect was encouraging for more lively times.

At night there was a rumor in camp that the chaplain had been captured. He turned up all right, however, the next morning, having been well fed on “roast pig” at Col. Thoburn’s headquarters in the meantime.

Remained here half a day or more, during which time there was heavy artillery firing in the direction of the Potomac, and the Union cavalry brought in some twenty-five rebel wagons, and several prisoners.

A large detachment of rebel infantry passed by Hillsboro unmolested, because Gen. Sullivan was not in a proper condition to give orders, it was said, or his command was not in condition to make a successful fight.

Gen. Sullivan was relieved as corps commander at this time, and Gen. Crook was put in command, who gave the order to move in the afternoon. Followed directly on the track of the retreating rebels, arriving at a place called Purcellville, on the road to Snicker’s Ford. Remained here all night, and slept in in a beautiful grove.

The next day was Sunday, July 17th. A beautiful day. In the morning rations and some clothing and shoes were issued, but not enough of the latter to meet the demand. There were a large number of men barefoot, or in a worse condition, with shoes so extremely poor and hard they galled the feet of their owners.



Lieut. FRANCIS McKEAG.





At eleven o'clock a religious service was held in the camp, in which many of the second brigade participated. Chaplain Woodhull of the fourth division infantry, assisting the chaplain of the Eighteenth in the services. Very quiet through the day—the most quiet Sunday for three months. It was highly appreciated by officers and men. At dark the boys had one of their old-fashioned social singing meetings, and for a whole hour the woods rang with the sound of vocal music. It was an hour of real enjoyment, mingled with tender thoughts of the loved ones at home. "When shall we meet again?" Alas, there were several members of the regiment who would have been saddened to have had that question answered that night with reference to themselves. They had their last sleep that night.

With Monday morning came the order again to move in the direction of "Snicker's Gap." About one hundred men, sick and bare-foot, were sent back to Harper's Ferry, and the remainder of the regiment, less than one hundred in all, went marching on. The day was very hot, and all along the way were seen traces of Early's retreat the day before, viz: dead horses and fragments of broken wagons, etc. Things began to look more serious, and every hour's march lessened the distance between conflicting forces. Early had done a great deal of mischief in Maryland and given "Old Abe" a good fright at the White House, but he was mortified and chagrined that he had not done more. Hunter's raiders had returned too soon for him, and the Sixth Corps were between him and Washington. Motters began to look serious for the old Maryland raider, and he moved off towards Winchester, but evidently watching his opportunity to strike a stunning blow at his pursuers. This was soon offered him. Having reached the west bank of the Shenandoah, he left a picket line on the river and moved his main force back into the woods and waited for the Yankee's approach.

The advance of Gen. Crook passed the gap and reached the river before noon and began to skirmish with the enemy at the

fording and at first it was said, the "firing was quite hot and rapid." It was evident the rebels intended to give battle if the Union force made the attempt to cross the river. When the Eighteenth arrived at the gap the scene was both inspiring and exciting. From that point could be seen the beautiful valleys of Loudon on the one hand, and the Shenandoah on the other.

While a Union battery was occupying the attention of the rebels, the Eighteenth, with the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, the Fourth Virginia and several other regiments were ordered to pass down the east bank of the Shenandoah by a narrow cart path. The distance was more than a mile to a fording. A crossing was effected with little or no opposition, as the rebels lay back in the woods, half a mile away, in full view of Gen. Crook's operations. They understood the ground and were pleased, no doubt, at the strategy of Gen. Wright, which gave them a fine opportunity to punish the Yankees. An officer of the regiment remarked to the colonel of the Fourth Virginia, soon after the crossing was effected, that if the rebels understood the situation, they would not be slow in improving it to drive our little force back into the river. They did understand it, and it was not long before they began to show themselves. A strong line of skirmishers was thrown out on the rebel right, which was met with a noble resistance by a similar line on our left. This movement was only a ruse to conceal the point of real attack on the right where the Eighteenth was posted. At the same time our skirmishers were driven back on to the main line, a heavy force of the enemy appeared on the right, completely flanking the Eighteenth, the line stretching out into the river to cut off more effectually our retreat. The Union line delivered several volleys into the advancing foe, but it was evident that some one had been out-generaled, and the order was given to recross the river. By this time the whole rebel line advanced rapidly and in good order, and poured volley after volley into the retreating force. The fording was exceedingly difficult, and in

the hurry of the moment many of the men rushed into the river regardless of the depth of the water, when in many cases the boys had to swim for their life, and quite a number struggled in vain, and at length found a watery grave. Other regiments, however, suffered more in this way than did the Eighteenth, who lost but few drowned, among which was Orderly Sergeant Thomas J. Aldrich, Company D. His body floated at length down the river and was recovered by some of the citizens and buried.

Most of the wounded were saved from falling into the hands of the enemy by recrossing the river. This was very difficult to do, and most of them had hair-breadth escapes. It was a sad time for the Eighteenth. Many of the officers and men had narrow escapes, and it is surprising that no more of them were wounded, killed or drowned. At the commencement of the fight the officers sent their horses over the river and stood their chances of escape equally with the privates. Col. Ely had a narrow escape, and other officers were in imminent danger. In this fight the regiment acquitted itself well. Although it was exposed to a cross-fire, still it did not waver, nor retreat until the order was given to recross. This was the only way to escape capture entirely, as the rebels greatly outnumbered the Union force and came on in a splendid line, in spite of a hot artillery fire, until they reached the river, a distance of nearly half a mile. After the recrossing was effected, the Sixth Corps came up a little too late. About this time a rebel battery opened upon the Union force with some effect, and would have done great harm if it had not been checkmated by a battery of the Sixth Corps, which by a well directed shot blew up a rebel caisson. The darkness put an end to this artillery duel, and the regiment marched back near by Snicker's Gap, and went into camp with heavy hearts. Again the tide of fortune had turned against them, but it was no fault of theirs, as they did all that men could do in the circumstances in which they had been placed, and obeyed orders when the men who planned the battle were alone responsible for the results.

Col. Ely and other officers of the regiment wept that night at the useless slaughter and broken up condition of the regiment. "Boys," said he, "I am willing to lead you against an equal, or even double your number of rebels, but this being shut up in a slaughter-pen I cannot stand." The Eighteenth did not stack over sixty muskets on that sorrowful night. Their dead were in the hands of the enemy, and some of the wounded, and this added to the sorrow of the occasion. The march of the morning had been begun with perfect confidence in Gen. Crook. He was a special favorite with all, and wherever he lead there was a general feeling that success would follow. The result greatly disappointed the officers and men generally, and all felt mortified and chagrined at the result. Rumor said that it was a plan of Gen. Wright, of the Sixth Corps, who ranked Gen. Crook, to disgrace the latter. It would be hard to believe this if similar meanness had not been exhibited before by other officers under more trying circumstances.

July 10th was an extremely hot day. Remained in camp caring for the wounded and repairing damages. About twenty-five men who had been left at the ferry sick or shoeless rejoined the regiment here. The Thirteenth Connecticut, of the Nineteenth Corps, lay near all day, but it was not generally known to the Eighteenth. Surgeon Holbrook was very busy at the hospital through the day. The wounded men, as a whole, were quite cheerful and hopeful. The work of the preceding day was severely criticised by all. Remained here until the next afternoon, when the wounded having been sent to the ferry the order came to advance again. Moved down to a regular fording and crossed the river in the midst of a terrible thunder storm. The rain poured down and the men were drenched, and suffered no little inconvenience the remainder of the day. Marched down the left bank of the Shenandoah to a beautiful grove or wood lot nearly opposite the battle-ground of the day before. Details were made up to proceed to the battle-field in search of the

Union dead. Found that the rebels, as usual, had outraged the dead, leaving them but half buried, feet and arms in some instances were left in full view and exposed to the sun and storms. It was a painful, sickening sight. It made one feel indignant and even revengeful toward the inhuman creatures who could be guilty of such acts of wicked barbarity. The rebels buried their own dead with more care, and it was not for want of time they did no better for their Yankee foes. Everlasting infamy will be attached to the memory of the rebel leaders who allowed the soldiery to treat with so much neglect and cruelty their patriotic opponents in war. For this reason alone their cause richly deserved defeat, utter annihilation, and it is no wonder it was so. Justice could not sleep while such atrocities were practiced by those who were pursuing a causeless war against their government. Camped at night in the woods. While here the regiment sent out a large foraging party, which brought in large quantities of ham and bacon. From a rebel farmer were taken a number of fine looking horses. A negro acted as a guide to the several places where produce of all sorts was stored away to elude the vigilance of the men. It was quite amusing to see them return to camp with their booty, making a marked display of the same. The boys thought that "nigger" was somewhat scared when he was called up and made to show them around that old rebel's premises in the dead of night. But the old planter himself was "some mad." However, he took things quite coolly under the circumstances. Several of our wounded men were found in a farm house not far away. Among them was R. Corey, of Company C. Poor fellow, he was badly wounded in the ankle, but he seemed glad enough to be in the Union lines once more. The chaplain parted at this place with his old "tall sorr-el," chaplain Woodhull, of the Fourth Virginia, wanting him more than he did. "Sorrel" was a kind, faithful animal, had done excellent service, and if he could not run he was quite a "fast Walker," which was more than

could be said of his rider. However, more than one man of the Eighteenth had occasion to cherish grateful remembrances of "old stiff sorrel" in their march over the mountains. It was not without some regrets that the separation took place, although he bore the Confederate "C."

On July 21st, after a good night's sleep in the woods, and an early breakfast, made ready for another march. Early had fallen back to, or below Winchester, and Gen. Crook was ordered to follow him up. The Sixth and a part of the Nineteenth Corps, that preceded the Eighth Corps over the river, for some reason had been ordered back toward Washington. The Eighth Corps was on the move again about eight o'clock A. M. Proceeded slowly toward Winchester. The day was very hot. Halted at Berryville, and some thought another fight might come off soon; in fact it was possible to have a brush with the enemy almost at any hour. The rebels were not far away, that was sure. Arrived in Winchester about four P. M., passing over a portion of the battle-field of the year previous. The old stone house was pointed out in which Company H, with others, charged and captured a squad of rebels. As the Union forces passed through the streets of Winchester the people were unusually grave and silent, as they were sure of another fight soon, and such an event did not promise any good to them. Poor, rebellious Winchester, how it did suffer during the war. And still the Union army was received generally with more complacency than the Confederates. But most of the people had become weary and disgusted with both armies, and no wonder. Camped at night near the old mill at Kearntown, two miles on the Strasburg road. Most of the regiment was on picket during the night, as it was evident the rebels were not far away.

Saturday, 23d, the regiment was posted to the right of the Romney road in the woods, where they threw up defenses and lay quiet through the day until about four P. M. The regiment then advanced in line of battle across an open field into the

woods again; then filed left and halted. Remained here until near sunset. It was a fine place to rest, but for the fear of an attack. It was not quite satisfactory to leave the defenses for the open field. Passed the out-posts on the way. A cavalryman sat on his horse peering into the woods as though he expected to see the rebels every moment. The situation just then was considered dangerous, and still some circumstances attending it were a little ludicrous and even laughable. Another view of the situation was very painful. The Eighteenth had only about one hundred and twenty-five men in line. Not two years before the roll was nine hundred strong on this very ground. Then when the regiment advanced on the rebel line it was taken for a brigade. Now in comparison they made but a corporal's guard. About sunset this fragment of a regiment returned to their camp near the mill, but it was the general expectation that the rebels might send their usual compliments to the Union men at any moment. Up to this time the latter never had met with much success in fighting around Winchester. The rebels had every means of knowing the full strength of the Yankee force, and then out-number them and drive them back.

July 24th, the regiment left camp about eight A. M., and returned to their position of the previous day, and remained in line of battle four or five hours; then took up a position in advance on the west side of the Strasburg road, well on to Newtown, where there was a brisk skirmish in progress. It was evident the rebels meant to fight, and the position was very exciting. The main line began to advance, and soon was under fire, the Eighteenth being on the right and not a little exposed. Sergeant Hillard, in command of Company E, was wounded. The command was ordered to lie down behind a rail fence, at the same time keeping up a brisk fire upon the enemy. About four P. M. the rebels made a furious attack upon the left and centre; the latter point was defended by Maryland and Virginia troops, and some New York troops under Col. Mulligan, who



fought Early at Monocacy Junction a week or two before. A gallant defense was made here, but the rebels flanked them and poured upon their line a destructive enfilading fire and the men fell thick and fast. The line wavered, fell back, fighting and contesting every inch of ground. It was an awful crisis, and the sight was one of the saddest of the campaign. The writer will never forget the sorrowful impressions of that hour. He was sitting on his horse between his own regiment and a Maryland battery, the latter occupying an eminence from which the movements of nearly the whole line were visible. From this point the rebel flank movement was in full view, as when first discovered. An officer, an aid of Col. Thoburn, exclaimed very excitedly: "Good God, they have broken the centre!" A retreat was ordered. Then the rebels came down upon the whole line in great fury. However, the retreat was effected in good order, the left wing being pressed the hardest, while the centre and right wing were closely followed, being subjected to "right smart shelling" from the enemy. The retreat of the right wing was at the left of Winchester, passing over the ridge west of the place, and near the forts where Milroy fought so desperately the year before. The Eighteenth was familiar with every inch of the ground. Col. Ely and his brave men felt sad to be obliged to retreat again from this spot of exciting memories. But there was no help for it. The rebels sent their compliments thicker and faster, and the shells screamed louder and louder. Just above the town, and nearly opposite Fort Jackson, a large shell fell exactly in the line of the regiment, another struck the horse of Col. Thoburn on the hip, and strange to say the colonel escaped unharmed. A fragment of shell, after hitting and bending his musket, struck Corporal William H. Boyden, of Company H, and produced a bad flesh wound in the thigh. He would have been made prisoner but for the efforts of Job Metcalf, of the same company, who seeing the perilous situation of Boyden declared he would not leave him, although entreated to save

himself, but would share his fate. With his assistance Boyden hobbled into the woods, two miles toward the mountain, where they both concealed themselves the following night in the bushes and thus escaped capture.

The second day they left their places of concealment in search of a human habitation, and at length came to the residence of a Mr. Baker, who, standing at his gate, saw the Union soldiers coming, and exclaimed: "There comes another of God's poor unfortunates," and his eyes filled with tears as Corporal Boyden approached and told his story. He then invited the strangers into his house, where his wife and daughter prepared for them a good supper. Mr. Baker then conducted them to a place of concealment in a clump of bushes which proved to be their home for the next eighteen days. During all this time he carried food to them every day, and they obtained water from a spring near at hand. Rebel scouts passed their place of concealment several times, and once or twice it seemed as though they would surely discover them. They had no visitors, however, but Mr. Baker's family, excepting an old hen with a brood of chickens, and a copperhead snake which they discovered crawling past their feet one day. The former visitor seemed determined at one time to quarter her whole family on these Yankees, but at length was frightened away.

On the 11th of August, Boyden and Metcalf, learning that Sheridan had driven the rebels through Winchester, bade Mr. Baker's family an affectionate farewell, found conveyance to Martinsburg, and went to the post hospital and were admitted.

While the rebels kept up the shelling, the rebel cavalry made a furious charge on the right of the retreating line, driving back the main cavalry in great confusion, as the infantry were approaching the old battle-ground at Summit Point. This happened just after sunset, and produced a panic among the battery men and teamsters. The former left several guns in the road, and some of the teamsters cut their horses from their wagons

and left loads of shoes and other supplies to be captured. But the infantry kept cool and did not share the fright of the runaways, but helped themselves to shoes as they marched along, and seized the abandoned guns and drew them by hand to a place of safety.

The line of retreat was at the left of the pike, which was followed until they reached Bunker's Hill. At this place a halt was made, and the troops rested several hours between midnight and daylight. About this time it began to rain, and the retreat was resumed for several miles. Arrived at Martinsburg about nine A. M. The rain had ceased and the sun shone bright and hot. The streets of Martinsburg were crowded with soldiers, many of whom had lost their regiment during the night. While order was being restored, the lost men were finding their respective regiments, and the pursuing rebels were shelling the town. Previous to this the regiment halted above the town on the Williamsport road. The whole retreating force was soon in motion, the Eighteenth having in charge a wagon train. For a few miles the teamsters were in great fear, and there was danger of a panic. The chaplain pleaded with the wagon-master, or officer in charge of the train, to make an effort to allay the fears of his drivers, but all to no purpose. He seemed to be as much beside himself as any one; rode on with his teams pellmell, and was soon out of sight. Under the circumstances it was impossible for the infantry to keep pace with the teams, and their escort was left for awhile at a respectful distance in the rear. But when the train reached "Falling Waters" there was more order in the retreat.

Arrived at the Potomac, opposite Williamsport, about six P. M., and spent the night, the teams only fording the river. One or two of the officers of the Eighteenth crossed the river in search of the regimental wagons, but did not succeed in finding them. The men generally had to look out for themselves, and were as tired and hungry as they had been at any time on the raid.

July 26th, forded the Potomac and marched down the river



H. J. Steward, J. RICHMOND RIPLEY.



road toward Harper's Ferry. Camped at night near Sharpsburg, Md. Next day proceeded to Harper's Ferry, and from thence passed on through Sandy Hook to Pleasant Valley, and went into camp. Here the regiment received another mail, which gave general satisfaction. About four P. M., on the 28th, command was given to march back to Harper's Ferry, and then to Halltown, four miles on the road to Charleston. Remained at this place Friday, the 29th, and received another mail in the meantime.

Col. Ely having been made brigade commander, the command had devolved upon Maj. Peale, but Gen. Hunter, having taken umbrage at the major for telling some of his staff at the Ferry the simple truth about the sufferings and privations of the men on the raid to Lynchburg, put the major under arrest. Every man of the regiment, and many others who knew the circumstances of the affair, felt indignant at Gen. Hunter for his unjust, arbitrary and wholly uncalled for procedure. However, it gave the major an opportunity to rest, and he needed it as well as the whole regiment. He had been a faithful and efficient officer through a most hazardous and important campaign. No charge prejudicial to his honor or bravery was preferred against him or could be. He was brave and patriotic, and shared the esteem and confidence of his fellow officers, and indeed of the whole regiment. He had offended his chief, not by any criticism on the campaign, but by simply telling what he knew to be true with reference to his own regiment. This was all; he never had any trial, and after a few weeks was restored to his command without the least shade of dishonor resting upon his character.

During his absence Capt. M. V. B. Tiffany, of Company E, was in command. He issued his first order at Halltown, July 30th, and on the same day marched the regiment through Harper's Ferry in a general move of the Eighth Corps into Maryland in search of Early's raiders, who had gone north as far as Pennsylvania. This movement was unexpected and required dispatch.

Passed through the ferry at three P. M. It seemed like the hottest day of the season, and as the regiment passed through Sandy Hook the heat was awful. Men of other regiments had fallen out by the hundreds, and the roadside was completely lined with prostrate men, many of whom were sun-struck, and a few seemed to be in a dying state. Their comrades were throwing water on the heads of the sufferers and doing all in their power to prevent the fatal effects of the heat. For miles the same sad sight was seen, soldiers suffering intensely in great numbers. The Eighteenth suffered not a little with other regiments. At no time during the raid did the regiment appear to so great a disadvantage. Certainly it had not suffered more, or was in greater danger from the heat. The writer will never forget that lonely, disastrous march. It seemed more lonely because of the absence of so many familiar faces, both of the rank and file. The absence of Col. Ely, Maj. Peale and Surgeon Holbrook from the head of the regiment made a great vacancy. Capt. Mathewson and Lieut. Bixby, and other wounded officers, were necessarily absent, and it really seemed that the Eighteenth Connecticut was about used up, as there were less than one hundred men all told.

Camped at night at Bankesville, twelve miles from the Ferry. No sooner was the order given to halt than it seemed almost as if every man laid down and went to sleep instantly. The next day was Sunday. We rose early, and after breakfast went marching on. This last day of July proved hottest of all, and before twelve o'clock there was not a company in line of march in the whole brigade. The officers who rode could not withstand the scorching heat, and fell out nearly as soon as the men on foot. There was no help for it, as the men were completely overcome and prostrated. Lieut. Caruthers was stricken down and left at a private house, and was supposed to be in a dying condition, but he finally recovered and joined the regiment after a few days. Most of the regiment at length found refuge in a

grove at the left of the road. No more marching was done that day until six o'clock in the evening, when we proceeded about three miles and halted for the night. The men looked more sad and weary than ever.

There was a great deal of complaint among the officers and men, and it was hardly possible to help it. The regiment was nearly exhausted before leaving Harper's Ferry, and then to march two such days as the last two was calculated to crush the life out of the men, who lay down sick and completely discouraged that night. Among others, the chaplain was sick—the first time he had shown any signs of giving out—and Col. Ely and Surgeon Holbrook, at brigade head-quarters, were not in much better condition. The general complaint was "we are about used up." The chaplain at a late hour found lodgings at a farm house with a very fine family, who did everything for his health and comfort in their power.

Next morning, August 1st, we were on the march again early, and marched to the mountains, and went into camp at a place called Wolfsville. It seemed refreshing to get into the woods, and find some protection from the burning sun, and there was a fine stream of water near by which added much to the comforts of the place. Remained here two days; the men lay down under the trees and took things easy, and it was the first real rest they had enjoyed for four weeks. They were delighted bathing in the brook, eating and sleeping, and it was a good time generally, in which the weary became rested, and the sick grew better. The chaplain was quite sick the first day at this place, but was much better the second. If the regiment could have remained here a week it would have been a great benefit to all. But the rebel raiders had burned Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, and returned to Virginia another way, carrying their booty with them. It was said the present movement was made to intercept the raiders, but it seemed as much a plan to evade them as anything. Early was having things pretty much his own way, and Hunter



had marched his men out of his way nearly to death to let him continue unmolested. Matters had come to a serious pass in the valley of the Shenandoah, and were growing no better. Wolfsville was a fine place for reflection on one's ways, but not much of a place in which to fight rebels. The situation was perfectly ridiculous, and provoked many a witticism at Gen. Hunter's expense.

August 3d. Made another move and marched to Monocacy Junction, four miles below Frederick City. The passage over the mountains was delightful, the scenery grand and imposing. The people in Frederick City came out in crowds to see the men, and showed them great kindness. Some came with pails of water, women came out with loaves of bread and pitchers of milk, and many of the men had a good time of it and will never forget the good people of that staid old Union town. The place itself seemed more like a Yankee town than any in all Maryland, and the men were loud in its praises.

There was a large post hospital here at the time, and several of the regiment were here sick, or detailed on duty. It was a good place, as many of the regiment can testify.

Forded the Monocacy River and went into camp about one mile below in a lonely place. Remained here Thursday and Friday, August 4th and 5th; in the meantime had a visit from Gen. Grant.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## GEN. SHERIDAN IN COMMAND.

Gen. Hunter was removed, and the Eighth Corps became a part of the command under Gen. Phil. Sheridan. The change was generally satisfactory, although it was the universal conviction that it meant hard marching and harder fighting.

Received another mail here on the second day, and towards evening the whole command was drawn up in line to witness the shooting of a deserter. Being just at night, and quite dark, the poor victim of his own folly could hardly be seen from the point the Eighteenth occupied. It was a most solemn and impressive scene. No doubt the time was chosen more especially for its effect; at least so it seemed.

August 6th. As evidence that "Little Phil." was in earnest, the order came early in the morning to march to Harper's Ferry, and the regiment was on the move again in the midst of a pelting rain. The chaplain, being too ill to march, was sent back to Frederick City in an ambulance.

It proved a hard day for the regiment, as the road was very muddy. It cleared up during the day; still the march proved very tiresome. During the whole campaign thus far there had been but little rain. The season had been uncommonly dry, and the regiment had not been compelled to march scarcely a mile in the rain. Reached Sandy Hook at night, and camped at Pleasant Valley.

The next day was Sunday, pleasant and warm. Lay here all day and it was truly a day of rest. On the afternoon of Monday, the regiment was ordered to Halltown again, and went into camp on the north side of the town, near the railroad.

Thus had the Eighteenth passed through Harper's Ferry for the eighth time since the 20th of March previous. Arriving this time the regiment had traveled, in one way and another, nearly two thousand and five hundred miles in nine different states, participated in five battles, and reduced its numbers from five hundred strong down to less than one hundred men, all told, fit for service. No regiment perhaps in the whole Union army had a more varied experience, and suffered greater exposures, with greater losses in the same time.

If the Eighteenth did have an easy time, as many said, the first nine months of service, it must be confessed they suffered enough the remainder of their time to make up for it.

It is hardly possible that any regiment could have suffered more during the campaign of 1864. The friends of this regiment would have been greatly amazed to have looked into their camp on the 9th day of August. Few in numbers, tired, jaded and dispirited, not a commissioned staff officer present, Col. Ely and Surgeon Holbrook still on brigade duty, Maj. Peale on a leave of absence to gratify the spite of Gen. Hunter, and the chaplain sick at Frederick City. Such was the fate of the Eighteenth Connecticut Regiment.

Capt. M. V. B. Tiffany in command, however, was doing all he could to maintain the discipline and efficiency of the remnant of the regiment, and under the circumstances it appeared well, and was prompt in the performance of its duty.

August 10th. Left Halltown and marched up the right bank of the Shenandoah River for several miles, and thence across the country to Berryville, and went into camp. The day was extremely hot, and several of the men fell out from the heat, and their sufferings were greatly increased from the want of water.

The springs were dry from the continued drouth, and this state of things made it a serious business to march across the country. The next day we left Berryville and advanced in line of battle all day, skirmishing with the rebels for fifteen or twenty miles. There was much suffering on this march for the want of water. Water! water! was the cry through the day.

Gen. Early was evidently retreating up the valley for the purpose of drawing Gen. Sheridan from his base of supplies. Little Phil., however, did not seem afraid to follow him up, which he did closely.

On the 12<sup>th</sup>, we marched direct for Cedar Creek, where the regiment halted about noon for rations in the woods. There was severe skirmishing across the creek, and a battle seemed inevitable.

At night the regiment was marched to the left of the pike, formed in line of battle, and was on picket through the night, excepting Company C, which remained in position with the colors. Remained here four days. In the meantime a part of the Sixth Corps carried the creek, and drove the rebels back on Strasburg; at the same time brisk skirmishing was going on across the river.

On the 15<sup>th</sup>, the regiment was in line of battle all day. All quiet on both sides. The next day the regiment lay near the Creek, and all was quiet as the day before.

It was now Little Phil.'s turn at a strategic movement. Hence he began to retreat slowly on Winchester the evening of the 16<sup>th</sup>. We marched all night, passing through Middletown, Newtown and Winchester. At the latter place stopped about three hours, and then passed on to Berryville on the evening of the 17<sup>th</sup>, very much fatigued.

August 18<sup>th</sup>. It rained all day and we marched six miles toward Charlestown, and went into camp in the woods near a large cornfield; it was a very uncomfortable day.

Remained here until the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup>. Lieut. Hinckley

returned to the regiment. He had been absent since the departure of the regiment from Staunton, on its way to Lynchburg, from a wound received at Piedmont. His return was a source of pleasure to Company C, of which he again took command.

August 26th. Marched to near Charlestown and went into camp. The next day, Sunday, took up a position a little west of the town and formed in line of battle near the Smithfield pike.

The ruse of Sheridan was working well. The rebels were following him up, and to-day there was severe skirmishing again in front. The rebel artillery opened on our main line, and for a short time the shelling was severe and sharp. The shells just reached us but did no harm. The work of the day was the construction of rifle-pits, in expectation of an attack of the enemy in force. Before daylight next morning the regiment fell back to near Halltown, and formed in line of battle, while the skirmishing was hot and sharp.

Remained in this position four days. In the meantime the third brigade of the Eighth Corps advanced on the rebels and after severe fighting we drove them back on Charlestown. The chaplain returned but was not able to remain, and went to the hospital at Sandy Hook. These were days of great excitement, and a great battle was every day expected, until the rebels fell back of Charlestown on the 27th.

On August 28th there were still lively times at the front. Our brigade was ordered through Charlestown, and camp was made on the south side of the town. Brisk skirmishing all day between the pickets. For the next six days we lay in this vicinity. The weather was pleasant. One day was spent in picket duty at the front by the whole regiment. The duty was not hard, but the men were obliged to keep their eyes open, as the rebels were near, and likely at any hour to pay their usual compliments to the hated Federals.

September 3d was a gala day with the regiment, it being pay-day. Most of the men received six months' pay, and felt rich

once more. But what should they do with so much money while in such close proximity to the rebels? If they were led into battle the chances were that they might be relieved of their pocket books to the advantage of the enemy. The rebels cursed the Yankees whenever they had an opportunity, but they loved "greenbacks," and were glad enough to get them.

While the men were rejoicing over their good luck and fat purses, the order came to march toward Berryville. About four P. M. halted and began to put up tents. But this order was soon countermanded, for the pickets were being driven in on the Winchester road, and a battle was imminent. The regiment was soon marching in line of battle toward the front.

The whole of our corps formed in line of battle on both sides of the Winchester pike, a little west of the town, the regiment being on the right of the line. The enemy opened on the whole line with a fierce artillery fire for a short time, and then the infantry charged with great fury, forcing back our line about one hundred yards. At this point a determined stand was made, a counter-charge executed, and the rebels fell back. A constant fire was kept up until dark. The regiment lay in line of battle all night, and for several hours it rained quite hard. The discomforts of the night added very much to the fatigue and hardships of the day. There was but a handful of men, as it were, on duty, and these were poorly prepared to perform such severe and crushing service as the fortunes of the day demanded. Before daylight, however, we were on the move again, and falling back about four miles were drawn up in line of battle on the left, Company C being detailed to guard a wagon train about a mile in the rear. There was severe skirmishing all day.

September 5th. Company C was still in charge of the train, and the remainder of the regiment hard at work in rifle-pits at the front. At night there was another rain storm and it was quite cold.

The next day Company C was relieved from guarding the wagon train, and joined the regiment at the front. It was not long before this company was ordered out on picket duty, with our cavalry only a little way in advance of them. It was a wet, cold and exciting day. The rebels seemed to want to fight, but did not risk a battle. September 7th, the Eighteenth was together again and lay behind rifle-pits most of the day. On the 8th, the regiment did another hard day's work for their country, marching to Summit Point, on the right about six miles, in line of battle, through rain and mud, and then went into camp.

September 9th By way of variety, had company drill in the forenoon, and battalion drill in the afternoon, and dress-parade at evening, but it is needless to say the regiment was so reduced in numbers it made rather a sorry appearance. The next two days it rained almost incessantly.

In the meantime an order was received to report to Col. Rogers, the commander of the post at Charlestown, who assigned the regiment to picket duty for the protection of the trains.

September 13th. Our wagon trains fell back to Halltown, and the regiment was placed in charge of a portion of it. Pleasant all day.

At night went into camp as usual. On the 14th, the regiment was quiet all day. This rest was greatly enjoyed by the men, who employed their time in telling stories and writing letters. The 15th was very pleasant with no special incidents. On the 17th, there was quite an excitement, as Gen. Grant passed through the town for a conference with Sheridan. Of course everybody was astir, anxious to see the great general and to know what was coming. It was the general opinion that this unexpected visit meant work and fighting.

Gen. Grant had begun to grow uneasy, it was said, about Sheridan's movements in the valley. There had been a whole month of marching and countermarching, and almost constant skirmishing with the enemy with varying results. This state of



things could not remain so much longer. The conference proved of great importance to the Union cause, for it was on this occasion that General Grant gave his permission to "Little Phil. to go in."

It was evident to a casual observer that affairs were about to assume a more serious and positive aspect. There had been too much boys' play—"marching up the hill and marching down again." Sheridan and Early had been simply trying each other's strength and wisdom in strategic movements. The constant change of position and bad weather had imposed a hard and trying service on the men, and they began to grow uneasy and dissatisfied with the situation. The cavalry portion of the army of the Potomac found the Shenandoah valley a hard road to travel, Gen. Early having made them a great deal of trouble, some of whom were "swearing mad." The writer recollects meeting one of the Potomac cavalymen after a severe brush with the rebel infantry in the direction of Martinsburg, in which engagement the Union forces came near being gobbled up, and had been driven across the Potomac River pellmell. He was swearing like a pirate. Among other things he said: "This Shenandoah valley is the d d st place I ever got into; indeed it is." "And you have found it out, have you?" said I. "I am glad you have found it out at last. You Potomac boys have been thinking that it was only boys' play to fight the rebels up here, and have ridiculed our little corps for its ineffective campaigns, for its fruitless marches and counter-marches in the valley, and now I am heartily glad you are satisfied that this country is a very difficult place for military operations, because it is favorable for flank movements." It was by just such a movement that his regiment had lost heavily and came very near being captured a day or two before. After this conversation the cavalryman rode off in haste and apparently in thought.

At this time Gen. Early was entrenching himself between Berryville and Winchester, preparing as well as he could for the



shock which was evidently at hand. Sheridan evidently hastened it. When the sun went down on that 18th day of September, 1864, Gen. Early's prospect of success had passed forever; the decisive moment had come, and Sheridan was ready to "go in."

Col. Ely, having been in the service three years and seven months, resigned his commission, took a cordial leave of his regiment, and returned home to fulfill an engagement more pleasant and perhaps more important than any he had participated in during all the time of his service in the Shenandoah valley. Those who understood the situation warmly congratulated the colonel on his success, both in the field and at home, and although they parted with him with regrets, still they wished him abundant success in his "home campaign." On taking leave of his command, Col. Ely made the following parting address to the men, which was received with unfeigned sorrow and tender memories of the stirring events in which they had participated during the term of their united service in western Virginia.

HEAD-QUARTERS EIGHTEENTH CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS. )  
CHARLESTOWN, VA., September 20th, 1864. )

TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS:

I believe the campaign in the Shenandoah valley is at an end, and that your remaining term of service will be free from such arduous marches and sanguinary battles as have fallen to your lot during the past campaign. At Piedmont, Lynchburg, Snicker's Ford, Winchester, Cedar Creek and Berryville you have borne a noble part in the contest for Union and liberty, and earned a title for valor which none can dispute. As your commanding officer I thank you for your prompt and cheerful obedience to orders at all times. When foot-sore and weary with marching, and when advancing under the fire of artillery and musketry to meet the enemy, you have with undaunted spirit executed your orders to the letter, although you have suffered the loss of many of your

best officers, who are held as prisoners of war; and although you have been reduced by the casualties of battle to one-half of the number with which you entered upon this campaign, you yet maintain an efficient organization, and are able to cope with an equal number of the best forces of the enemy. Although separated from you, I shall watch your career with affectionate interest, feeling confident that you will ever sustain the reputation for bravery and honor which is now yours.

That you may soon return to your homes to enjoy a victorious and honorable peace, and that I may be one of the many who will give you a warm welcome, is the hope of

WM. G. ELY.

To this admirable address Capt. M. V. B. Tiffany, commanding the Eighteenth, responded in substance, as follows:—"In your retirement, Col. Ely, to civic life, our best wishes go with you. Crowned with military glory, honored and respected by all who know you for your pure and patriotic devotion to the interests of your country, and for your earnest zeal in crushing out those who have dared to raise their hand to overthrow our government, may your social life be as peaceful and happy as your military life has been glorious and honorable."

While this important change was being effected, Sheridan had fought a great battle with Gen. Early, routed his whole army, and sent the defeated cohorts of Rebellion "whirling through Winchester" in fear and dismay. The regiment was under arms all day in charge of a wagon train, but at the same time were held in readiness for more active service if it should be needed. It was a day of wonderful excitement. The 19th day of September, 1864, will ever be a memorable day in the history of the country, as well as in that of the Eighteenth Connecticut. The tide of Rebellion in the Shenandoah valley now began to recede and flow with fearful effects toward the rebel capital. The regiment did its part that day in effecting this object. If not at the front in a valiant fight, it yet remained by the

"stuff," and hence its part of the victory was as important as of those who obeyed orders in another part of the field. It did good service where it was, for the protection of wagon trains imposed no light service in Sheridan's command, during the rapid movements of the army to defeat and destroy a vigilant enemy. Picket duty, or guarding trains, was earnest business at that time, as Moseby and Gilmore improved each opportunity to capture every train that was not strongly guarded; and Sheridan was not a little annoyed by their prompt and vigorous movements, by which they had become a terror to Union guards and pickets.

Sheridan had no idle soldiers in his department when there was anything to do, and just then the times were unusually lively and interesting.

He had done his work with such dispatch and completeness thus far that it made the authorities at Washington and the people of the North fairly intoxicated with wonder and delight. He had gone in to win, and had won one of the most important battles of the war. The blow which sent Gen. Early up the valley in a whirlpool of confusion and destruction gave fresh courage to the friends of the Union everywhere, and greatly strengthened the national arm at all points. The press of the North and West made the best use of the great victory to inspire fresh courage and determination among the people to fight it out to the last. During the three months preceding this joyful event the public mind and the spirit of the army had been greatly depressed. Gen. Banks' failure in Texas, and the poor success of military operations in the Shenandoah valley; and the seemingly little effect produced upon the bulwark of the Rebellion at Richmond and Petersburg by the terrible and rapid blows of the army of the Potomac under the lead of Gen. Grant, and a growing dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war in many parts of the country, had its effect to increase the general gloom and despondency. Many of the people had serious doubts of

final success, and the opponents of the war predicted an utter failure of the Lincoln government and seemed to rejoice over the prospect. The writer will never forget the feeling of doubt and despair which for a time seemed to prevail in the army of the Shenandoah. The hardest and most persistent campaign of the war had been apparently barren of good results to the Union cause. Gen. Early's raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and threatening Washington itself, in spite of the utmost vigilance on the part of the government and Gen. Grant, did not encourage the hope of final success. The rebel leaders and generals, after all had been done to weaken their cause, appeared as hopeful and as defiant as ever, while the rebel press continued to fire the Southern heart with lies and braggadocio. And all this had its effect. The soldiers who had been home on furloughs returned with gloomy reports concerning the coming presidential election. It was confidently predicted in various quarters that Lincoln would be overwhelmingly defeated at the polls by Gen. McClellan, and thus the South might take new courage and expectation respecting the recognition of the Confederacy by European governments. Several of the regiment brought very discouraging reports even from Norwich. They reported that it was believed by many that McClellan would carry Connecticut, the feeling of dissatisfaction with Lincoln had become so great and earnest. And had the presidential election taken place in September instead, of November, there would have been a fair prospect of the fulfillment of this discouraging prophecy. But the great victory of Gen. Sheridan inspired fresh courage and raised the public spirit wonderfully, and every succeeding day added new interest and effect to this joyful event. Early had lost at least five thousand men, killed and taken prisoners. Rhodes, one of his most vaunting and confidential generals, was instantly killed, and his corps, which he swore could not be whipped by the "damned Yankees," was nearly annihilated. Every day new and sub

stantial evidence was given of the thoroughness of the rebel defeat. The Eighteenth, being on picket duty so near the pike leading from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry had an excellent opportunity to witness the results of the battle, and were greatly rejoiced to see the Confederates marching to the rear in such large numbers as prisoners of war. They had met those fellows at Lynchburg under quite different circumstances, and it was now their turn to be jubilant. If the boys indulged in a few Yankee jokes they were pardonable under the circumstances. "Halloo, rebs, glad to see you; have been waiting for you some time; this is what we went down to Lynchburg for. We meant to bring you up here to Charlestown to bag you, and I reckon we have done it. How do you like it as far as you have got."

Charlestown was decidedly Rebellious and its people had often railed the Yankees on Confederate victories, bragging of the great things the rebel army would do before the close of the war, and there was some satisfaction to witness their chagrin and disappointment after the battle, and as the evidences of a glorious Union victory daily multiplied.

September 23d. Received orders to march to Martinsburg, which were immediately obeyed. Arrived at that place the same day, and were the first troops on the ground after the retreat of Gen. Early's forces on the 19th. Capt. Tiffany reported to Col. Rogers, of the Second Maryland, in the street, before the colonel had reached his head-quarters. The regiment was put on picket duty to guard all the roads in every direction, and the camp was in Faulkner's woods, on the south side of the town. The boys were very much fatigued after this movement, but there was no release from duty on this account, there being no other force to guard the town from the attacks which were expected at any moment. On the next day, in addition to picketing the roads, a detail was made to work on the railroad. The rebels, as usual during their occupancy of the town, had done all the damage they could by breaking up our lines of communica-

tion. They owed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a peculiar spite because of its great advantage to the Union cause. Stonewall Jackson, in his various raids down the valley, had destroyed a vast amount of railroad material by burning bridges and rolling stock, but as soon as the rebels disappeared there was a large force put on the road to repair damages. At this time especially a great force was needed for this purpose, and the Eighteenth lent a helping hand. The regiment could accommodate itself to circumstances and do various kinds of work as well perhaps as any in the service. The government required other service besides fighting, and the men who could "turn a hand" to anything were of great use to the general interests of the country.

The events following the removal to Martinsburg were of a stirring character, and required the utmost vigilance on the part of the forces in and around Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. It was known that rebel guerrillas were watching for favorable opportunities to capture trains, and do any other mischief in their power. At this point a large number of rebel prisoners were brought in from up the valley every day, adding new evidences of the completeness of the victory over Jubal Early.

September 29th. Eight hundred prisoners were met by a portion of the regiment outside of Martinsburg, and marched through the town to the depot to take the cars for Harper's Ferry, where they were left in charge of the provost marshal. The regiment returned to Martinsburg by cars and resumed picket duty as usual. In the meantime Companies E and H were sent to North Mountain to guard a signal corps. There was enough to do at this time, and the frequent changes to which the troops were subjected gave interest and variety to the service, yet it was difficult and tiresome. From October 1st until the 13th the regiment remained at Martinsburg on picket duty. During this time several important events occurred. Maj. Peale and Surgeon Holbrook had returned to the regiment, and Charles E. Rowe, of Farmington, Conn., became first assistant surgeon. The re-

turn of the old officers was heartily greeted by the men. Maj. Peale was pleased to resume the command, and the regiment was equally well pleased to have him do so. The rank and file began to fill up again, and the appearance of the battalion on duty was greatly improved. Various rumors were afloat as to the movements and destination of troops, and every day had its excitements, and occasionally there were real causes for alarm. On the 13th of October the regiment was suddenly called out on the double quick and remained under arms for a short time, and then were ordered back to their tents. Moseby had made one of his sudden dashes upon the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and captured an express train, helping himself to money and prisoners as best he could. These rebel movements made the times exciting, and almost every day something alarming would transpire to keep up the excitement. In the meantime, Sheridan was watching Gen. Early, and as events proved, Early was watching for an opportunity to give Sheridan a surprise party. The arrangements for this nearly successful purpose were completed by the 18th, and before daylight on the morning of the 19th "the play began." Our old corps for the first time was completely surprised, and many of the brave men who had been associated with us in the early part of the season in the valley operations were either killed or taken prisoners. Among the number who fell that day, in whom the regiment felt a special interest, were Col. Thoburn, of West Virginia, and Col. Wells, of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers. They commanded some of the best troops in the service, and were among the very best officers in the valley that season. How the Union troops rallied that day! "Sheridan's ride from Winchester, twenty miles away," has been told again and again, and the people do not tire of hearing about it.

While the scenes which have been so many times described, and every time with new interest, were being enacted, there was the highest degree of excitement in Martinsburg and vicinity



among citizens and soldiers. The cannonading was distinctly heard at first, growing louder and louder, but at length the sound began to grow less and less, and at dark it could scarcely be heard at all. The troops in Martinsburg, however, were in readiness to advance at a moment's warning, but happily their services were not required. Sheridan was master of the situation, having turned an apparent defeat into a glorious victory, thus immortalizing his name, and giving that ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek an enviable place in the history of the country for whose sake it was performed. It was a matter of deep interest to behold the fruits of this victory if one was not permitted to share its dangers and glory. This was made apparent every day by captured prisoners, cannon and war material of various kinds. The result gave great joy and encouragement to the country, and to the soldiers especially. It began to look as though the war would soon close. The next day four months' pay was received, and every one was happy, such an event being rated next in importance to the longed for cessation of hostilities. The men had begun to feel the want of money as they were anxious to make some change in their diet. A little pocket money would help them to do this in such a place as Martinsburg.

The effect of Sheridan's victory, however, was on the whole grand and overwhelming. The rebel citizens of Martinsburg had become as silent as the grave, though they had been quite hopeful since the summer campaign, and the successes of Early up to the 19th of September. But the defeat at that time, followed by another a month later more effective and crushing than the first, nearly extinguished all hope of the success of the Southern Confederacy. There was but one prop more on which they leaned, and that was the sympathy of Northern allies, and this too had been greatly weakened, as the pending presidential election promised nothing for their cause. The North was in a blaze of excitement over Sheridan's victories.

October 26th. A report prevailed that Moseby was coming



again, and the truth was he was much nearer than many were willing to believe. About half way between Martinsburg and Winchester he had made a dash and captured Gen. Duffie, of the cavalry, who was on his way to the former place. This was a bold deed. Gen. Duffie was doomed to go to Richmond a prisoner. There was no help for it. Many thought that he was rightly served, though regretting the act itself, as it caused so much rejoicing on the part of rebel sympathizers at home and abroad.

The troops were called out at Martinsburg as usual after the mischief was done and could not be prevented. It was quite evident that although Sheridan had given Early a hopeless defeat, and was at that time following up his advantage over him, and pursuing his scattered forces almost to Richmond, nearly capturing the old rebel himself, still he had left a vigilant enemy to the Union cause in the rear, who understood the situation and was ready to improve his chances to be revenged on Sheridan. Gen. Duffie had never been very popular with the Shenandoah army after the defeat at New Market, the belief being that he might have changed the fortunes of that day had he done his whole duty. Nevertheless, to have a Union general captured within the Union lines caused great chagrin, especially as the deed was achieved so near to Martinsburg.

The presidential election was now pending. The party at the North, opposed to coercing the South, had been hopeful of carrying the national election as late as the 19th of September. At least there seemed to be an earnest effort made for this purpose, and with many it was feared that it would be successful; but after the victories of Sheridan in the valley, Northern sympathizers began to grow less confident; still it was thought that every Union vote at home and in the army would be required to give the government all the aid and comfort desirable under the circumstances. Accordingly all laudable means were employed to secure a full vote, both of citizens at home and soldiers in the

army. After all the privations and sacrifices of the soldiers, the great majority of them were in full sympathy with Lincoln's administration, and in favor of prosecuting the war until the rebels should lay down their arms and return to their allegiance to the government. That there should have been any division of opinion among Northern men was a matter of great surprise. It was viewed as a shameful thing that any portion of Northern territory required the presence of soldiers to secure good order at the polls at such a crisis in the history of the war. But such was the fact. Gen. Butler was ordered to New York to keep the peace, and other military movements were regarded as necessary for the same object in other states. In some instances this movement perhaps might have been avoided, but the impression was that it was best to be on the safe side and guard against possible danger that might arise in the large cities; for it was in these alone that any serious efforts were apprehended hostile to the public peace. On the whole a large force was sent home, and distributed as public interests demanded. Among other troops, the Eighteenth Regiment was ordered, October 29th, to report at New Haven, Conn., and on the 30th the regiment broke camp and took the cars for that city. As the boys marched off from their old camp ground they met an Iowa regiment on its way to take their place. When the Iowa men learned that the regiment was going home to vote for Lincoln they made the air ring with their cheers for "Old Abe" and the Eighteenth Connecticut. These western men were running over with enthusiasm for the great leader of the Union cause and wished their Connecticut comrades success in the object of their home visit. Great enthusiasm was manifested by both regiments in their brief acquaintance.

The passage from Martinsburg to New Haven was rapid and pleasant. Nothing of special interest occurred save in New York City. While passing from the foot of Cortland Street to Twenty-Seventh Street to take the cars for New Haven, the regiment

was subjected to all manner of insults from the roughs of New York. The "rebel heathen" showered on the soldiers all sorts of vile names and their conduct generally was extremely abusive and outrageous, although they knew better than to attempt violence on any of Sheridan's men. In Martinsburg the men were cheered and complimented for their devotion to the flag of the Union, but in the streets of New York, within a few hours' ride of their own homes, the men who had hazarded their all to save this same New York from being burned and pillaged by Southern fire-eaters and traitors, marched through the streets under the most trying circumstances. Had not the police force been in the interest of the Rebellion it might have easily protected the defenders of their country from such a mean and contemptible outrage. Nowhere in Virginia or Maryland had the regiment witnessed more hatred to soldiers than the New York bullies manifested during that never-to-be-forgotten march from the Hudson River to the depot on Twenty-Seventh Street. Arrived at New Haven about four o'clock P. M., where a part of the regiment were allowed to go to their homes, while the other part was put on duty at the conscript camp.

The regiment remained in the State until after the 8th of November, on which day Abraham Lincoln was re-elected President of the United States by an overwhelming majority, to the great joy of all Union men, both citizens and soldiers, and to the chagrin and disappointment of the rebels, both North and South. It was the greatest Union victory during the war. It destroyed every vestige of hope of success remaining in the Confederacy. The verdict of the people was that the war should be prosecuted to the bitter end.

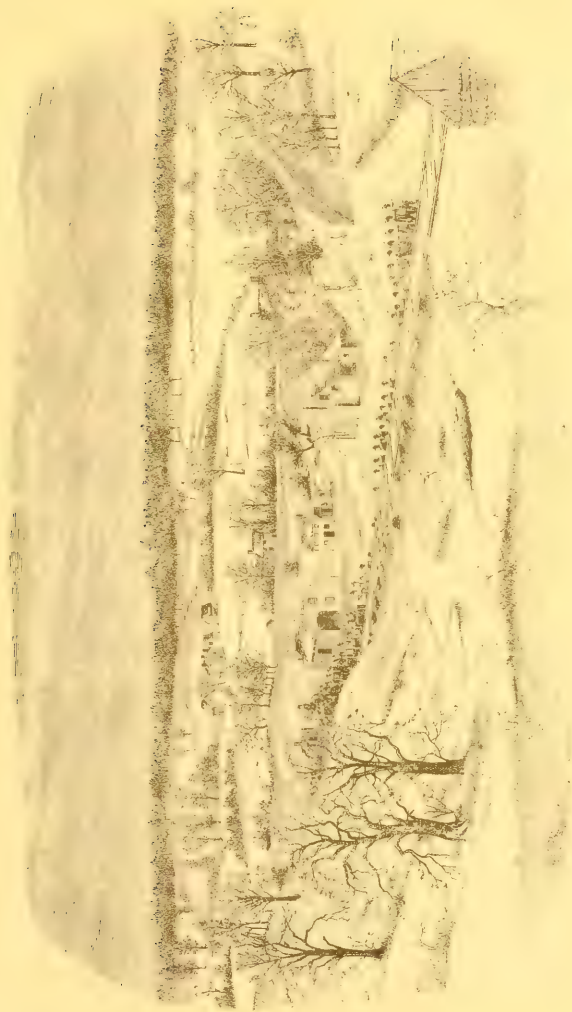
Every Union soldier had as much reason to be as proud of his vote on that day as if he had sent a bullet through the heart of the Confederacy. In fact votes on that occasion were more fatal to the success of rebels than bullets, and hence every soldier who voted as he had shot was doing the greatest possible service

for his country in bringing the war to a speedy and successful termination. The Eighteenth Connecticut had a proud record on the 8th of November, 1864. It never performed a more important service for its country during the war than on that day, for nearly every man "voted as he had shot." After a few days furlough the regiment was ordered to return to Virginia. It arrived in Martinsburg on November 13th, and again resumed its old service at the front. Lieut. Caruthers, with a detachment of the regiment, was ordered to drive all the cattle recaptured from Early in the valley to York, Pennsylvania. Nothing else of special interest occurred until Thanksgiving, which passed off very pleasantly, many of the boys being supplied with boxes of poultry and other goodies from home. These kind remembrances were none the less gratefully received because of the late visit to friends at home.

## CHAPTER XV.

## WINTER QUARTERS AT HALLTOWN.

November 23d. Received orders to report at Halltown. This order was not so cheerfully received as some others had been. The boys liked Martinsburg and hoped to go into winter quarters there, but "the powers that be" ordered otherwise, and there was no help for it. Arriving at Halltown, the work of preparing winter quarters began in earnest. Log and board huts were put up in a substantial manner in regular order, as laid down in the regulations, and the whole appearance was fine. The situation was excellent, being a short distance to the north of Harper's Ferry and Winchester Railroad, on elevated ground, affording a pleasant prospect. There were several farm houses near, among them the fine residence of Col. Washington, of John Brown fame, who was afterward killed in one of the battles near Richmond. There was a beautiful stream of water a little to the south, on which was a saw-mill, where the boards were sawed for the regimental city. This was found to be a great convenience. Five large barns on the premises, and but a few rods away, afforded good accommodations for the horses and mules belonging to the regiment. It being but three or four miles to Harper's Ferry, that place could be frequently visited, on leave of absence, for such supplies as could not be obtained nearer the camp. The mails for the regiment came to that place, and were regularly brought to camp every day. Setting up housekeeping in this



Sketch by T. H. Sawyer

THE RIVER AT THE FALLS



delightful place was attended, on the whole, with but little inconvenience, and few accidents, that of private Joseph Weaver, who received a severe cut in the thigh by an axe in the hands of a comrade, being the most serious. The duty of the regiment was to guard the railroad leading from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. On the whole the situation was as pleasant and convenient as one could reasonably expect, but not so desirable as that at Martinsburg.

December opened pleasantly and found the boys very comfortable in their new quarters. The camp hospital was finely located and was made very acceptable to the sick of the regiment. Surgeon Holbrook, assisted by Surgeon Rowe and Steward Dick Ripley, succeeded in establishing excellent quarters for the unfortunates of the regiment, and paid every attention to their wants. Orderlies John Harrington and David Colvin, Company B, and William Comins, Company K, were in attendance, so that there should be no lack of care and attention in this department. No complaint was ever made in the Eighteenth of want of attention to the sick when the regiment was situated so that supplies could be readily obtained. At Halltown, as well as at Martinsburg the winter previous, the writer often heard the patients say: "We could not be better cared for at home than we are here." Perhaps a comparison with other circumstances in army life had some thing to do with producing that feeling of satisfaction which many of the men experienced at such times.

On the fifth of the month the chaplain returned to the regiment after a more than two months' sick furlough. His return was an agreeable event to himself, and he had every reason to believe that it was equally pleasing to the regiment. It was unexpected, however, by all parties, for his health had suffered so severely by chills and fever that his life had been despaired of for several weeks, and no one who saw him at that time supposed he would ever be able to return to the service. But in twenty days after he was able to go out into the open air he returned to his regiment, though still in feeble health.



His return was highly gratifying to him because of the hearty congratulations he received from all parties. The next Sunday religious services were resumed in the hospital as there was no chapel tent on the ground. The following Sabbath there was public service in the same place. The two Sundays following the chaplain preached in the open air. On the evening of the last there was a very interesting religious service at a private house a short distance to the south of camp. Christmas and New-Year passed off very pleasantly. Several boxes of good things were received from friends at home. Some of the boys went "foraging" and carried on quite a trade with the natives for milk and eggs, and the chaplain and Surgeon Holbrook had Christmas dinner at Mr. Elsee's near by, where the Surgeon's wife was boarding at the time. The doctor's example became contagious. Other members of the regiment sent for their "better halves" and began to "board out" and seemed quite happy in their new quarters. The sight of a Yankee woman in camp occasionally was a great rarity and always had a pleasing effect. "Tom," of Company H, said he would give more to see a Yankee checked apron than all the women of Virginia.

The first week in January fitted up Sutler Kingsbury's tent for a chapel. Obtained boards from the saw-mill for seats, and used a box about a foot and a half square for a platform, to which was attached a pulpit desk, consisting of a board five or six inches wide, of sufficient height, square on top for a small bible and hymn book. The ground floor was finely carpeted with sawdust, three or four inches in thickness. On the whole it was quite convenient and comfortable, and by crowding would accommodate about one hundred persons. Through the kindness of Rev. E. Cushman, of Hartford, Connecticut, the tent was supplied with seventy-five hymn books and over two hundred volumes of other books for a regimental library. In addition to these, there was received a number of home papers, such as the Christian Secretary, Norwich Courier, Willimantic Journal, Windham

County Transcript, and several monthlies. Altogether this made quite a respectable library, being arranged on a shelf reaching across the end of the tent. There was a table also for papers and writing material, the latter being furnished by the Christian Commission at Harper's Ferry. The chapel was accessible at all hours of the day and lighted up every evening, and the members of the regiment often frequented it, where they read, sung, chatted and wrote letters as freely as they pleased. The month of January passed off pleasantly. John Harrington had charge of the tent and library, and on the whole the men found a great deal of pleasurable employment in their daily visitations. Once a week they met for a singing school. This proved a source of great enjoyment, and many an evening was spent in this way. In addition to these religious and social privileges, there were distributed religious papers in every tent in camp, procured from the Christian Commission. This was done generally every Sunday morning. A large number of testaments and small hymn books were received from the same source, all of which seemed to be highly appreciated by the regiment. During this month Company A, under Lieut. Robert Kerr, was ordered to Harper's Ferry on provost duty, and Companies D and I were sent to Duffield Station, up the B. & O. R. R. These companies did excellent service in their new position and received commendation from their superior officers.

During the month of February, there was considerable religious interest in camp. The military service of the regiment was as usual, doing picket duty in various directions. On the 5th there was a lively time; the pickets reported to Lieut. Caruthers, who was in command, that they had seen what was supposed to be rebels creeping along the edge of a wood-lot a mile away to the southwest of the picket line. The lieutenant credited the report and laid his plans to gobble them up if they did not ford the Shenandoah River. Accordingly, with a detachment of men, under cover of the woods, he advanced towards the river in a

crescent line of battle, himself occupying the center. When the right and left wings reached the river, the center began to close up through the woods, but had not advanced far before five rebels jumped up and began to run, but they did not get very far as they perceived that they were surrounded, and surrendered. They were taken into camp and marched up to Col. Peale's head-quarters for examination. As they approached the camp all hands turned out to see them, and for a time there was considerable excitement. The men railed them, and asked many provoking questions, such as: "Halloo, Johnny, where are you from?" "Have you seen Jeff. lately?" "Sheridan has gone up the valley to bring down the Confederate treasury. He is going to pay you off in your own coin." "How is Andersonville?" "Are you going down to Washington to make a treaty of peace?" "Say, boys, Jeff. has sent down five 'rebs' to make peace." Up to this time the prisoners had kept up a very sour countenance, and looked daggers at the hated Yankees, but they gave in at last, and joined with the men in a good hearty laugh. One of them said: "I reckon you are having some fun at my expense. Have you got any whisky?" This response brought down the house again, and the cry rang through the regiment: "Peace commissioners! Peace commissioners!" After an examination at head-quarters, these gentlemen were sent off in the direction of Washington on their peace commission.

The officers in command at Halltown were: Lieut. Col. Henry Peale, commanding; Maj. Joseph Matthewson on duty, Surgeon Lowell Holbrook, Chaplain W. C. Walker, Assistant Surgeon Charles H. Rowe, Adjutant George W. Brady, Acting Quartermaster Lieut. N. P. Johnson, Commissary Sergeant T. Parker.

The following officers were in command of companies: Capt. I. N. Kibbe, Company B; Capt. J. P. Rockwell, Company C; Lieut. F. G. Bixby, Company D; Capt. M. V. B. Tiffany, Company E; Lieut. John Francis, Company F; Lieut. Albert S. Granger, Company G; Lieut. Caruthers, Company H; Capt. John Lilley, Company I; Lieut. H. Blanchard, Company K.

Capt. Charles H. Bowen, Company H, who had been absent from the regiment as a prisoner of war, appeared again on the monthly report, at Annapolis. Capt. Joseph P. Rockwell was absent on detached duty at department head-quarters, Harper's Ferry. Lieut. Frank G. Bixby was reported at Martinsburg, on duty at department head-quarters, and Lieut. E. S. Hinckley was in command of Company D, at Brown's Crossing, near Duffield Station. At this latter place Capt. John Lilley was in command of Company I. Lieut. Robert Kerr was still at Harper's Ferry, in command of Company A, doing provost duty under Capt. A. D. Pratt, of the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts Volunteers. Capt. Pratt occupied the position of provost marshal for a long time at the Ferry, and was in high repute as an officer of the government. He gave Company A, of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers, an excellent name as a provost guard. He gave the men a new suit after their summer and fall campaign, of which they were in great need. The officers and soldiers of the Eighteenth cherish kind remembrances of Capt. Pratt. At one time there was a little unpleasantness between the Eighteenth and the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts, but as a whole they lived on excellent terms. The Thirty-Fourth were ever regarded by us as a brave, patriotic regiment, and marched and fought well in the valley campaigns of 1864.

There had been a steady increase in the rank and file of the regiment from the time it was ordered to Halltown. The summer and fall campaigns had greatly reduced the regiment, a large number had been killed and wounded in battle, and many more were disabled from sickness, and other causes contributed to reduce its numerical strength. At the close of the campaigns the monthly reports showed less than two hundred men for duty, and not more than eight or ten commissioned officers, but by the first part of February, 1865, there was a perceptible change for the better. Several of the old officers had returned from their long imprisonment in Dixie, and other officers had been promoted,

so that at length the regiment could boast of twenty commissioned officers and four hundred and seventy-eight men present for duty.

In the meantime the following promotions were made: First Lieut. Horatio Blanchard to be captain of Company G, commission to date from January 30th; Second Lieut. John A. Francis to be first lieutenant of Company B; Second Lieut. William Caruthers to be first lieutenant of Company E, date of commission January 7th; First Sergeant Charles A. Murray, Company F, to be second lieutenant of Company F, commission to date from January 30th.

The constant changes which were taking place, and the "polite attention" of the bushwhacking rebels in the vicinity of Charlestown and up the Shenandoah River, and the fear of raids on the B. & O. R. R., kept the regiment on the alert.

The guerrillas made a dash on Company I, at Duffield Station, spreading alarm all along the line. No special harm was done, but it kept the boys from going to sleep and from indifference to the situation. Rumors of peace almost daily produced a healthy excitement, and the boys discussed freely the "good time coming." Letter writing was a pastime, and the Eighteenth maintained its reputation as a writing regiment. At one time there was great excitement in regard to two deserters who were to be shot at Harper's Ferry. The time appointed arrived, (February 17th) and nearly all the troops in the vicinity were called out to witness the scene. The execution was to take place near the Ferry on the afternoon of the day designated, but after all the arrangements had been completed, the prayers of the clergymen ended, the eyes of the condemned were bandaged, and they were sitting upon their coffins waiting for the fatal order which would send their souls into eternity, an orderly rode up from head-quarters bearing a reprieve from President Lincoln. During the preliminary exercises, a death-like silence prevailed among the vast number of spectators to the awful scene, and al-

though the pardon was wholly unexpected by the deserters themselves, still its promulgation scarcely broke it. Even the poor deserters seemed stupefied with amazement, and manifested but little emotion. There were a few faint cheers at one or two points, but as a whole the bystanders walked away in thoughtful silence, a silence almost oppressive. The whole scene was one not soon to be forgotten.

February 18th. Rev. Mr. Grosvenor, of Canterbury, Conn., made the regiment a visit. He was in the service of the Christain Commission, and it was quite cheering to see a friend from home.

The regiment will never forget the severe winter of 1864-65. At least the numerous "cold snaps," as they were called, which rendered the situation at times very uncomfortable. The first snow appeared in December, and during the three winter months there were at least ten snow storms. At one time the snow fell two inches deep, at another four inches, and February 19th the snow was nearly a foot and a half deep. This was thought to be doing pretty well for old Virginia. At one time there was good sleighing for a day or two; sleigh-bells reminding one of "home, sweet home," of sleighing parties and the like, but the boys did not try to get up any sleighing parties at Halltown. The severe weather interfered very much with company and battalion drills and dress-parades. There were but a few of these, comparatively, during the cold season, for it was extremely cold for the climate, and the men on guard and at out-posts had bitter experience.

Company inspections occurred generally once a week, and battalion as occasion required. During the month the regiment was inspected by Gen. Seward, from Martinsburg, and Gen. Crook and staff, and official reports give great credit to the officers for faithful and competent discharge of their duties. The inspector general expressed his satisfaction with the discipline and moral bearing of the regiment, and remarked at

the time to the writer that in these respects "the Eighteenth Connecticut was more than an average." Col. Peale was commended for the completeness of the official records of the regiment, and paid a well-deserved compliment to Adjutant George W. Brady.

The second day after the arrival of the regiment at Halltown, Col. Peale was ordered with his command to Keyes Gap, five miles from Harper's Ferry. Arrived about noon the same day, and remained four days, when the colonel returned to camp. Nothing of special interest occurred, except that another pig ran against the men's bayonets, and as a natural consequence they had fried pig while they remained at the gap.

Corporal James H. Sawyer, Company B, drew a picture of Col. Peale's tent, interior as well as exterior. Corporal Sawyer showed remarkable ability and taste in other sketches he drew of camp scenes while at Halltown. One description of the camp was sent to New York and engraved. A large number of copies was sold among the members of the regiment. The picture gave great satisfaction, and now adorns many a parlor in New London and Windham Counties. Sawyer was a general favorite, and he drew many sketches of a soldier's life, which gave him quite a notoriety as an artist. It is needless to say that he was a good soldier, always true and reliable.

During the winter a detail of one hundred men was sent to the Ferry to work on the suspension bridge, which fell through on account of defective wires, and several men were injured by the catastrophe. Later the same number of men were sent to aid in the completion of these repairs. The service was no boys' play, and was attended with considerable risk.

On the night of February 24th there was considerable excitement at one of the out-posts. A scouting party of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry came upon the pickets of the regiment, and shots were exchanged, but no harm was done. Both parties mistook each other for rebels and blazed away "right smart."



Company B turned out and went in the direction of the firing, under the command of Capt. Kibbe. It is unnecessary to say that great bravery was displayed by all the parties concerned in the affair. A certain lieutenant exhibited great courage in the "retreat." The whole affair was a nice little joke, which did not lose its interest for a long time.

Great excitement again at a picket-post. Wonderful dexterity displayed, and at last the enemy was captured—an "opossum"—a queer-looking, carnivorous animal, characterized by its prehensile tail. This was pronounced a smart-looking animal and was carried into camp at night, much to the amusement of the men, who congratulated the captors on their remarkable feat.

Occurrences of this kind relieved the monotony of camp-life at Halltown, and rendered its disagreeableness more endurable. The month of March opened cloudy and chilly, with the wind blowing hard all day. The position was such that when there was a blow every man knew it and felt it. The mud often prevented drilling by companies or in battalion, and dress-parades were dispensed with. About this time Gen. Hancock's corps went into camp near Halltown, on its way to join the army of the Potomac for the investment of Richmond.

On March 9th, commissioners arrived from Connecticut to receive the vote of the regiment for State officers, and most of the men voted once more for their old friend, William A. Buckingham. In this service they were very earnest and enthusiastic. Another good day's work for their country, for Governor Buckingham stood up nobly in aid of the government in its efforts to crush out the spirit of Secession, both North and South.

March 13th, about four P. M., had another scene at picket-post. A squad of rebels came suddenly upon our men, being in hot pursuit of a citizen who was escaping from rebeldom. On seeing the Yankees they halted, fired a volley, and then turned and rode away in great haste. The pickets deployed at once, formed a skirmish line and pursued the rebels, but to no pur-



pose. Being well mounted, the enemy had no difficulty in getting away.

The next day the One Hundred and Thirty-First Ohio Infantry camped near Halltown. It was a new regiment and numbered one thousand men. The men appeared so "green" in their movements that no little merriment among old soldiers was occasioned by their action, the veterans forgetting that they were "green" once themselves. On the 15th, Col. Peale received orders to remove to Martinsburg. The regiment was relieved by the One Hundred and Forty-Fourth Indiana Regiment at six o'clock P. M. In one hour everything was packed in readiness to march, but did not move until the next morning at seven A. M., when the regiment marched to the Ferry and was boxed up for Martinsburg. The day was stormy and cold. The train was delayed on account of the breaking down of the trestle-work on a bridge. The regiment was made exceedingly uncomfortable through the day. Did not arrive in camp at Martinsburg until eight o'clock in the evening. Relieved the Ninety-Fifth Ohio Infantry a little distance from the town. It was a very dark night, and much difficulty was experienced in finding a position and establishing pickets.

Next day was pleasant and warm, but windy. The work of getting settled for housekeeping progressed finely. Companies B, I, G and D pitched their tents on the bare ground. The whole day was devoted to hard work upon the quarters, which were none too comfortable at first. The camp was near the road leading toward Winchester. The field and staff were upon the east side of the road and the regiment, with its line officers, were upon the west. On the whole, the location was very good. A short distance away there were a number of dwelling houses, and a little to the left of Col. Peale's quarters there was a large log house, which had been used for a chapel tent. It had no covering when the regiment arrived, but the Christian Commission soon furnished one, and the tent was put in good order for the purposes of a library and religious services.

The removal of the regiment to Martinsburg proved to be the last change until the war closed and the regiment was mustered out of service and ordered home. At least the head-quarters of the battalion was at this place. There were many changes, however, in companies, and in the officers and privates during the month of March. While these changes favored the numerical strength of the regiment, still there were missing several familiar faces in the rank and file.

Assistant Surgeon Charles H. Rowe was on duty in the hospital at Harper's Ferry, to which place he was ordered January 6th. Capt. Joseph P. Rockwell was also on detached duty at the same place, as A. A. I. G. fifth division, department of West Virginia, and had been there since January 17th. First Lieut. Frank G. Bixby was still at third division department headquarters, West Virginia, at Martinsburg; part of the time as judge-advocate of a court marshal, and afterwards as recorder of a court of inquiry.

At about this time the good news reached the regiment that another squad of its officers, reported as missing after the action at Winchester, June, 1863, had been released on parole, and had arrived at Annapolis, Md. These were Capt. Henry C. Davis, Company A; Capt. J. E. Woodward, Company F; Capt. E. J. Mathewson, Company K; First Lieut. A. H. Lindsay, Company A; Quartermaster D. W. Hakes; First Lieut. S. T. C. Merwin, Company C; First Lieut. A. W. Loomis, Company H; Second Lieut. A. G. Scranton, Company K; Second Lieut. E. D. Carpenter, Company B; First Lieut. H. F. Cowles, Company F; Second Lieut. Frank McKeag, Company E; Second Lieut. W. H. Locke, Company H; and Second Lieut. George Kies, Company K—thirteen in all. It was a time of general rejoicing when it was announced that these officers had been released from their long confinement in rebel prisons, and their return to the regiment was looked for with the deepest interest. But this return was not expected until they had been permitted

to visit their homes on a leave of absence, which was readily granted, and consequently there was great joy in many a Connecticut home.

Lieut. E. D. Carpenter, Company B, writes of his release as follows: "I arrived home on March 22d, 1865, having been absent thirty-one months. I was received by a large concourse of friends and citizens with joyful congratulations, as one returned almost from the dead. My wife dare not meet me at the depot, being so completely overcome with emotion by the joyful event."

Similar scenes were witnessed in other parts of Windham and New London Counties, and the daily papers had much to say of these unexpected arrivals, and the exciting incidents attending them. The change from rebel prisons to the sweet homes in Yankee-land was to the released prisoners like a transition to Paradise, as during the war the South was properly designated as the "no-God country," and a rebel prison as "hell."

About this time letters began to be received at Martinsburg from the paroled officers to members of their respective companies with reference to their return, which was anticipated generally with great pleasure.

On March 22d a number of deserters came into camp, and were taken to head-quarters, or to the provost marshal's office to take the oath. The bringing in, also, of four horse thieves by the sheriff of the county created no little stir. They proved to be deserters from Cole's cavalry, and were taken to Gen. Seward's head-quarters.

March 23d was a very cold, blustering day. The location of the camp was such that of a windy day, let the wind come from any quarter it would, it seemed to carry all before it. In the afternoon, at battalion drill, there was a tremendous shower of rain and hail, which forced the regiment back to camp in a hurry. The next morning it snowed and blew severely, and then followed a gale which lasted all the afternoon. The unpleasant aspect of things was somewhat relieved, however, by a rumor



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Camp in Winchester Pike, near Martinsburg, Va. March, 1865.



that the paymaster would come the next day. The presence of this important personage was considered an effectual panacea for disagreeable things at any time.

From the time that the regiment went into winter quarters at Hallowtown, until it was ordered to Martinsburg, there had been a gradual and commendable interest manifested by the officers that the regiment might assume a more military appearance. The uniforms were improved, or old ones were exchanged for new, muskets were kept cleaner and brighter, and both officers and men seemed to vie with each other in their attempts to regain their former popularity as a well equipped and well drilled regiment. As the weather became milder, and the grounds for drill and dress-parades improved, by the last of March the battalion made a fine show as to numbers and discipline. Their movements on dress-parades, especially, attracted great attention and won for them many compliments, both from the officers at department head-quarters, and the citizens who were generally present in respectable numbers. Gen. Seward was occasionally present, or some member of his staff, and always seemed pleased with the manner in which the Eighteenth attended to its duties.

March 27th was a beautiful day. In the afternoon had battalion drill on the old grounds on the south side of the Tuscarora road. Field and staff turned out, and the occasion was quite novel and exciting.

The log house which had been furnished with a canvas roof by the Christian Commission, as previously stated, proved a very convenient place for religious services on the Sabbath. Preaching service was held at eleven o'clock A. M., bible class in the afternoon, and services again in the evening. The chaplain was often assisted by some of the Christian Commission—Rev. A. V. Tilton, of Massachusetts, and Rev. Mr. Redlan, of Maine, preaching occasionally, much to the gratification of all. Bibles, testaments and other religious papers were furnished by the commission upon application on the part of the chaplain, and also writing material.

The library which had been used at Halltown was removed to the chapel tent, and was consequently in use by the regiment. Private John Harrington still had charge of the tent and the library, and was very useful in this department as well as in the hospital.

The tent had a platform and seats made of hewn logs, and was carpeted with wheat straw or sawdust. It made a pleasant place of resort during the day and evening for reading, writing, or singing. The Eighteenth retain very pleasant recollections of this building and its associations. It was especially visited on the Sabbath by citizens of the town, who seemed well pleased with the intellectual and spiritual privileges of the soldiers. It was quite agreeable to the men to receive these visits from the towns-people, both in camp and in their chapel.

The month of April opened with beautiful weather and exciting news from the front. For several weeks previously much interest had been felt in rumored movements of the army of the Potomac, and the expectations of all were most hopeful and cheering. At dress-parade on the 2d there was unusual interest, and many citizens from town were present, and on the next day at dress-parade a dispatch was read from department head-quarters that Richmond was taken. Glorious news! The whole line broke out in the most vociferous cheering, in which most of the spectators joined. Everybody seemed almost frantic with joy, and greeted each other with the most hearty congratulations and expressions of delight. Cheers went up for the Union, Gen. Grant, and everybody. It was the most joyous day since the commencement of the war. Other great victories for the Union arms had given great joy to the nation, but the jubilation over this event exceeded all former demonstrations. It was the climax, the end of the terrible struggle which had cost so many precious lives, and desolated so many happy homes. When the men broke ranks that night it was with feelings of "joy unspeakable," and their minds filled with delightful thoughts of the

speedy end of the war. "This," said one of the men, "is what we have been striving for since the commencement of the war." The sun never went down on a happier set of men than the Eighteenth Connecticut on that eventful day. Singing, shouting, cheering, serenading by the band, and other demonstrations were the order of the evening. But what shall be said of the doings of the following day, Tuesday, April 4th. Another great day; "a high day." The papers were full of glorious accounts of the fall of Richmond, and the joyous acclamations and rejoicings of the people all over the north and west. The whole people seemed to be almost delirious with joy, and every conceivable mode and manner were adopted in efforts to express it. And then to add, if possible, to the public excitement, a dispatch was received at Martinsburg that Gen. Lee's whole army had surrendered to Gen. Grant. The sensation and excitement were profound through the day, and no language could do the occasion justice.

In the evening the citizens illuminated their houses, and everybody who could went into the town and joined in celebrating the glorious event. The Union citizens were almost frantic with joy, and adopted a variety of ways to entertain and honor the soldiers, and the joy in all homes of the Union was sincere and unbounded. The men returned to camp to continue the celebration, and the band and drum corps played until nearly midnight. There was but little sleep in camp that night.

The next day was another joyful occasion as the paymaster appeared at head quarters with a pile of greenbacks. The regiment received four months' wages, the disbursement commencing with Company A at eight A. M., and ending with Company K at three P. M. Some of the men felt so good over the news that they went off "for a time," which, however, did not pay very well in the end, as most of them realized when they found themselves without most of their money, and suffering badly in mind and body. As a natural consequence it was very dull in



camp next day, and the weather being unpleasant and rainy most of the time there was not much to do but to wonder what would turn up next, and how soon the regiment would be "marching home again." It was the general opinion that there would be no more fighting, and the soldiers would soon be on their way to their Northern homes. But how mistaken everybody was in their calculations. When the companies were ordered out for drill the next day it is no wonder there was grumbling. "What is the use of all this, now the fighting is all over?" was the complaint heard on all sides. The men did not realize how much service they must yet render the government in order to square the account with the Rebellion, and the idea of remaining three months longer was not indulged in for a moment. But stay they did, however, and the men had ample time to do a large amount of grumbling.

April 14th was a day of great rejoicing, and in the evening there was a grand illumination over Lee's surrender. Everybody seemed nearly crazy with joy. The Eighteenth, Coles' Battalion, (cavalry) Second Maryland, and a battery, marched in the procession through the streets of Martinsburg amid the most joyful demonstrations.

It was a beautiful day, and the most joyful one the men had seen since they entered the public service. "We shall have peace now," was the happy thought that filled every breast. But when the shades of evening gathered around the camp that night they were emblematic of the darkness of the coming day, when a cloud of sorrow would envelop the nation. At "taps" the lights went out, and silence prevailed throughout the camp. It was the calm that often precedes the terrible storm.

Early the next morning, April 15th, the astounding announcement was made from head-quarters that President Lincoln had been assassinated the previous evening in Ford's theatre at Washington, and that an attempt on the life of Secretary Seward was made at about the same time. If a thunderbolt from a clear

sky had struck in camp, the event could not have been more unexpected, and the effect more terrible. It is impossible to describe the effect of this sad news. The scene that followed never had its parallel in the history of the nation. For awhile every one seemed paralyzed with grief and dread; many sat in solemn silence, others wept like children at the death of a father, while others seemed almost frantic with indignation and anger against the perpetrators of the foul and dastardly deed that had plunged millions of the true and loyal of the land into an ocean of sorrow from the very height of joy and triumphant expectation. Through the day officers and privates sat or stood about in groups discussing the awful news, or reading the papers, eager to obtain further particulars of the fearful tragedy.

At length the expected announcement came: "The President is dead. He died at half-past seven this morning. A nation mourns his loss." If the assassin Booth and his associates had been in the hands of the soldiers that day they would have been literally torn in pieces, so great was the indignation and rage.

No regiment in the service mourned more sincerely the death of the President than the Eighteenth. Almost to a man they had voted for him the second time, and they loved him as the saviour of their nation, and the father of universal freedom in their country. There was hardly a man of them but who would have died to have saved his life to the country. But a mysterious providence had ordered otherwise. It was the saddest day of the war. Profound sorrow prevailed throughout the north and west, and the people trembled with fear at events which came so suddenly upon them.

April 16th. Sabbath. The chaplain preached a sermon at eleven A. M. Subject: "Confidence in God in times of public distress," in which frequent allusions were made to the great national calamity. Unusual seriousness was manifested during the services.

On April 19th, the day of the funeral of President Lincoln, all

business and drilling was suspended, minute guns were fired, houses of citizens were draped in mourning, and flags were displayed at half mast. The citizens almost universally participated in the mourning, displaying many tokens of grief; among others burying a coffin with appropriate ceremonies. There were a few Rebellious spirits who did not hesitate to express their satisfaction at the death of the President, both at the time of the first news concerning it, and on the day of his burial. But they were made to understand if they did not keep quiet they would be dealt with in a severe and summary manner. At one or two places in Martinsburg there was a slight disturbance, but it was soon suppressed. Some of the loyal citizens declared they would shoot the first man who openly rejoiced that the President had been shot. It was quite evident that it would not have been safe for any Secessionist to have shown his colors that day in Martinsburg, while in many Northern towns and cities the rebel sympathizers did not hesitate to denounce the nation's martyr, and in some instances raised the rebel "rag," while citizens of Martinsburg were ready to shoot down the first man who should attempt such an insult. But it was a day of great and general sorrow when Abraham Lincoln was carried to his grave in the State of Illinois.

The last half of the month of April was full of interesting incidents. A complete statement of the Washington tragedy, and the capture of Booth, the principal actor, and the surrender of Lee's army, continued to excite great interest. There seemed to be a general breaking up and dispersing of the rebel forces. Rossar and Imboden, noted cavalry chiefs in the Shenandoah valley, surrendered to Gen. Hancock at Winchester. Quite a number from Lee's army came in at the Eighteenth picket-posts, and also a lieutenant of Moseby's command. They were very civil and seemed to rejoice that the war was over and they were going home.

The news of Johnson's surrender was received with acclama-

tions of joy. The Southern Confederacy seemed to be crumbling fast, and none appeared to regret it, but rather rejoiced in its downfall, and were exceedingly anxious to bid it "good-by" as soon as possible.

Capt. Charles D. Bowen was reported this month as in command of Company H, and it is needless to say this was very pleasing to his company, and to the whole regiment.

Lieut. Scranton, of Company K, was reported on duty with the regiment.

Lieut. E. D. Carpenter, Company B, and others, came to the regiment at the very last of the month, and all received a cordial welcome to their respective posts of duty.

First Lieut. D. W. Hakes, regimental quartermaster, also returned, but was reported as honorably discharged for another post of duty.

First Lieut. A. H. Lindsay was discharged for disability. His long imprisonment had destroyed his health and rendered him unfit for duty. His retirement was a source of deep regret, both to himself and Company A, of which he was an honorable and worthy officer.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE CLOSING SCENES—DEPARTURE FOR HOME.

The surrender of Lee and Johnson wrought a marvelous change in the general aspect of things in and around Martinsburg, as well as elsewhere, and by the end of April there seemed to be a general breaking up of the Rebellion.

Confederate soldiers were coming in every day and delivering themselves up to the proper authorities, or returning to their homes in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. They began to find that the Rebellion was stamped out, and they were willing to own it. But occasionally one and another would show a rebellious spirit, soon recognizing, however, that silence was the better part of valor.

The constant change of Union troops, the collecting of war materials and the disposition of the same, made the times rather lively just then.

Orders had been issued at Washington to reduce the army immediately, or as soon as practicable, and it is needless to say that the Eighteenth began to look for their discharge and return to Connecticut. Other regiments were ordered away, and troops were passing through Martinsburg, it was said for a final discharge.

On the first day of May the rumor was current that the Eighteenth would be ordered home that week, and there was great excitement over the prospect. It was expected that the regi-

ment would be ordered to Washington, and the probability produced a lively discussion among the soldiers.

"Madam Rumor" came into camp every day to tell of some new thing she had heard, and but for this the times would have been dull indeed. Company drill had become a nuisance, and it was evident that every time the companies went out for this duty they were inspired with no intention to over exert themselves. There was a general disposition to take things easy, and as the weather grew warm and pleasant the officers would amuse themselves by riding out into the country, and occasionally call on the "natives" to discuss refreshments and probable results of the war, and the times generally.

The first Sabbath in May the Rev. Mr. Redlan preached in the chapel tent and was present also at dress-parade at five P. M., as was also Rev. Mr. Filton, and a large number of citizens from town. It was an unusually interesting occasion. It was evident the regiment was not losing its interest and pride in dress-parades, but on the other hand every officer and private seemed to vie with each other in attention and promptness in all their movements.

What added very much to the interest of these occasions was the music furnished by the new band, under the leadership of Drum Maj. Alfred Pray. This was a fine acquisition. The instruments were furnished by a subscription among the officers and others favorable to the enterprise, and the members of the band gave special attention to their duties from the first winning encomiums from all for their excellent music at various times. At dress-parade, May 7th the band came out in full dress for the first time, and made quite a sensation by their neat appearance, good music, and exact movements. The regiment felt justly proud of them. Their uniforms were made in Baltimore, and were very becoming.

Capt. Mathewson, Company K, Capt. Woodward, Company F., and Lieut. Loomis, Company H, who had returned from their

prison life two days previous, were present on duty with others who had lately returned to the regiment. The regiment seemed to be improving in appearance as to numbers and drill every day.

At this juncture of affairs there were some changes made that were not so favorable for this purpose. Capt. Woodward was ordered on duty as provost marshal in town, and Capt. Kibbe and Lieut. Bixby, with their respective companies, were sent to Hagerstown to pick up old army saddles, and other property belonging to Uncle Sam, which were found stored away in barns and dwelling houses in that vicinity. Capt. Mathewson was sent up the road, and Company A, under the command of Lieut. Kerr, down the road towards Harper's Ferry to guard the bridges and the railroad.

Companies B and D arrived at Hagerstown on May 10th. The first night they spent in the court house, and the next day went into camp a short distance from the town. In a few days comfortable quarters were secured in tents and log huts. For the latter some logs were found already for use, which saved not a little time in completing the arrangements for setting up house-keeping again. These companies were much pleased with their location and accommodations. One or both of them had been on duty in this place before, and had become acquainted with some of the loyal citizens of the place and secured their good will, hence it seemed like being at home, the people were so friendly. As before intimated, the object of their presence at Hagerstown was to look after government property, and collect all they could find scattered among the citizens in the shape of saddles, muskets, sabres and the like. The search for these was somewhat successful, and often quite exciting and amusing. The result of the first day's work in the town produced fifteen muskets, twenty-five saddles, ten carbines, twelve sabres, three Spencer rifles, and some minor articles.

Another raid the next day on Funkstown resulted in securing ten muskets, two saddles, and one carbine; and on the same day,

in the direction of Sharpsburg, the men obtained two muskets, three sabres, and a good dinner and supper in an old farm house. The dinner and supper were the great captures of that day, over which the raiders had a fine time generally.

The great event of the month of May was a large wedding in the Southern Church among the "upper ten" of the place.

On May 22d and 23d detachments were sent out in the direction of Lightersburg and Greencastle, Pa., and returned with a few old saddles, muskets and one horse.

Most of these expeditions were generally attended by an army wagon to carry away the captures of the day.

May 25th. The regimental band from Martinsburg arrived, creating quite a sensation. They remained two nights. In the meantime they serenaded the citizens of Hagerstown, much to their apparent delight, on two evenings until a late hour. The visit was a mutual pleasure, and when the musicians started on their return trip they were most vociferously cheered by the men, who thanked them again and again for their excellent entertainments.

The same day another expedition went off in the direction of Cavetown and Simsbury, ten miles away, and was quite successful in picking up old muskets and trumpery belonging to Uncle Sam. A visit was also made to a celebrated cave in the vicinity of the former place, consisting of two apartments capable of holding one thousand men each, and connected by small passages. This place was considered a great natural curiosity, and worth the pains to visit it.

June 4th. Both companies went in a body to attend the funeral of Col. Israel Nesbitt, a prominent citizen of the town; the services being held in the Presbyterian Church, and largely attended.

June 6th. The chaplain and Surgeon Holbrook arrived from Martinsburg on a visit. The latter returned the next day. The chaplain remained through the week, and on the Sabbath



following preached in the Lutheran Church to citizens and soldiers. A few days subsequently, Col. Peale and Quartermaster Johnson arrived, and remained a day or two. The colonel told the men they were soon to be mustered out of the service, which was good news indeed. The stay at Hagerstown was getting to be monotonous, and the duty irksome. There was but little going on to relieve the tedium after the raidings ceased; some camp sports, such as playing ball, tossing the blanket, pitching quoits, going down town to the big spring to call on citizens, who in return visited the camp and brought "goodies" with them for general entertainment, and the like, completing the programme of exercises. Many of the men have very pleasing recollections of "Old Mother Kennedy's cakes, gingerbread and cherries, and the kindness of other citizens of the place, and would have it that the Hagerstown people were among the very best they had found in any place they had visited in the South.

When not visiting in town the men managed to keep up their spirits by means of the sports already mentioned, and in getting up an occasional row in camp for variety, merely to show that some things could be done as well as others. This latter sport, however, was not relished very well by officers Kibbe and Bixby, and some of the "irregulars" were sent away to Martinsburg. Officers Carpenter and Francis attended to the drilling and inspection of the companies at various times, and a show of order, at least, was kept up. There did not seem to be so much necessity for strict military discipline, and when the lines were drawn there was more restiveness and complaint than would have been under other circumstances.

There was quite an excitement in camp on one occasion over a paroled rebel, who was brought in by the officers for protection, but the men made such a noise about it that the rebel was hurried away in fear of his life. No rebel could be tolerated by the men of the Eighteenth anywhere.

The 18th of June was a memorable day. Capt. Bowen and

Lieut. Locke arrived in camp, and at five P. M. an order was read to be ready to march at four o'clock the next morning. This order produced great excitement. It had been anxiously awaited for many weeks. The men began to grow impatient to be on the way home, and this order was all the more welcome, as it was equivalent to an order to go home in a few days.

The next morning both companies were early on the march for Martinsburg, where they arrived about six P. M. quite exhausted after the heat and fatigue of the day. Not any strict discipline was enforced on the march, nor was it necessary. The men were properly allowed to make the distance with as little fatigue as possible. Nevertheless the men were more than glad when they arrived at the regimental head-quarters, amid the hearty greetings or salutations of their comrades.

Company A had a pleasant position on the "Opequon," guarding a bridge.

Much to the disappointment of the whole company Capt. Davis did not return after his release from rebel prisons, owing to poor health. He was honorably discharged on April 17th, about a month after his return from the South. The company always entertained a high regard for him as a gentleman and a soldier, and sincerely regretted his inability to return to duty.

This company, under the command of Lieut. Kerr, maintained its reputation well for discipline and efficiency, and occupied an important position all the time it was in the service. Although the war was virtually closed on the 1st of May, still the whole regiment was usefully employed in guarding and protecting the public interests.

By the 1st of June they were the only troops at Martinsburg, and Col. Peale was in command of the post. The six companies at head-quarters were kept hard at work in collecting and guarding public property, maintaining excellent order and discipline, and were highly complimented, both by post commanders and the citizens generally, for the faithful discharge of duty.

Inducements were held out to many of the men to remain in, or to return to Martinsburg and vicinity, and become permanent citizens after their discharge, and the remark was often made: "We want heaps of you Yankees to come down here and help us after the war."

The last month the Eighteenth remained in the service at Martinsburg was spent in pleasant intercourse with the loyal citizens in that town and vicinity. Many of the men had found excellent places for foraging, and hardly ever returned empty handed after a half day's tramp into the country. Farmer Thatcher's was an excellent place, some three miles away, for hungry soldiers, and the old "hard shell Baptist," two miles south of Martinsburg, was a good place to go for the "doctrines," but it was the general opinion that he was an old rebel when it was for his interest to be.

The big spring on the road to Winchester was a favorite place of resort, and the Baptist spring, a mile to the southeast, was often visited and canteens of water transported from that place to the camp. Some of the men were delighted to find places of pleasant resort, and then invite the officers to go with them on their favorite expeditions; of course the leader of these exploring expeditions was furnished with a horse, and rode with the fleetest of the company.

"Tom," of Company H, led his too willing followers into the fat places of the land, while "Father Boyden," of the same company, and "Bill," of Company K, and "John" and "David," of Company B, and others equally well disposed, stood ready to lend a helping hand in anything that was good and entertaining.

The country was beginning to look beautiful, and on pleasant days the raiding parties went out in all directions, gathering flowers, picking strawberries and cherries in their season, and having fine times generally. These pleasant trips furnished opportunities for some of the officers' wives to become experts in the art of fine horsemanship. Among these ladies were Mrs.

Capt. Bowen and Mrs. Surgeon Holbrook, and those officers who had no "better halves" to conduct showed their gallantry either in inviting citizen-ladies to accompany them, or rendered themselves useful in polite attentions to the whole company, or rode a little in the rear to see the fun. It was observed that whenever Capt. B. rode, his companion's horse was very restive, and subject to sudden fits of starting, and sometimes there was real danger of a runaway. At one time the surgeon had his lady dismount, and the saddle was removed and examined to ascertain where it chafed or hurt the poor animal. "Yes, doctor, something must be the matter with this saddle," was the joking remark among the boys. But the search was in vain for the cause of the trouble, until it was observed that Capt. B. had a mischievously sly way of doing some things as well as others. "Wasn't he a scamp," said one, "to conceal his riding whip in his sleeve, and then come along side looking sober and honest, while he plied the animal with his concealed tormentor, and then too he was seemingly so alarmed to see the smarting beast almost runaway; I never saw such a hector." Of course some of the party did see the point, and even the grave and dignified surgeon had to join in the laugh once in a while, while the chaplain, on account of his profession, was excused entirely from the duty of manufacturing pleasantry for the occasion, or of showing any demonstrations of special interest in the same.

A ride in the direction of the mountains at this season was exceedingly pleasant. Stopping one day at a farm-house and calling for water, the company was invited into the "spring house," where there was not only an abundance of the best water, but a large quantity of milk in earthen jars, which were standing in the spring to be kept cool and for the cream to rise. Therefore instead of water, the company was invited to help themselves to all the milk they could drink, which all were quite willing to do.

The fact that the farmers in the vicinity of Martinsburg were

hospitable and cordial rendered such excursions agreeable as well as profitable. Some of these persons had very sad stories to tell of their losses and privations during the war. At first many of the citizens sympathized with their State, and sent or allowed their sons to enlist in the rebel army; but after the second year of the war, finding they had espoused a lost cause, they endeavored to prevent the rest of their sons from entering the rebel army.

These pleasure seekers of the Eighteenth were often entertained with thrilling accounts of the narrow escapes which some had experienced in their efforts to elude the rebel conscriptors. They had places of concealment in barns or in the mountains, to which they would resort whenever the rebels made their appearance in the valley, and it was amusing to hear them relate their adventures and narrow escapes.

Farmer Thatcher, living at the base of the mountain, took considerable pride in describing to his visitors the wonders of his mowing machine. The war had done him some good, he thought, for it had made him acquainted with one Yankee invention which saved the labor of seven men. At the time referred to he had just come from his field to see who had come—it was the first or second day of his trial with the new machine. He had paid one hundred and fifty dollars for it, but he said it would soon pay for itself in labor saving. He felt so elated at his success he could not talk about anything else. After a good dinner his Yankee visitors left him with a promise to call again at his urgent request. And they did.

While the main body of the regiment was doing service in Martinsburg, Company K was, as before stated, doing duty among the natives of Sleepy Creek and Back Creek, on the B. & O. R. R. The duty was very light and the inhabitants in the vicinity were kind and well disposed. The boys used to go back two or three miles into the mountains on friendly visitations to the people, and were treated to the best the house could afford. The inhabitants generally were very loyal.

On the day of President Lincoln's funeral, most of the company at Sleepy Creek went back into the country to hear a Methodist minister preach the President's funeral sermon. Although the population was quite sparse in that region, still a good congregation was present, of all ages, who listened with deep interest to the patriotic utterances of the Methodist veteran. In all the land perhaps there was not a more loyal spirit manifested than on this occasion.

The whole plot of the Rebellion, from the beginning to end, was severely denounced, as well as the leading conspirators, especially the murderers of the President, while the cause of the Union was most earnestly defended and justified, and an eloquent eulogy was pronounced upon the character of the noble band of martyrs who had been slain for their country, among whom Abraham Lincoln was chief.

It is needless to say that this sermon gave the members of Company K great satisfaction, and they returned to camp loud in their praises of the old patriotic Methodist, who had done such ample justice to his subject. They did not believe a better sermon had been preached anywhere that day, and wished more Northern men could have heard it.

Among the pastimes of Company K were the "flag raisings" among the patriotic mountaineers. These were quite frequent after the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee and Johnson. Flag poles were raised in many places, and frequently the Eighteenth Connecticut boys were invited to assist. These invitations were accepted with the greatest interest and enthusiasm, and sometimes one or more of their number would be called upon for a speech. Among the foremost who used to astonish the natives with his Yankee eloquence was "Jim Taylor." Now Jim was a queer genius, always full of oratory, and he would often get off a very good and appropriate speech. He was the same Jim that used to fire off patriotic speeches at the veterans to Camp Aiken, at Norwich, while the regiment was getting ready for its three

years' trip down South to "hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree." He had rather improved by practice, and it was thought by some that he could "spout" about as well as he could fight. It is certain he was considered quite a prodigy by the mountaineers, and was often invited to address them at "flag raisings," amid the most uproarious enthusiasm. After their return to Martinsburg, Jim was sent for once or twice by his mountain friends to address them on other patriotic occasions.

While at Sleepy Creek, Capt. Mathewson was very sick, and Surgeon Holbrook was sent to his assistance, who after spending a few days with him brought the captain to the hospital at headquarters. He did not return to Sleepy Creek. Lieut. Caruthers was ordered there on duty for a short time.

On the first day of June quite an unusual and interesting event occurred, which produced considerable merriment among the boys, especially in Company E. The fact was Orderly Sergeant Anthony Staubly, in some of his visits about Martinsburg, had captured a prize, a Miss Jennie Schelkey, and the question soon arose as to what disposition should be made of this fair acquaintance as spoils of war. After much consultation and talk it was finally agreed that Jennie should go home with the Eighteenth Connecticut under the special command of Orderly Staubly, with the understanding that Miss Schelkey should become Mrs. Staubly, an arrangement the German lady was quite willing to give her consent to. Hence on the evening of the first day of June, (the month of roses,) there was a wedding in the east part of the town, in a very neat looking cottage occupied by the bride's parents, who seemed to be in pleasant circumstances, and quite well pleased with the contemplated change.

A large number of the officers of the regiment were present, and several members of Company E. Among the number was the chaplain, who had the pleasure of showing how the North and the South could be united in the bonds of peace, and a permanent union secured between the two sections. Anthony and

Jennie were married in the presence of a house full of citizens and soldiers, all of whom seemed to enjoy the occasion extremely well. Then followed an entertainment after the good old fashioned German style; wine and beer, cake and fruit were passed around in great profusion, and until a late hour there was music and dancing.

The invited guests returned to camp very much gratified with the evening's entertainment. All agreed in the opinion that Orderly Staubly had captured a splendid prize, and the uninitiated were recommended to "go and do likewise." Indeed the chaplain remarked before leaving the wedding party that

"The problem is solved; we've learned how to carry  
All sections for the Union—it is to intermarry;  
To mix well the blood of the Johnnies and Yanks,  
As the most likely way to cure rebel pranks."

He then added the following impressive exhortation:

"O come boys and girls of the South and the North,  
Haste to Hymen's altar, and then go forth,  
Being firmly united in marriage communion,  
And forever will banish the idea of disunion."

This exhortation was quite appreciated, as Lieut. Caruthers and several others of the regiment testified to a few years later.

The Christian Commission removed from Martinsburg the first week in June, as there were but a few soldiers remaining, and hence but little necessity for the continuance of its benevolent ministries. The members of the regiment, however, parted with the friends of this cause with much reluctance.

The agents of the commission generally had proved true and reliable friends and helpers in time of need. First and last the regiment had received a thousand acts of kindness—reading matter in great variety and abundance had been furnished without remuneration, and all kinds of hospital stores, medicines, fruits, stimulants, hosiery of all kinds, and other wearing apparel for the comfort of the sick and the wounded, and writing material of



every description. The Christian Commission was the "Good Samaritan" in the army, performing its compassionate mission with the utmost tenderness and fidelity.

No regiment in the service cherished more grateful recollections of the Christian Commission than the Eighteenth. Hence it was with a feeling of affectionate sadness they saw the agents of this great institution remove their effects from Martinsburg.

The canvas roof which belonged to the commission was removed from the chapel tent, and this created the necessity for breaking up public service in camp on the Sabbath, and for distributing the regimental library to those who desired to preserve a copy of the books as a relic of army life.

The chapel, with its reading and writing arrangements, and its Sabbath and evening religious services, and singing schools, had been of great service to the regiment. Those who appreciated their privileges bade farewell to them with many tender memories, and at this distance are prepared to say, with reference to the pleasant times in the old "log chapel:"

"Those were happy golden days  
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise."

Religious services often appeared more refreshing and joyful than under more favorable circumstances at home.

June 5th. A detail was made to bury a soldier of Sheridan's army, a part of which passed through Martinsburg about this time for their homes in the west. As one of the trains was starting from the depot, this poor fellow by some means had been run over and killed outright. It was an affecting scene. He was the only son of a widow. It was a sad duty indeed for the chaplain of the Eighteenth, with his men, to perform the funeral rites. How many soldiers' graves there were near the spot where this strange soldier was laid to rest. On his way home, full of hope and expectation, but in an hour when he thought not the voice of the great commander called him away to receive his final orders.

The corral was an enclosure on the southeast side of the town, where were collected army horses, and all sorts of war material connected with the trains, in which had been collected a motley mass of material which was finally disposed of by the agents of the government at auction. This property was guarded by a daily detail of men from the regiment, and on the whole the duty was quite an annoyance. The old broken down horses and dilapidated wagons and ambulances were hardly worth the pains taken to protect and save them for "Uncle Sam," and hence it was a great relief when the whole batch of mules, and trumpery generally, was sold off to the highest bidder. "Let 'em slide," said the boys, "we are going home to the tune of Yankee Doodle, in a few days; we've seen enough of old horses, and dumb-founded mules and jackasses." There was one mule, however, in which the whole regiment felt quite an interest, the one that Jim Lafferty rode on the raid; "the old patriarch," as he was called, being quite white of old age. But he was gone, and, alas for poor Jim, he has gone too! But if Jim had had no worse enemy than the old patriarch he might not have gone so soon. Peace to his ashes.

The old jail was another noted place which the boys had to guard at different times, and if none of their own number were ever guarded here the regiment was remarkably fortunate. At all events it has its memories and incidents of considerable interest. Guard duty ceased here about the 20th, as all the prisoners had been released.

June 18th. Attended religious service in town, as the chapel was in ruins, as before stated. Had a short speech and prayer at dress-parade by the chaplain.

June 23d. Had dress-parade down town in front of head-quarters. Considerable indignation was felt by the boys at the appearance of "Old Faulkner," as he was called, among the officers on the portico. But the old traitor himself seemed to enjoy it, and this was what was the matter with the men. It did not look enough like making treason odious. However, they had

had a little revenge on the old fellow by cutting down his beautiful grove that he thought so much of.

At the commencement of the war Faulkner was one of "Uncle Sam's" foreign ministers, but he came home and espoused the cause of the Rebellion, and the boys could not forgive him. His will was good enough at one time to have destroyed the Union. He did what he could to effect it, and Union soldiers thoroughly hated him.

Many tender and stirring events were crowded into the last week of the Eighteenth's stay in Martinsburg. For ten days or more it was generally known in the regiment and among the citizens that the "mustering out" was near at hand. The companies which had been doing duty outside were called in, and their officers were very busy in making out papers for the final discharge. These were received as early as the 21st, and the next day (Wednesday) Col. Peale told the boys that they were to leave on the Monday following. This news was received with a universal shout of joy, and every man commenced at once to make arrangements for his departure.

For sometime previous much leisure time had been employed in making trinkets and fancy articles, such as finger rings, picture frames, boxes, and many other curiosities to surprise the friends at home. These articles were made principally of black walnut, and showed the varied ability and ingenuity of the boys in the mechanical arts, and besides the work whiled away the time. Considerable time was spent in "packing up" for the final move. Calls and farewell visits were made to good and friendly people in and around Martinsburg.

After all the talk and worry about going home for weeks and months, still as the time drew near for the departure, there was a general regret in parting with the good friends of the place. For nearly two years these friends had improved every opportunity to show their appreciation of the friendship and services of the men who had left their quiet homes in the

North to expose their health and lives in behalf of the loyal and true of the South, and of the whole country. The names of these benefactors will ever be cherished with interest and affection by the Eighteenth. Among the most prominent of these were the Wysongs, the Gardners, the Staleys, the Suters, the Shaffers, the Snyders, the Wilans and others too numerous to mention.

The young ladies of many families showed every possible attention to the sick and wounded of all Union soldiers in the hospitals, and the blessing of many, once ready to perish, will always be with them. In some instances a friendship existed which ripened into a union for life, and now many a once brave soldier is rejoicing in the capture he made while "away down South in Dixie." It is not surprising then that so many of the boys contemplated their departure from the scene of such friendships with sincere regrets.

Unusual interest was also taken in the exchange of friendly congratulations among the members of the regiment at the glorious termination of the war; at their own preservation amid its dangers; the many hair-breadth escapes they had experienced, and at the prospect of being once more quiet citizens and neighbors in the "land of steady habits."

Every day the officers' quarters, and every tent in camp, were the scenes of excited demonstrations with reference to "going home." Among others the chaplain's room, in a building a few rods from the camp, was often filled with the men singing old familiar hymns, and talking over the wonderful past, and the prospective future. Several very affecting social meetings were held in that room after the dismantling of the chapel tent, which will never be forgotten. The chaplain had some difficulty in obtaining the room at first, owing to the opposition of some members of the family which occupied another part of the building, but the unpleasantness soon passed, matters assumed a very pleasant aspect, and "all was quite on the Potomac."

The chief article of furniture was an armed chair made of

black walnut rails, with a cherry-wood seat. This was the work and gift of Father Boyden, of Company H. It was such a curiosity and convenience, of course it could not be left in Virginia, and hence one of the boys took it in charge to bring home to Connecticut, and after a year or two it found a place in the editorial department of the *Soldiers' Record*. Little did the maker think when he was working away with only an ax, a saw and jack-knife, that he was whittling out an editorial chair, in the special interest of the soldiers of Connecticut, and of the country in general. Stranger things and more unlikely have happened and may happen again.

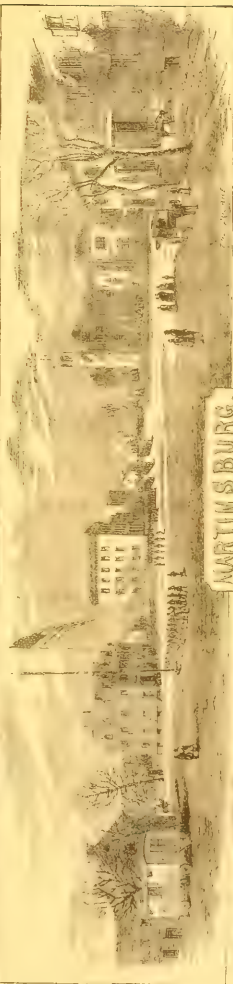
Farewell visits also were made to various farm houses where the boys had been so often entertained. In one instance a party went out black raspberrying and had a fine time; stopped at a farm house and were treated to bread, milk, honey, butter and other good things in abundance. A farewell ride was made by several officers to Thatcher's farm, Dr. Magruder's, Mother Kennedy's, old "hard shell," and various other places of interest and profit to them at different times. The citizens, both in town and country, seemed to regret the anticipated departure of the regiment. They complimented the men for their good behavior, and wished them a safe and happy journey home.

The last Sabbath was a beautiful June day. A memorable day; one of conflicting emotions of joy and regret. Those not necessarily employed in home arrangements went into town to church. It was difficult, however, to keep one's mind on the sermon in thinking over the changes of one year and a half.

The heavy tramp, tramp of armed soldiers, and the clatter and noise of the cavalry were no longer heard in the streets, and worship was not disturbed by the startling sound of the "long roll," as in the winter of 1863 and 1864. Those were stirring times, filling men's hearts with fear and dismay. Now all was quiet and orderly, no noise and no confusion. Peace, sweet peace, was the blessing and privilege of the hour, and both citizens



WORKS OF THE DEPOT



MARTINSBURG.



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and soldiers seemed to appreciate it as they sat together that day in holy quiet, praying, "Our Father which art in Heaven," after which many tender farewells were given.

At five o'clock, dress-parade, there was a service by the chaplain; prayer was offered and parting counsels and advice were given. There was a great concourse of spectators present, and the scene was very solemn and impressive. The order to be ready to move the next morning at five o'clock was received with great joy; and then the regiment returned to their quarters to spend their last night in Martinsburg, Va., as soldiers. No pen will ever be able to do justice to the parting scenes of that day, and the mingled emotions of the men as they lay down to take their last sleep, as they thought, in camp.

The lights went out that night at "taps" as usual, but there kept burning a brighter light in the heart a long time after, before the boys closed their eyes in sleep. How many times while in the service they could not sleep for pain or fear, and now they could hardly sleep for joy. Did any one dream of home, sweet home?

June 27th, 1865, was a memorable day in the history of the regiment. Having served their government until the Rebellion was crushed and peace restored, it was with feelings of exultation, and a just pride, that this movement of the Eighteenth Connecticut, who had participated in the stirring events which had secured such a glorious result, turned their faces once more toward their native State, and the loved ones at home. Twice during their term of service had the regiment been ordered home with the expectation of returning to the scenes of strife and death, but this time the order came to move under very different circumstances. Every man awoke early. "Boys, do you hear that music?"—morning reveille. "Listen, you won't hear that again in Martinsburg very soon." "Thank God," was the response from many a soldier who had long been sick of the "noise of war." The last relief turn their steps toward the camp, exulting



at the thought of no more challenging the sentries, and at an early hour the tents were struck for the last time, and about six o'clock A. M. the regiment was in line awaiting with intense excitement the command to march. This soon came, and the line moved through the town amid the cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and farewells of the patriotic citizens of the place. The scene was intensely exciting and affecting.

The Eighteenth left a host of friends in Martinsburg, and a "God bless you" for every one of them. The skies that morning were dull and heavy, but not so the hearts of the boys, they were light and happy, even if Uncle Sam did not send them easy chairs to ride in to Harper's Ferry. For once the old box cars were quite tolerable and decent. At all events they would not be boxed up in that way many times more.

The train moved off about seven o'clock A. M., while soldiers and citizens cheered loudly, and bade each other a hearty goodbye. Arrived at Harper's Ferry between nine and ten o'clock. Spent the day in getting ready for the final muster out, which took place at six o'clock P. M., on the very ground where a little more than two years before the regiment formed in line for the first time on Virginia soil, preparatory to an advance on Winchester. What a change! Then the battalion was fully one thousand strong, and subsequently increased by recruits to twelve hundred; now it numbered less than six hundred present and absent.

All of the original members of the field and staff were absent but three, viz: Capt. Joseph P. Rockwell, First Lieut. William Caruthers, and Commissary Sergeant Henry Hovey; and these officers were not at this time acting in their original capacity, but were with their respective companies, excepting Hovey.

Of all the officers of the line, June, 1863, only one-half were present at the final muster out. And the same was nearly true of the other members of the regiment. Considering the vicissitudes of nearly three years' service, it is a wonder that there were as many as the last roll indicated.

The complete catalogue, which will be found hereafter, will show the exact number of all the officers and men, the date of their enlistment, promotions, casualties, and time of discharge.

The little time the regiment occupied the old grounds of their first experiences in Harper's Ferry was full of interesting reminiscences, and the men seemed to live over their whole soldier life in a few hours.

This place had been one of very exciting scenes at various times; their present farewell visit being the twelfth time they had passed through this town during their sojourn in Maryland and Virginia. It will be memorable as the place of the last regimental muster, and official relations to the general government as soldiers in the war of the Rebellion.

June 28th. On the morning of this eventful day, at eight A. M., the Eighteenth bade a final farewell to the sacred soil of Virginia, passed over the iron bridge which spanned the Potomac, and was "homeward bound."

Arrived in Baltimore at four P. M., and at six o'clock of the same evening took the cars for Philadelphia, arriving about daylight the next morning. Marched directly to the Cooper Institute rooms, where the regiment was served to a good breakfast. Nearly half a dozen times did the good people of the City of Brotherly Love bountifully supply the wants of the regiment during the war, and the most pleasant memories of their repeated acts of hospitality will ever be cherished by the members of the Eighteenth.

At nine o'clock A. M. the regiment passed over the river to the Camden and Amboy Railroad Station, and took the train for Amboy and thence proceeded to New York by boat. Had a very pleasant passage. Marched to Castle Garden, where refreshments were provided, after which went on board of the steamer Granite State, and soon passed up the East River through Hell Gate, and when the sun went down the Granite State was making excellent time for Hartford, arriving safely at that place the next morning at seven o'clock.

The whole passage from Harper's Ferry was very expeditious and pleasant. The best of order prevailed throughout, and on arriving at Hartford the regiment was in excellent condition and spirits.

The regiment as a whole would have been much better pleased to have been sent directly to Norwich, from whence it originally set out for war, and for the return thither considerable preparation had been made; still all were exceedingly glad to set their feet anywhere on Connecticut soil once more as citizens of a commonwealth which had maintained such a glorious record during the war for the Union.

The march from the boat into the city, and through some of its principal streets, created no little excitement, and was splendidly executed.

The Eighteenth had come by boat—the Granite State—from New York, and reached Hartford shortly after seven o'clock A. M. This was earlier than they were expected, but the ringing of bells notified the people of their arrival, and a crowd soon collected and saw them disembark five hundred and fifty strong. The command was escorted by the city guards and was met everywhere by a hearty welcome from the citizens.

It was received by Governor Buckingham, the Hartford committee on receptions, David Clark, Esq., chairman; the City Guard, Capt. John K. Williams; the Governor's Guard, Maj. L. E. Hunt, and by the senators and representatives from New London and Windham Counties, in which counties the regiments were mainly recruited.

Marching up State Street a line was formed on Central Row, and the soldiers were addressed by Governor Buckingham, who spoke earnest words of welcome, commended them for their endurance and valor, and referring in fitting terms to those who had fallen while gallantly performing their duty. His remarks were admirably adapted to the occasion, and he was loudly cheered upon concluding.

Hon. George Pratt, representative from Norwich, then addressed them substantially as follows: "Officers and soldiers of the Eighteenth regiment: In the name of the citizens of Norwich and New London County, whom I in part represent, I bid you welcome home. My mind cannot fail to go back to that day when a thousand strong you marched forth from the streets of Norwich full of hope, bearing with you our love and admonition. We welcome you back sadly thinned in numbers, and as I look upon your ranks, I look in vain for the many faces I once knew and loved. Porter and Maginnis who lie buried beneath the sod of the Shenandoah Valley. I look in vain for Payne and Culver, who lie by their side, and for the many heroes who are silent in death. All honor to them, and all honor to the returning brave. We have looked upon your record with pride. Although overwhelmed by numbers in the bloody battle of Winchester, your honor was untarnished and your fame has been brightened by successive victories. Words fail me as I attempt to find fit expressions of welcome for the returning heroes. You have helped to dedicate anew the cause of freedom, and save our glorious Union. May God bless you for your heroic endeavors. Your country will hold you in lasting honor, and your children's children will point with pride to your glorious record." Mr. Pratt closed by alluding to the glorious termination of the regiment's career, and expressed the hope that the regiment would be assembled in Norwich.

Hon. E. H. Bugbee, of Killingly, State senator from the fourteenth district, was next introduced. He said in substance: "Officers and soldiers of the Eighteenth Regiment: In the name and in behalf of the representatives of the County of Windham, assembled here to do you honor, I bid you a most hearty and cordial welcome. Yes, thrice welcome. Soldiers of the Eighteenth, three years ago, of your own free will, you became soldiers of the Republic. Forsaking, of your own accord, the peaceful vocations of life, you went forth to do battle for the rights and

the life of the nation, and because of your valor and heroism we have a national existence. We are free— all the people of this land are free— because when the war came we found brave men who swore that the nation should not perish, but that it should live. To you and the soldiers of the great grand army of the Republic we are indebted for the preservation of the Union, and a race is also indebted to you for its freedom. Your names and your great deeds have become immortal, and this people shall erect monuments to the memories of those who have fallen, and inscribe thereon in letters that shall never fade, the names of the fallen braves, and your names too shall be preserved through all the centuries of our national existence. We cannot repay you for the services you have rendered your country, but we again welcome you to the State, and to your homes.

At the suggestion of David Clark, Esq., the citizens gave three cheers and a tiger for the soldiers; following which Hon. John T. Wait, of Norwich, State senator from the eighth district, was called upon and spoke briefly. His remarks were very touching, his emotion being so great that he was almost overcome. [He lost his only son, a noble young man, at the battle of Antietam, and the thought of him was natural on such an occasion.] In his expressions of love for the old flag, and his allusions to the war and its results, he was earnest and eloquent. Three cheers were given him as he concluded.

Col. John T. Bissell then received the regiment in behalf of the citizens of Hartford. Though they came from another section of the State, yet it afforded him no less pleasure to speak of their valor and patriotism. His remarks were very appropriate, and the usual cheers were given upon his conclusion.

Breakfast was served to the regiment after these ceremonies at the United States Hotel, Trumbull House, Allyn House, and subsequently the men were escorted to the Park Street camp where they were to be mustered out of State service.

The officers who returned were: Lieut. Col. Henry Peale,

Maj. Joseph Mathewson, Adjutant George W. Brady, Chaplain William C. Walker, Surgeon L. Holbrook, Asst. Surgeon C. H. Rowe, Quarter-master N. P. Johnson, Captains I. N. Kibbe, J. P. Rockwell, M. V. B. Tiffany, J. E. Woodward, Horatio Blanchard, C. D. Bowen, John Lilly, E. J. Mathewson, S. T. C. Merwin, F. G. Bixby; Lieutenants John A. Francis, William Caruthers, A. S. Granger, A. W. Loomis, E. S. Hinckley, E. D. Carpenter, Frank McKeag, C. A. Murray, Robert Kerr, and A. G. Scranton.

At once the regiment were furloughed to their homes.

On the fifth of July the Eighteenth returned to Hartford. On the sixth they turned over their arms, equipments, colors, etc., to the State authorities, and on the 7th were paid off, received their final discharge, and were no longer an organization.

In a few hours thereafter the trains for the eastern part of the State were crowded with happy men singing "Homeward Bound," and elated with the most joyous anticipations.

The war was ended, the Rebellion was crushed, the "old flag" and the nation were redeemed, and the institutions of freedom made secure.

## CHAPTER XVII.

PRISON LIFE.

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War at the best is cruel sport, and its darkest aspects but a repulsive record of trials, hardships, sufferings and death—a sombre picture that is brightened and redeemed only by exhibitions of those higher qualities of manhood in heroic deeds on the battle-field or in uncomplaining fortitude in hospital and prison.

The writer was an eye witness of the sufferings of men on the march, in hospitals and amid the horrors of the battle-field, and often wondered how the soldier could endure such heart-crushing experiences. Of prison life he had no personal knowledge, and it belongs to those who were subjected to the cruel barbarism of the rebels in prison-pens to give a detailed account of their experiences. It is an "old story" now, but it is due the memory of the heroes who suffered, starved, and in too many cases died in rebel prisons that a partial record should be handed down to the generations to come. In chapters VI. and VII. we have given a detailed account of the capture at Winchester, Va., and imprisonment of a large portion of the rank and file of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers. In those chapters will be found a description of Libby prison; scenes in the daily life there, and of the ever memorable "tunnel enterprise;" also a reference to the time when the officers of the regiment were exchanged and sent back into our lines. The following extracts will show how those officers fared who were not fortunate enough to be included

in the exchange made in March, 1864. The experiences of one prisoner were very nearly the experiences of all in Danville, Va., Andersonville and Macon, Ga., Columbia, and elsewhere.

NARRATIVE OF SECOND LIEUT. JAMES D. HIGGINS, COMPANY A.

This officer was taken prisoner near Winchester, June 15th, 1863, and confined in Libby prison till May 7th, 1864, when he was sent to Danville, and thence on May 12th to Macon, Ga. The change from the prison to the stockade, he says, was greatly enjoyed, as in the latter place he was out of doors; but the rations were poorer, if possible, than in Libby.

A very small, poor piece of bacon and a similarly small allowance of corn meal, without salt, made a very unpalatable meal. On the Fourth of July four comrades raised money enough to buy one small onion and they congratulated themselves that they would provide a treat for dinner in the shape of a soup. They placed their bacon and onion in a pot over the fire and the stew was progressing finely when they heard a great commotion outside—a crowd of soldiers were cheering and shouting joyously. The diversion was caused over the exhibition by a new recruit of a tiny silk flag—the old stars and stripes, which some of the prisoners had not seen for a year or more. It was a glad sight, and all cheered and sang lustily.

The guard ordered them to disperse, but as soon as he was out of sight the prisoners crowded around the recruit and his flag, cheering and singing. This was kept up for several hours; but, alas for the dinner! When the cooks returned to their soup they found it burned past redemption. No dinner that day. Lieut. Higgins further says: "When the rebels saw that Gen. Sherman was likely to capture Atlanta, they concluded that Macon was not safe from his raids, and hence all the prisoners, excepting the sick, were ordered to Charleston. There were twenty-three officers in the hospital, among whom were Dr. Harrington and Lieut. Scranton, and myself. Learning that they



were to be left without nurses, I applied for and received permission to remain and care for them. The rebels now began to fill up the stockade with the wounded from Sherman's army, and during the three weeks following I saw more human suffering than I had ever witnessed before. Men wounded in every conceivable manner were brought in in army-wagons, and dump-carts, piled upon each other almost like cord-wood, and in a manner entirely regardless of the nature of their wounds. The rebel guard apparently paid no more attention to their shrieks of agony than they would to the howling of a dog.

"At length, on account of the capture of Atlanta, an order came to send all the Yankee officers, the sick as well as the sound, to Charleston. On the day of our departure the officer in charge made out a roll of the officers, but accidentally my name was not taken. About two o'clock P. M. several ambulances arrived, and the officers, as their names were called, were placed therein. I was left alone. Lieut. Davis, the officer in charge, inquired: 'Hasn't your name been called?' 'No, sir,' I answered. 'What is your name?' he asked. 'J. D. Higgins,' I replied. 'Run along,' said he, scribbling my name on the roll without asking anything further. Arriving at the depot, the whole party, now numbering thirty-four men, were placed in an ordinary freight car, with straw mattresses for four of the worst cases. We left Macon about three o'clock P. M., and arrived at Augusta the next morning; and thence were sent to Charleston, S. C. I procured a morning paper, and my attention was arrested by a telegram announcing that all non-combatants in Charleston were to be released on the next day under a flag of truce. I congratulated Dr. Harrington on the probability of his being included in the list, when it suddenly occurred to my mind that here was a chance for me. I soon saw the corporal of the guard reading the roll of prisoners, and he allowed me to look at it, holding it himself.

"On coming to my name, I pretended to be indignant because the column opposite to it was not filled out, and asked the

reason. He replied that probably it was a mistake, but he would make it right. Taking his pencil he filled the blank as I dictated: 'Assistant Surgeon One Hundred and Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteers, captured at Lynchburg, Va., June 18th, 1864.' I retired well pleased and confided my secret to Dr. Harrington and my intimate friends. When we arrived in Charleston the provost marshal met us at the depot, and after looking over the roll called for the three surgeons whose names he noticed. We immediately presented ourselves, and were told that the next morning we could be sent into the Union lines, or wait until the next boat. We preferred to improve the first opportunity, and after the rest had been sent to the hospital went with the officer to his quarters, remaining there until midnight. I stretched myself upon the floor and tried to sleep, but it was impossible. The uncertainty of my position strained my nervous system to its utmost. My heart felt as large as my head, and I could hear every beat as plainly as the stroke of a hammer. The welcome morning dawned, but I could eat nothing, the food stuck fast in my throat. About seven o'clock we were formed in line and marched to the truce-boat, which started at nine o'clock A. M. There was no cabin on the boat, so we were placed on the forward deck, made to sit with our backs to the rail and a guard was placed over us to keep our heads bowed down so that we could not see the rebel fortifications.

"We met the Federal truce-boat, the Wyoming, half a mile below Fort Sumter, and as the rebel craft hauled along side, we were allowed to rise, and the first thing that met our eyes was the glorious stars and stripes waving protectingly over our heads. An involuntary shout burst from all as we sprang to our feet, which was promptly suppressed by the guard. After an hour and a half, which seemed an age, each prisoner, as his name was called, marched on board the Wyoming. That gang-plank seemed to me the dividing line between life and death. At one end life, liberty and all I held dear on earth, at the other a loathsome

dungeon, starvation and perhaps death. I hurried forward, crossed the plank and reached the deck of the Wyoming, but the feeling of dread that I might not yet be safe caused me to get out of sight at once. When the bow of the boat was turned in the opposite direction, and we got under way, then did I realize that I was free, and my pent-up feelings found relief. I danced, I laughed and cried like a lunatic, till the other doctors stared in amazement. But why should they understand my feelings? Not one of them had been a prisoner over four months, while I had had a bitter experience of fifteen.

When the boat arrived at Hilton Head, and Harrington was taken to the hospital, Lieut. Higgins went before Lieut. Col. Woodford to prove his identity, and the colonel immediately said: "I know you; you are a line officer. You can go to the pay-master and draw some money with which to buy clothing, and be ready to go back to-morrow." One of the surgeons who had been a prisoner only four months had betrayed him.

At this discovery Higgins became desperate, and said: "I never will go back alive." The colonel replied: "It is no use to talk in that way; you must go back." Higgins responded: "Why not send a well line officer back in my place, now that I have got so far? To send me back now would be sending me to death. I shall be thrown into a dungeon and that will end all, for I cannot bear much more."

"No," was the reply, "they had agreed to exchange only non-combatants, and you must go back."

Higgins says: "Imagine my feelings; thrown from the mountain top of expectant joy down into the valley of deep despair. I then went to see Dr. Harrington, but he had been sent to Beaufort. I felt my last hope was gone, and I must devise some way of escape, for I could never go back. I thought of a friend of mine, Charles Dennis, of Norwich, and to him I went and told my story. He said he thought he could help me. He had a ship that would sail for New York the next day. The cap-

tain came in at that moment and went with me into an adjoining room, where I told him my story, and the kind-hearted sailor said: 'I will help you. My ship sails to-morrow at noon. Come on board in good season, and I will see what I can do for you.' Towards night, as I was walking on the beach, I met Col. Woodford, and as he walked slowly by, without looking at me, he said: 'The ship, *Carnac*, sails to-morrow at twelve o'clock. You will be searched for.' Whether his heart had softened, and he wished me to elude the searchers and escape, so that he would not have to send me back, I never knew, but my feelings toward him were changed for the better. Next day, toward noon, I went on board the ship without being challenged, as I had on Dr. Harrington's coat—after that I sent it to him at Beaufort. The captain accompanied me down to the steward, who took me in charge, gave me a cap and apron and set me to work. Just before twelve o'clock the soldiers came on board the ship in search of me. They came into the steward's room and said: 'Who have you here?' The reply was: 'None but my men.' The soldiers seemed satisfied and went away. Then I came out from my hiding place, and felt as though I was on my way to freedom. Arriving in New York I began to fear again lest I might be taken back. I did not leave the ship for an hour or more, and then I hurried into a street car, went to a hotel and did not go out till dark, when I took the cars for Havre de Grace. I began to think then I was a free man, and yet I could hardly realize it. I felt as if I were dreaming. I would pinch myself to see if I was not asleep. It was many weeks before I could feel a certainty of my freedom."

Lieut. Higgins was very ill for a number of weeks after his release, and although he lived a number of years after the war, he died a victim of the rebel prisons. No one will question his methods to regain his liberty after so many months of suffering from the barbarisms of the Southern Confederacy.

EXPERIENCES OF SECOND LIEUT. E. D. CARPENTER, COMPANY B.

This officer was captured on June 15th, 1863, at the Winchester battle, and was sent to Libby prison where he remained ten months and a half. Then he was taken to Danville and thence to Greensboro, Salisbury, Charlotte, N. C., Columbia, S. C., and Augusta, Ga. At this place he made his escape, and after proceeding north for two days was captured. He was treated kindly, however, and taken back to Augusta and placed in jail for one night; thence being sent to the stockade at Macon. He says: "I found upon my arrival that the rebels had made no preparation for our shelter, and we had to construct such as we needed. We were in a stockade containing about two acres of ground. We remained here about two months. Our fare consisted of corn meal, and poor bacon alive with maggots, and a very little rice. We remained until fears were entertained of a raid from Sherman, when we were sent to Savannah, and thence to Charleston. While at Savannah I was attacked with a diarrhea, which never left me while I was a prisoner. At Charleston I was put in the city jail yard, one of the most abominably filthy places I ever saw; and there I ate and slept in grit and dirt.

"Remained about two weeks, while the Union shells were continually passing over us, going steadily farther and farther into the city each day. The yellow fever breaking out among us, after a three weeks' stay we were taken to Columbus, fifteen hundred of us in all, to a high tract of land about three miles from the city, including four acres nearly covered with pines, and here we were turned loose to browse with no shelter. The rebels allowed us one ax to every two hundred men. Those who had money purchased additional ones, and after two months' work we succeeded in providing ourselves barely a shelter from the cold storms. But other poor fellows were not so fortunate, but remained for weeks with no shelter, and little clothing, exposed to the pouring rains. This state of things produced universal discontent. Having no stockade around us, many of us

made efforts to escape, and altogether three hundred succeeded at various times in getting away.

"On December 10th, 1864, I was moved for the last time, being obliged to go to the hospital. I had become so weak that I could hardly keep about; but relief came at last in the advance of Sherman's army. On February 13th, 1865, at about nightfall, while it was raining in torrents, word came for our officers to get ready for removal to Charlotte, N. C. All the men were able to go except four, myself being one of the number. I was transferred to another hospital in the city which was used for Confederate sick and wounded soldiers. Two days after the shells from Sherman's batteries began to fly over the city, causing great consternation among the rebels, and preparations were made to remove the inmates of the hospital out of the range of the firing. I felt perfectly calm; indeed the noise and hissing of the shells was the most enjoyable music that had greeted my ears for a long time.

"I was in hopes that the officers in charge would allow me to remain quietly where I was to be recaptured by our forces; but the order soon came to get up and dress and be ready to move. I was greatly disappointed. The hospital was a large building, consisting of two wards, No. 1, and No. 2, and I was in the upper story. The guards began to remove the inmates and had cleared the upper ward. I was below waiting my turn. I returned up stairs to get something that I had left behind, and while there the thought occurred to me of trying to escape. I hastily concealed myself under a bunk, pulled down the blankets to the floor, and there I lay quietly until the rebels retired, and was not missed. They had carried all the sick away and as I was not visible evidently they supposed I must have been among the first to be moved. The rebels next put a large gang of negroes to work removing the bedding; and as they worked away one of them came along where I was, and lifting the blankets seemed much alarmed on discovering me and sprang back instantly. I motioned to him

to be quiet and go away, and he did so. But as soon as he was alone, he returned and inquired who I was. When I told him, he seemed much pleased and expressed the hope that I might get safely away. He told me that as soon as the bedding had been removed the rebels would lock up the building, and asked me how I would be able to get down stairs. I told him that I would find a way. It was about two o'clock P. M. when I got under the bunk, and at about four o'clock all was still. I remained quietly until after dark, when the door was unlocked and I heard voices. The ward masters and assistants had come in to spend the night. So here was a fix. How would I be able to get out unobserved. There was a fire-place at each end of the room. My visitors built a fire in the one opposite to me, and while they were all seated and busy talking I made my way to the door, got under a bunk and waited for a favorable opportunity to escape.

I heard them talking about myself and wondering how I disappeared so suddenly. At about nine o'clock I got out unobserved. My first purpose was to find a negro who would direct me to a place of safety till Sherman should enter the city. I was not successful, and I learned afterward that the negroes were locked up during the night in their quarters. I had become very faint and hungry and as all the stores were closed up, my only chance was to apply at a private house. I went to a large dwelling, rapped, was admitted, and four or five ladies came into the hall and surveyed me from head to foot. They asked me where I lived, and I replied: 'At Savannah;' 'but' said I, 'the Yanks are there now, and I cannot go home.' They asked me to what regiment I belonged, and I told them that I was connected with none, being on hospital service, and that I had been moving patients that day so as to be able to get them out from under fire of Yankee batteries. In the meantime one of the ladies had got me some cold meat and bread, and invited me to sit down and eat. But I explained that it was late and that I would prefer to take the



food in my hand and be going. I gladly went on my way, anxious to escape further questions. I then made a bold push to get lodging for the night, as I found that I was failing fast in strength. I at once proceeded to a hotel where I found lodging. I registered as 'J. C. Cady, Charleston, S. C.,' and immediately retired to a good bed in a room by myself. I lay till nine o'clock the next morning, when one of the servants came and told me they were going to shut the hotel as there was great excitement in the city. I arose and after long waiting got a pretty good breakfast. I found that I had been stopping at Gen. Beauregard's head-quarters, and that he had left about an hour before. As I went out of the hotel, I saw the Confederate cavalry on all sides and about me. At about eleven o'clock I saw a flag advancing up the street, and I could hardly believe my eyes as my glance fell on the stars and stripes, the dear old flag, which had not greeted me before for two years.

The flag came up rapidly in the direction of the State house and as it passed me I took off my cap and cheered lustily, causing some astonishment in the street. Soon I saw the infantry approaching, Gen. Sherman at the head, with Gen. Howard by his side. Their presence called forth cheer after cheer from the soldiers. That night Columbus was burned. It was a grand and awful sight. I was taken in charge by the surgeon-in-chief, put into an ambulance and accorded the "best of treatment." From this place Lieut. Carpenter was taken to Lafayette, N. C., thence to Wilmington, and thence by steamer to Baltimore, where he arrived safely, and found himself once more among old friends. After a short visit to Connecticut he returned to the regiment in early spring, and was mustered out of the service on June 27th, at Harper's Ferry.

CAPT. JOHN E. WOODWARD, COMPANY E.

This patriotic officer was another victim of the first Winchester fight. His experiences in rebel prisons was much the same as those already described. In his account of his prison-life he



speaks first of his comparatively pleasant ride by rail, under the Blue Ridge mountain, of his arrival at Libby, which he designates "a hell upon earth," and of the greetings from Gen. Straight's command, which awaited all the new arrivals of "fresh fish and Milroy's thieves." He goes on to say that the severity of Libby's barbarities was somewhat mitigated for a while by the arrival of boxes of food and clothing from the dear ones at home, also of a large box of similar articles from his own company, which were divided among our squad.

This transfer to Danville, and thence to Macon, was rather an improvement on Libby. He speaks of Gen. Stoneman's failure, and the presence of so many of his command as prisoners, as an occurrence that "brought tears to our eyes." He was placed under the "fire of the Yankee batteries at Charleston." "The rebel officers, however, treated us kindly and respectfully for prisoners of war, giving us more and better rations than we had at any other point. The reason was that they had been prisoners themselves at the North, and knew the difference between our treatment of them and that which was our lot to suffer by orders of their government." From Charleston he was sent to Columbus and suffered barbarities characteristic of that place which have been already described. The guard was composed of "Georgians and Marylanders, cold-blooded beings—the worst type of men." He adds: "We often thought the Virginians were bad enough but this set could discount them fifty per cent." On the arrival of Sherman's army at Columbus, the Yankee prisoners were dispatched, about the 15th of February to Charlotte, N. C.; thence to Greensboro and thence to Raleigh. In these transfers the captain saw a probability of an exchange being sent to Waldoboro. "On the following day, March 1st, 1865," he says, "to our great joy we bade good-by to Southern Confederacy at the Northeast Bridge, N. C., after twenty months and fifteen days of suffering confinement in rebel prisons." The rest of the story must be told in his own language. "Outside of

Wilmington, N. C., we were received into the Union lines by our own State volunteers, the Seventh Regiment, who were acting as provost guard; and here, for the first time since the beginning of our imprisonment, our eyes, full of tears, saw the old flag, which seemed dearer to us than ever before. Never can I forget that glad day, nor the joyful excitement experienced by those of us who had suffered such a long confinement. At Northeast Bridge our troops had erected an arch of flags and evergreens, inscribed with the word, 'Welcome,' and under this we marched dancing with joy and with clapping of hands, while the bands played, and the air rang with wild huzzas! This was the first time that we had seen our colored comrades. Four brigades were drawn up on each side of our route to receive us.

"I have often thought of the enjoyment of children at play, in connection with our feelings that day, but no group of little ones might be compared, except in their emotions, with our worn out, starved and half-dead officers who acted out their childhood again. Slept at Wilmington that night after receiving our first rations at the hands of colored troops, and on the day following sailed for Annapolis, Md., arriving there on Sunday evening. Here I donned a new suit of blue, and was granted a leave of absence to my home; the reader can guess the rest.

"Rejoined my regiment May 6th, 1865, at Martinsburg." Capt. Woodward gives the names of the officers who were with him in his prison life, according to his best recollection, as follows: Capt. Henry C. Davis, First Lieut. Adam H. Lindsey, Company A; Capt. Ezra J. Mathewson, Second Lieut. Asahel G. Scranton, Company K; Capt. Charles D. Bowen, First Lieut. Andrew W. Loomis, Second Lieut. William H. Locke, Company H; Second Lieut. Francis McKeag, Company E; First Lieut. Samuel T. C. Merwin, Company C.

Could the experiences of all these men, together with those of other officers of the regiment named elsewhere, be written, the record would be sufficient to fill a large volume. From the

narratives in these pages we may learn at least something of the sufferings and hardships of all. In some instances the men suffered worse than a thousand deaths, and their names may be justly enrolled on the roster of those who were martyrs for the salvation of their beloved country. It is a remarkable fact that of the officers who were incarcerated in rebel prisons, most of them for over twenty months, not one of them actually died in prison. How it was possible that so many should have survived this barbarous, and inhuman treatment, is a marvel. It must be said, however, that very few of them returned but with shattered and broken-down constitutions and afflicted with a complication of diseases that resulted in early death. Nearly one-half since then have obeyed the call of the great commander and their battle of life is ended.

If the officers suffered thus severely in imprisonment what shall be said of the fate of the private soldiers? They wore no stars and straps to entitle them to respect, or at least to more humane treatment, it being generally admitted that an officer was accorded more privileges, either out of regard to his rank, or on account of his having more means at his command to purchase comforts of life. If every soldier had written the story of his privations and sufferings while in prison, the record would equal in its pathetic and affecting incidents any book of martyrs ever penned.

James S. Bigelow, Company 1, was six months a prisoner at Belle Island and Danville. He was marched barefooted from Winchester in June, 1863, to Staunton, thence conveyed to Richmond in a rickety cattle car, thence to Lynchburg and then on to Danville, where he was placed in prison No. 4, about the 7th of August. His narrative begins at this time. He says: "My prison-life now began in earnest. Had I at that time known the privations and misery I was to endure for the next six months I think I should have given up all hope of surviving. But the daily expectations of a parole or exchange sustained me. No one but a comrade prisoner can know what it is to suffer the pangs of

hunger, week after week and month after month. Our rations were corn-cake only, one cake, six inches square and two inches thick, being a ration for two men for one day. It was equally divided, each man performing this service alternately and each piece was handed from one to the other several times for each to see if there was any difference in the size, for we felt that each crumb represented moments of life. These rations were not snatched and hastily eaten as one might suppose that starving men would do."

On October 13th, a well-organized plan of escape was executed by the men who were driven in their starving condition to go out in squads to work on the rebel fortifications. Bigelow was one of about one hundred men, guarded by twenty rebel soldiers, who went out to work on that eventful day. Two men had been assigned to each guard, and at a given signal they were to disarm them and then make a dash for the woods. The signal was the word "corn-dodger." At the instant this was given a simultaneous break was successfully made and the race for life and liberty began; to end in death for some and for others indescribable sufferings and recapture. Bigelow had taken the precaution to bind up his feet in some old rags, but these were only a slight protection from the briars and roughness of the way. He was retaken. "After this," he says, "it was close confinement for us all. I managed to live but it was only an existence. As the cold weather came on our sufferings increased, and each day we had less strength to resist the cold.

"At last the guards gave us a stove, but fuel was scarce and poor, and we could get but little heat. On the coldest days we formed in circles around the stove, and as the inner circle got warm, it would fall back and give place to another. Oh! it was a terrible winter, many dying daily of starvation alone, for had we received proper nourishment, we could have better withstood the cold weather. In conclusion I would say that Danville prison-life sapped my very life-strength. I entered it in good

health with a robust constitution. I left it with a sickly, emaciated body that daily reminds me of the cursed inhumanity of the Southern soldiers, rank and file. Yet the prisoners were most obedient and my experience tells me that even when the most brutal orders were given, the privates were not slow to execute; and that almost to a man they exceeded the requirements of their orders. We may forgive but as long as they live Union prisoners can never forget."

Charles J. Richards, of Company A, in addition to his experiences at Belle Isle, Lynchburg, Danville and Florence, was also a boarder at Andersonville for six weeks. He was at length taken to Wilmington, N. C., where he was released and sent to Annapolis, Md.

It is believed that the most of those members of the regiment who were so unfortunate as to be sent to Andersonville, the worst of all the rebel prisons, died of the barbarous treatment there received. The horrors of that death-pen have never yet been adequately described. "The scenes inside the stockade, near the gate, were often too terrible to be pictured with the pen. Here would be gathered in the morning, on their way to pass through the gate where medicines were distributed, the sick, often creeping upon their hands and knees, and also those who were too sick to creep and who were borne by feeble, staggering companions. Here, also, were stretcher-bearers with their burdens of the dead, all waiting in a densely-packed throng of thousands, often in the rain or sultry tropical sun, where not a breath of air stirred to revive the fainting. Frequently the sick, abandoned by those who carried them, were left in the crowd where no air could reach them, and thus uncared for they died. This neglect was caused not so much by want of feeling on the part of comrades as by the inability of the latter to longer care for them. Those who bore stretchers often fell fainting, and died in the throng of waiting misery, and on one day in July twenty men breathed their last in less than four hours among the crowd around the

prison gate. Equally great was the mortality among the prisoners who were transferred to the hospital outside the stockade." That this picture by Mr. Richards is not overdrawn will be seen when it is considered that three thousand five hundred prisoners were crowded into a space of not more than two acres of land, and subjected daily to such treatment, in respect to shelter, food and medicine as would be a burning disgrace to the most barbaric race. "All over camp," says an eye-witness, "men might be seen creeping out of holes like half-drowned kittens." (See the soldier's story, pages 145 and 146.) Actually the prisoners burrowed in the earth like wild beasts, or be exposed to the fury of rain and sun, and the frosts of night. Add to the miseries of the situation that of the poor medical treatment, combined with the horrors of starvation, and the air that was filled with pestilence and death, and is it any wonder that the prisoners died by scores and hundreds every day. During one week, it is said, the death-roll numbered thirteen hundred and eighty men.

It was in this rebel "hell" that eleven members of the Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers suffered a demoniacal martyrdom.

In February, 1864, Col. Ely and one hundred and eighty officers made their escape from Libby through the famous tunnel, on which some fifty-five days of hard work were spent, and the *Richmond Inquirer* thus describes this ingenious undertaking: "It appears that the tunnel under Twelfth Street was dug entirely with an old hinge, and the loosened earth—a brittle marl and sand—removed with an old sugar scoop, stolen from the hospital quarters. As the tunnel progressed, the miner took with him, besides his tools, an old-fashioned knapsack made upon a wooden frame, to which a cord was attached. When he filled this with earth it was drawn out by an accomplice who remained in the cellar. The contents safely deposited out of the way, it was then shoved back to the digger with a pole. The chamber in which this work was carried on was kept constantly locked, never used, and the windows being tightly nailed, it was dark as pitch."

About fifty of those who escaped, including Col. Ely, were recaptured, and had to pay for this by close confinement in the underground cells of Libby, which were infested with rats, and foul with a dampness that dripped from the walls. Still our boys kept up a brave heart during their long and exhausting imprisonment.

We give the following experience of Col. Ely, who got out of Libby by means of the tunnel just referred to: "Just as the rebel guard appeared to see that all was right we had started on our slide, feet foremost, through a hole in the brick chimney into the cellar below. Dropping on the cellar bottom, we crept across it in the dark, found the opening to the tunnel occupied by the retiring boots of another aspirant for liberty. As we were rather stalwart in size, hitching along three inches at a hitch, was the best we could do. It was all elbow work, the limited area of the tunnel not admitting any use of the legs. Hitching and perseverance brought us to the exit of the tunnel. Here we waited with head out of the hole (marmot style), took a survey of the empty boxes under the shed that once had been filled by the United States Sanitary Commission supplies, waited for our comrade from Willimantic with whom we had sworn to make a strike for liberty. We waited about ten minutes, when we felt a pull at our leg, and speedily emerging from the tunnel made room for Lieut. Clifford, of Ohio. Next came Quarter-master \_\_\_\_\_, from New York. Through the cracks of the shed which separated us from the street the rebel guard could be plainly seen patrolling in front of the prison, and watching it closely. It was not a good place to wait even for sworn friends, and the ten minutes seemed like ten hours.

"Here we quietly took off our shoes and walked on tip-toe to the corner of the shed. It was evident that we must pass the width of the shed on the beat of the guard. The only time to do it was when he was walking toward the prison. It was done; and safely around the corner we three agreed to stand by each



other till we reached the Union lines. If ragged uniforms could have disguised us we were well disguised, but not knowing the city we ran plump on to a rebel guard around the City Hospital. 'Halt! who goes there?' rang like a death knell to our hopes of freedom, but the prompt reply, 'None of your business; can't a fellow see his girl without being halted?' proved a pass-word, and the striking up of 'Dixie' in a half-drunken songster style by Clifford disarmed any suspicion that the sentinel may have had.

"We crossed the street in front of the sentinel, and threaded our way to the outskirts of the city on the east side. Every house was dark, and the streets were deserted. When fairly outside of the city we proceeded with great caution, but found ourselves close upon the fortifications before we were aware of it. These appeared to be unoccupied, and further observation showed us that this was even the case. A single man with a handful of files might have spiked forty or fifty pieces of artillery. Peering over the parapet, the faint glow of camp-fires revealed long lines of stacked muskets and rows of tents. Dusky forms could be seen grouped around fires farther distant, that were supposed to be reserved picket fires. Several spots were tried before we succeeded in finding a gap in the picket lines. We soon found one that promised to be a good outlet, and pushed through without disturbing the sentinels, who could be plainly seen counteracting the chill of a frosty night by the warmth of a few embers.

"We were hardly outside of the picket lines well under way putting as much distance between us and the City of Richmond as possible before dawn, when the sudden neighing of a horse brought us to a stand, and not a second too soon, for careful examination showed that a large cavalry picket was dead ahead. The cavalry picket proved more easily evaded than the pickets just passed, so on we pushed, through woods, and over brooks, sometimes floundering in the cold water up to our arm-pits. The



night was cold, but exercise and excitement kept us warm. The increasing light of early dawn warned us that it was time to seek a hiding-place for the day. The spot selected was a bushy hill-side covered with scrub oaks. Here we sat down to rest and wait for the night.

"Col. Ely now found to his astonishment that he was the only one of the party who had any provisions. A boiled tongue, shriveled and mouldy, three months' old, kept in anticipation of this emergency, with eighteen soda crackers, comprised the entire stock of provisions, which was divided into three equal lots. A light breakfast was eaten, and by turns two slept, while the third kept watch. Our hiding-place proved well selected, overlooking a river a half mile distant. Twice during the day a company of rebel cavalry passed by, also several foot soldiers. Unable to light a fire from fear of attracting attention, we suffered greatly with the cold. At night the march was resumed.

"Keeping the North Star in view as a point for reference, we moved in the direction of Charles City Court House. The second night was much like the first, with fewer indications of the enemy. The next morning's breakfast finished all that was left of the tongue and soda crackers, but failed to satisfy the cravings of our hunger. Our refuge the second day was a large swamp. Want of sleep, want of food, as well as suffering from the cold began to tell on systems already debilitated by long imprisonment. A search was made for acorns to eat; but it was evident that the acorn crop had been disposed of earlier in the winter by the squirrel and turkies. The latter were frequently seen, but showed great lack of confidence in us refugees, who looked at them with longing eyes and wished in vain for a shot-gun or rifle. The swamp seemed sufficiently unfrequented, dark, and dense to give a feeling of security from cavalry and infantry. At night the march was resumed, and as we knew that we had already left Bottom's Bridge in the rear we confidently anticipated being within the lines of General Butler's corps the next morning.

"The third night's march was one of great suffering and faintness from hunger. The New York Quarter-master showed signs of extreme weakness, and retarded the march of the other two greatly. The last two hours of the night was over mostly open country, and the gray of dawn found us wearily struggling through a thinly wooded tract of timber. We much disliked the appearance of a lonely house three-quarters of a mile distant, there was no shelter where we were, and we pushed on as rapidly as possible, hoping to reach what seemed to be a dense swamp about a mile ahead, and expecting there to find a secure hiding-place, from which we could watch for the blue coats of Uncle Sam's cavalry.

"Just now the sound of cavalry was heard in our rear, but it came from the wrong direction. Only a half a mile to the swamp and no place to hide even a man's head till it was reached. So on we pushed the quarter-master falling behind from exhaustion. The sound of horsemen came nearer and a triumphant yell announced that the quarter-master was again in the hands of the rebels. We had succeeded in getting out of the timber, and were going down the hill-side for the swamp, going at a lively pace, too. Soon we heard shouts of 'Halt!' but heeded them not. Crack! crack! crack! crack! went the carbines till there was a rattling fire, nearer and nearer sounded the horses' feet till these seemed more fearful than the fusilade and whistling of bullets. Only one hundred yards, and horse would not have been able to follow! Another yell, and Clifford was taken. A horseman dashed by us, sprang from his saddle and intercepted us with a Colt's navy pistol leveled at our head.

"Libby prison loomed up again! The captured were gathered together, three in number in company with our purraders, who were Major Robertson's cavalry, forty in number.

"'I say, Yank, an't you hit?' was a frequent inquiry. And 'No; wish I had been' the sullen reply. And some laughing was done at the expense of the crack shots of the company by their

comrades. A proposition was made to us by the sergeant of the company: 'Say! You tell the major that I did the right smart thing in overhauling you, and you shall have a good breakfast.' The proposition was accepted, and we breakfasted with Major Robertson, and received handsome treatment that day. We now learned, much to our chagrin, that we were captured on ground held by Gen. Butler's command forty-eight hours previously, and were several miles above Charles City Court House.

"The next morning we were turned over to the home cavalry guard, a mean, cruel set of devils, who marched us till noon, and then turned us over to a relief, who marched us to the doors of Libby Prison, forty miles in one day.

"Dick Turner, jailor, smiled grimly upon us, and ordered us to the cells below and put us on a diet of corn bread and water. Below, we found companions, forty men, stowed away in four cells, seven feet by twelve feet each, many of whom, like our trio, had the entire soles of their feet blistered in the attempt to escape. Ten men were confined for three weeks in a cell seven feet by twelve, with not room for them all to lie down at once, and when they did lie down wharf rats and vermin were too plenty to permit rest."

## ROLL OF HONOR.

Casualties at battle of Winchester, Va., June 13th, 14th and 15th, 1863.

## KILLED.

Jas. McCracken, prv. Co. A	Thomas F. Jones, pri., Co. A
Thomas Simmons, pri., Co. B.	James Daggett, prv. Co. B
Asher D. Holmes, prv. Co. C	Chas. C. Noyes, prv. Co. C
A. D. Woodmancy, prv. Co. C	H. H. McCracken, prv. Co. E
Edward L. Porter, capt. Co. F	Charles Baldwin, prv. Co. F
Albert Burnett, prv. Co. F	W. O. Parsons, sergt., Co. G
Stephen H. Oatley, prv. Co. G	George W. Pickett, prv. Co. G
Wallace Smith, prv. Co. G	George E. Howard, prv. Co. G
Earle Ashley, prv. Co. H	Charles A. Barber, prv. Co. H
A. M. Dillaber, prv. Co. H	Alfred E. Tracy, prv. Co. H
Anson A. Fenton, prv. Co. H	Daniel G. Bennett, prv. Co. K
Robert Sharkey, prv. Co. K	

## WOUNDED.

J. D. Ripley, non-com. staff	S. D. Worden, corp. Co. A
John Crawford, prv. Co. A	Michael Hanly, prv. Co. A
Islay B. Martin, prv. Co. A	D. B. Sullivan, prv. Co. A
Albert H. Pitcher, prv. Co. A	N. C. Thompson, prv. Co. A
Thos. K. Bates, capt. Co. B	Richard Frazier, prv. Co. B
David M. Colvin, prv. Co. B	S. T. C. Merwin, lieut. Co. C.
C. F. Keables, prv. Co. C	B. M. Upham, prv., Co. C
Geo. Bromley, prv. Co. C	A. J. Comstock, prv. Co. E

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A. G. Franklin, prv. Co. E	B. Fitzpatrick, prv. Co. E
M. Tourtelotte, prv. Co. E	Thos. E. DeWolf, prv. Co. E
G. H. Crawford, prv. Co. E	Silas J. Alger, prv. Co. E
Geo. W. Blake, corp. Co. F	Daniel B. Church, prv. Co. F
Daniel A. Botham, prv. Co. F	Edwin S. Tabor, corp. Co. G
Geo. W. Warner, capt. Co. G	James Stone, prv. Co. G
Peter Bercune, prv. Co. G	Wm. Caruthers, lieut. Co. H
Chas. D. Bowen, capt. Co. H	F. S. Harrington, prv. Co. H
Joseph Metcalf, prv. Co. H	Geo. H. Wilber, prv. Co. H
Emery D. Rogers, prv. Co. H	Geo. D. Harris, prv. Co. H
Wm. J. Whiteside, corp. Co. H	George R. Bliven, prv. Co. H
Wm. H. Miller, prv., Co. H	Chas. H. Richardson, prv. Co. I
J. O. Lathrop, prv. Co. I	Almond Bartlett, corp. Co. K
Leonard Bowen, prv. Co. K	D. P. Jordan, prv. Co. K
Charles Young, prv. Co. K.	

Casualties at battle of New Market, May 15th, 1864.

#### KILLED.

Wm. I. Spaulding, capt. Co. B    William H. Hall, prv. Co. H

#### WOUNDED.

Lewis Hovey, sergt. Co. A.	Joseph Hancock, prv. Co. A
Erastus Baker, prv. Co. A	John S. Greene, prv. Co. A
S. K. Spalding, prv. Co. B	Chas. W. Smith, prv. Co. B
L. Hauerwas, prv. Co. C	Charles M. Avery, prv. Co. C
B. B. Brown, prv. Co. C	Martin Cryne, prv. Co. C
James Curley, prv. Co. C	Frank H. Gordon, prv. Co. C
Lemuel A. Manning, prv. Co. C	E. Washburn, prv. Co. C
F. M. Truman, prv. Co. C	Wm. H. Withey, prv. Co. C
Elisha R. Potter, prv. Co. C.	J. Mathewson, capt. Co. D
Thos. J. Aldrich, sergt. Co. D	F. H. Converse, corp. Co. D
Joseph Heath, prv. Co. D	Edward P. Ryan, prv. Co. D
Warren A. Burgess, prv. Co. D	Patrick Clark, prv. Co. D
J. W. Robinson, prv. Co. D.	C. J. Williams, corp. Co. E

B. W. Taft, prv. Co. E	James Mussey, prv. Co. E
W. G. Hayward, prv. Co. E	C. A. Jillson, prv. Co. E
Frank Reed, prv. Co. G	Josiah W. Whitney, prv. Co. G
G. W. Underwood, prv. Co. G	Tracy Rogers, corp, Co. G
William Lewis, prv. Co. H	Eben R. Eaton, prv. Co. H
Patrick Heverin, prv. Co. H	Chas. U. Brooks, prv. Co. H.
Joseph Abby, prv. Co. H	John F. Gager, prv. Co. H
A. D. Wilber, prv. Co. H	Joseph Golding, prv. Co. H
Wm. Caruthers, lieut. Co. H.	

Casualties at battle of Piedmont, Va., June 5th, 1864.

#### KILLED.

E. B. Culver, adjutant	John S. Greene, prv. Co. A
J. T. Burnham, prv. Co. C	Wm. H. Hamilton, prv. Co. C
Chas. T. Fanning, prv. Co. C	W. H. Paine, sergt. Co. D
Wm. L. Adams, corp. Co. D	Joseph P. Adams, prv. Co. D
Thos. D. Cooper, prv. Co. D	Edwin F. Johnson, prv. Co. D
Isaiah Leonard, prv. Co. D	John T. Maginnis, lieut. Co. E
Albert G. Franklin, prv. Co. E	Hiram D. Rose, prv. Co. E
J. T. Bradley, corp. Co. F	J. M. Weeks, prv. Co. F
Thos. McMahon, prv. Co. F	C. F. Sheridan, prv. Co. F
John B. Scott, sergt. Co. G	Jabez H. Bogue, prv. Co. I
Jerome Cahoon, sergt. Co. K.	

#### WOUNDED.

Henry C. Gaskell, corp. Co. A	George S. Town, prv. Co. A
Wm. H. Johnson, prv. Co. A	Stephen H. Spencer, prv. Co. A
Henry F. Paine, corp. Co. B	Charles Campbell, prv. Co. B
Martin Cragan, prv. Co. B	E. S. Hinckley, lieut. Co. C
C. C. Chappell, sergt. Co. C	S. Downer, color sergt. Co. C
Joel Cary, corp. Co. C	A. P. Durfee, corp. Co. C
Calvin Bramble, prv. Co. C	C. H. Ellsworth, prv. Co. C
S. H. Freeman, corp. Co. C	A. E. Gates, prv. Co. C
C. C. Lee, prv. Co. C	Lemuel A. Manning, prv. Co. C

Walter H. Muzzy, prv. Co. C	F. W. Taylor, prv. Co. C
J. A. Tilden, prv. Co. C	Aaron Wolfe, prv. Co. C
J. E. York, prv. Co. C	Nelson P. Lord, prv. Co. C
John R. Carter, corp. Co. D	Chas. R. Conant, corp. Co. D
E. F. Bickford, corp. Co. D.	Lyman M. Aldrich, prv. Co. D
James F. Buckley, prv. Co. D	Chas. E. Brayton, prv. Co. D
Otis Brown, prv. Co. D.	Joel T. Converse, prv. Co. D
Oscar Coman, prv. Co. D	David C. Fox, prv. Co. D
Wm P. Johnson, prv. Co. D	Edward P. Ryan, prv. Co. D
Paris H. Aldrich, prv. Co. D	Thomas Cooper, prv. Co. D
Charles E. Bates, prv. Co. D	Luther White, prv. Co. D
Michael Clark, prv. Co. D	John L. Coman, prv. Co. D
S. J. Alger, prv. Co. E	C. A. Beckwith, prv. Co. E
John Johnson, prv. Co. E	Charles Lewis, prv. Co. E
Hiram Snow, prv. Co. E	Geo. Parkinson, prv. Co. E
E. T. Albertine, prv. Co. E	John Fogtmar, prv. Co. E
James Kelliher, prv. Co. E	John McKusker, prv. Co. E
S. B. West, prv. Co. E	John Weller, prv. Co. E
Geo. W. Kegwin, prv. Co. E	C. D. Hartsgrove, prv. Co. E
Charles H. Carroll, sergt. Co. F	Charles T. Thurber, corp. Co. F
Henry Appleton, corp. Co. F	Wm. L. Davis, prv. Co. F
F. R. Greene, prv. Co. F	Roswell Butler, prv. Co. F
John Valentine, prv. Co. F	Geo. Carroll, prv. Co. F
Charles L. Humes, prv. Co. F	Charles T. Setchell, prv. Co. F
James Nugent, prv. Co. F	J. P. Rockwell, lieut. Co. G
S. H. Gallup, corp, Co. G	James E. Tripp, corp. Co. G
Peter Gerue, prv. Co. G	Samuel C. Oekery, prv. Co. G
Albert Hiscox, prv. Co. G	Hiram Smith, prv. Co. G
Ichabod C. Davis, prv. Co. G	William Caruthers, lieut. Co. H
S. Comins, color sergt. Co H	James K. Brown, prv. Co. H
M. V. B. Farnham, prv. Co. H	Dennis Sullivan, prv. Co. H
William B. Brown, prv. Co. H	Wm. W. Griggs, prv. Co. H
James Carney, prv. Co. H	Daniel K. Sweet, prv. Co. H
Alonzo Weldon, prv. Co. H	N. W. Bennett, prv. Co. H

John Lilley, lieut. Co. I	Henry D. Gleason, corp. Co. I
S. P. Keppler, corp. Co. F	Linneaus Wild, corp. Co. I
Isaac Roath, corp. Co. I	Jas. E. Benjamin, prv. Co. I
Joseph O. Lathrop, prv. Co. I	Wm. J. S. Thornhill, prv. Co. I
D. N. Williams, prv. Co. I	Adam Oechler, prv. Co. I
S. P. Miner, prv. Co. I	Palmer S. Greene, prv. Co. I
Owen McShean, prv. Co. I	John A. Wilbur, prv. Co. I
A. M. Holmes, prv. Co. I	John Taylor, prv. Co. I
W. H. Albee, prv. Co. I	Joseph D. Hall, sergt. Co. K
Davis U. Handy, corp. Co. K	John Glinn, corp. Co. K
R. D. Curtis, prv. Co. K	David D. Lathrop, prv. Co. K
Levi Short, prv. Co. K	W. H. Newel, prv. Co. K
Almanzo M. Smith, prv. K	Chas. O. Penery, prv. Co. K

Casualties at battle of Lynchburg, Va., June 18th, 1864.

WOUNDED.

William G. Ely, colonel	Samuel J. Lee, sergt. Co. A
Wm. C. Mitchell, prv. Co. A	Daniel Carney, prv. Co. A
Edwin R. Wood, prv. Co. B	Albert Hibbard, prv. Co. B
Dennis D. Mahony, prv. Co. F	C. A. Tourtelotte, sergt. Co. H
Amos G. Crandall, prv. Co. H	Thomas Conner, prv. Co. H
Otis S. Wade, prv. Co. K	Edwin Spalding, prv. Co. I.

Casualties at battle of Snicker's Ford, July 18th, 1864.

KILLED.

G. B. Hartford, corp. Co. A	John Delany, prv. Co. A
Thos. J. Aldrich, prv. Co. D	M. J. Weeks, prv. Co. G
John Carney, prv. Co. H	James M. Smith, prv. Co. K

WOUNDED.

James Dewing, prv. Co. A	Daniel H. Johnson, prv. Co. A
Elmer D. Cook, prv. Co. B	C. M. Greene, prv. Co. B
Geo. E. Comins, sergt. Co. C	R. Corey, prv. Co. C



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Joseph Mathewson, capt. Co. D	F. G. Bixby, lieut. Co. D
Nathan Chase, prv. Co. D	Patrick Clark, prv. Co. D
Thos. J. Leonard, prv. Co. D	Geo. C. Johnson, prv. Co. D
N. G. Gardner, prv. Co. E	John Jones, prv. Co. E
Orrin Cook, prv. Co. F	Wm. W. Comins, prv. Co. G
John H. Wilcox, prv. Co. G	Henry G. Tracy, prv. Co. H
Joseph A. Tracy, mus. Co. H	E. W. Bingham, prv. Co. H
Joseph Kenworthy, prv. Co. H	M. V. B. Tiffany, capt. Co. I
Geo. S. Cogswell, sergt. Co. I	Chas. S. Miller, prv. Co. I
O. W. Champlin, prv. Co. K	Thos. T. Bates, prv. Co. K

Casualties at battle of Winchester, July 24th, 1864.

WOUNDED.

A. J. Huntington, corp. Co. A	Andrew Bishop, prv. Co. A
Wm. C. Hillard, sergt. Co. E	L. H. Newcomb, prv. Co. H
J. S. Colburn, prv. Co. H	Wm. H. Boyden, corp. Co. H
Thos. D. Spencer, sergt. Co. H	

Casualties at battle of Berryville, September 3d, 1864.

WOUNDED.

John Lilley, lieut. Co. I	John F. Corey, prv. Co. I
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Died at Andersonville, Ga.

Prv. Andrew Bishop, Company A.

Prv. Albert Hibbard, Company B, November 18th, 1864.

Sergt. Sylvanus Downer, Company C, November 5th, 1864.

Prv. Gilbert H. Gott, Company C, August 30th, 1864.

Prv. George W. Ward, Company C, February 6th, 1865.

Prv. Joseph H. Winship, Company C, November 5th, 1864.

Prv. Joseph W. Robinson, Company D, September 29th, 1864.

Corp. Chauncey J. Williams, Company E, August 18th, 1864.

Prv. William G. Hayward, Company E, September 11th, 1864.

Prv. Nathaniel W. Bennett, Company H, October 13th, 1864.

Prv. Linus C. Short, Company K, September 7th, 1864.

Died at Florence, S. C.

- Priv. George W. Dodge, Company D, October 11th, 1864.
- Priv. Chas. A. Jillson, Company E, December 5th, 1864.
- Priv. James Massey, Company E, January 7th, 1865.
- Priv. Israel Varney, Company E, February 10th, 1865.
- Priv. W. W. Adams, Company G, November 15th, 1864.
- Priv. Geo. W. Underwood, Company G, January 27th, 1865.
- Priv. John F. Gager, Company H, February 15th, 1865.

Died at Charleston, S. C.

- Priv. William H. Pike, Company B, September 26th, 1864.
- Priv. Joseph Golding, Company H, October 11th, 1864.
- Priv. William Lewis, Company H, September 7th, 1864.

Died at Danville, Va.

- Priv. Henry C. Gaskill, Company A, February 20th, 1865.
- Priv. Jonathan S. Colburn, Company H, February 15th, 1865.
- Priv. Lucius H. Newcomb, Company H, February 13th, 1865.

Died at Winchester, Va.

- Priv. J. Crawford, Company A, of wounds, July 2d, 1863.
- Priv. Islay B. Martin, Company A, of wounds, July 2d, 1863.
- Priv. N. C. Thompson, Company A, of wounds, June 30th, 1863.

Died at Staunton, Va.

- Priv. A. E. Gates, Company C, of wounds, June 10th, 1864.
- Corp. John R. Carter, Company D, of wounds, July 10th, 1864.
- Corp. Chas. R. Conant, Company D, of wounds, June 26th, 1864.
- Priv. C. A. Beckwith, Company E, of wounds, August 4th, 1864.
- Priv. John H. Wilcox, Company G, of wounds, July 10th, 1864.
- Priv. W. W. Griggs, Company H, of wounds, June 15th, 1864.
- Priv. S. P. Miner, Company I, of wounds, June 30th, 1865.
- Priv. Levi M. Short, Company K, of wounds, June 30th, 1864.

Died at Lynchburg, Va.

Sergt. C. A. Tourtellotte, Company H, of wounds, Aug. 15, 1864.  
Corp. H. D. Gleason, Company I, of wounds.

Priv. Charles Haskell, Company H, died February 19th, 1865, at  
Saulisbury, N. C.

Priv. Adam Acksler, Company I, died October 5th, 1864, at  
Madisonville, Ga.

Corp. Charles Bartlett, Company K, died February 20th, 1864,  
at Richmond, Va.

Died while in service.

#### Company A.

Priv. Horatio Burdick, October 19th, 1862, Fort McHenry.

Priv. Elias H. Chapman, July 30th, 1863, Annapolis, Md.

Priv. Wm. H. Town, March 28th, 1864, Sandy Hook, Md.

#### Company B

Corp. Henry F. Paine, August 10th, 1864.

Priv. John Q. Adams, May, 1864, Martinsburg, Va.

Priv. Lorenzo H. Buck, December 28th, 1863, Martinsburg, Va.

Priv. David Green, June 20th, 1863, Balto, Md.

Priv. Hazel E. Mathewson, December 11th, 1864, Annapolis, Md.

Priv. William Roy, October 27th, 1864, Annapolis, Md.

#### Company C.

Priv. Lucius G. Pember, December 27th, 1864, Annapolis, Md.

Priv. John Schalk, August 16th, 1863.

Priv. Francis W. Taylor, March 28th, 1865, Annapolis, Md.

Priv. Patrick McNamara, January 19th, 1865.

#### Company D.

Priv. John Lummis, November, 1864.

Priv. Peter Randall, March 10th, 1865, Thompson, Ct.

Priv. Luther White, March 14th, 1865.

## Company E.

Priv. Nathaniel S. Carr, May 25th, 1864, New Haven, Ct.  
Corp. Stephen A. Franklin, August 20th, 1864, Sandy Hook, Md.  
Priv. Wallace Fox, February 2d, 1864, Martinsburg, Va.  
Priv. Thomas Kinney, May 1st, 1864, New Haven, Ct.  
Priv. Julius J. Rood, February 3d, 1864, Martinsburg, Va.  
Priv. George W. Tarbox, August 10th, 1864, Cumberland, Md.

## Company F.

Corp. J. Forestner, August 9th, 1863, Camp Parole, Md.  
Priv. Alfred S. Chappell, September 17th, 1863, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Priv. Wm. H. Campbell, September 10th, 1863, Camp Parole, Md.  
Priv. George W. Fox, April 17th, 1865, Martinsburg, Va.  
Priv. Nathan B. Green, February 4th, 1864, Martinsburg, Va.  
Priv. Daniel Wilbur, Company E, killed January 5th, 1863, at  
Harewood, Md.

## Company G.

Corp. C. A. Bosworth, December 27th, 1862, Camp Emory, Md.  
Corp. Samuel L. Marcy, July 15th, 1863, Annapolis, Md.  
Corp. Edwin S. Tabor, August 22d, 1863, Annapolis, Md.  
Priv. Asa H. Bundy, February 6th, 1863, Balto, Md.  
Priv. John Morrison, missing in action May 15th, 1864. Sup-  
posed to be dead.  
Priv. Stiles Rawson, December 3d, 1862, Camp in Md.

## Company H.

Corp. Seth H. Chapman, September 17th, 1863, Annapolis, Md.  
Musician Jos. A. Tracy, of wounds, August 7th, 1864.  
Priv. Russell W. Adams, August 8th, 1863, Annapolis, Md.  
Priv. Henry Apley, January 9th, 1864, Annapolis, Md.  
Priv. Iznart P. Cushman, April 7th, 1863, Balto, Md.  
Priv. Franklin E. Gurley, October 17, 1864, Cumberland, Md.  
Priv. Alfred A. Snell, August 25th, 1863, Annapolis, Md.  
Priv. Lester C. Smith, July 26th, 1864, Martinsburg, Va.

Prv. Edwin Thomas, June 4th, 1863, Willimantic, Ct.

Prv. Amariah D. Wilbur, May 3d, 1865, Wilmington, N. C.

Prv. Laughlin Brady, July 28th, 1864.

Prv. George S. Hayes, October 27th, 1863, Martinsburg, Va.

#### Company I.

Prv. Chas. H. Beckwith, December 1st, 1862, Norwich, Ct.

Prv. Martin Carl, September 25th, 1864, Sandy Hook, Md.

Prv. John P. Herrick, January 26th, 1864, Martinsburg, Va.

#### Company K.

Prv. Oliver B. Burnham, of wounds, February 12th, 1864, Martinsburg, Va.

Prv. John Penry, November 28th, 1862, Havre de Grace, Md.

Sergt. W. Young, killed January 6th, 1863, Havre de Grace, Md.

#### Unassigned recruit.

Prv. George F. Avery, March 7th, 1864, West Haven, Ct.

## ORIGINAL ROSTER OF THE REGIMENT.

## FIELD AND STAFF.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster	Remarks.
<i>Colonel.</i>		1862.	
WILLIAM G. ELY	Norwich	July 24	Wd. Discharged Sept. 18 '64.
<i>Lieut. Colonel.</i>			
MONROE NICHOLS	Thompson	Aug. 8	Resigned April 26 '64.
<i>Major.</i>			
EPHRAIM KEECH, JR.	Killingly	Aug. 8	" disability, May 20 '63.
<i>Adjutant.</i>			
EDWARD L. PORTER	N. London	Aug. 4	Pro. Capt. Killed Win. June 15 '63.
<i>Quarter-master.</i>			
DWIGHT W. HAKES	Norwich	Aug. 4	Disc. for promotion April 13 '65.
<i>Surgeon.</i>			
CHARLES M. CARLETON	"	Aug. 6	Resigned, disability, April 17 '63.
<i>1st Asst. Surgeon.</i>			
JOSIAH V. HARRINGTON	Sterling	Aug. 11	Died Dec 1 '64, Sterling, Ct.
<i>2d Asst. Surgeon.</i>			
HENRY W. HOUGH	Putnam	Sept. 20	Resigned March 6 '63
<i>Chaplain.</i>			
VARNUM A. COOPER	N. London	Aug. 27	" " 4 '63
<i>Sergt. Major.</i>			
Joseph P. Rockwell	Norwich	July 26	Wd. Pr. Capt. M. O. June 27 '65
<i>Q. M. Sergeant.</i>			
William Caruthers	"	July 14	Wd. Pr. 1st Lt. " " 27 '65
<i>Com. Sergeant.</i>			
Henry Hovey	"	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
<i>Hosp. Steward.</i>			
J. D. Ripley	"	July 16	" " 27 '65, " "

## COMPANY A.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
<i>Captain.</i>		1862.	
HENRY C. DAVIS	Norwich	Aug. 8	Hon. discharged April 25 '65.
<i>1st Lieutenant.</i>			
ADAM H. LINDSLEY	"	Aug. 8	" " " 17 '65.
<i>2d Lieutenant.</i>			
JAMES D. HIGGINS	"	Aug. 2	" " Oct. 27 '64.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Robert Kerr	"	July 18	Pr. 1st Lt. M. O. 2d Lt. June 27 '65.
David Torrance	"	July 17	Dis. Ap. Capt. 29th C.V. Dec. 25 '63
George S. Town	"	July 21	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65.
Samuel J. Lee	"	Aug. 2	" 18 '64. " " 27 '65.
Lewis Hovey	Scotland	July 26	Wd. May 15 '64. " " 27 '65.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
George B. Marshall	Norwich	July 29	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Gabriel B. Hartford	Canterbury	July 18	Killed July 18 '64, Snicker's Ford.
Asa Dillaby	Norwich	July 18	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
William J. Ross	"	July 23	Disc. for app. in C. T. Jan. 21 '64
Alfred J. Huntington	Bozrah	July 22	Wd. July 24 '64. M. O. May 23 '65.
Benjamin F. Jaques	Norwich	July 22	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Lyman Frisbie	"	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65. " "
George C. Setchell	"	Aug. 2	" " 27 '65. " "
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Alex. R. Cochran	"	Aug. 7	Deserted May 22, 1863.
Andrew F. Whiting	"	July 23	Discharged Feb. 18 '64.
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
William H. Burdick	"	July 26	M. O. June 19 '65, Baltimore, Md.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Adams, Milan W.	Canterbury	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Adams, William N.	"	Aug. 11	Tr. Inv. Corps. M. O. July 14 '65.
Avery, Edwin P.	Norwich	July 17	Discharged Oct. 4 '64.
Button, Guy D.	"	Aug. 2	Disc., disability, June 18 '65.
Bishop, Andrew	Bozrah	July 21	Wd. and capt. Died July 24 '64.
Brand, Lewis	"	July 21	Discharged, disab., Aug. '63.
Burdick, Horatio	Norwich	July 23	Died Oct. 19 '62, Ft. McHenry.
Brady, Patrick	"	July 26	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Burdick, Samuel	"	July 25	Discharged, dis., Jan. 4 '64.
Byron, James	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27 '64, Harper's Ferry.
Bennett, Ebenezer S.	Canterbury	Aug. 1	Discharged, dis., Feb. 3 '64.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Clark, Wm. T.	Bozrah	Aug. 5	M. O. June 27 '64, Harper's Ferry.
Chapman, Elias H	Griswold	July, 31	Died July 30 '63, Annapolis, Md.
Clark, John S.	Norwich	Aug. 2	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Card, Charles P.	Canterbury	Aug. 3	Tr. Invalid Corps Sept. 30 '63.
Chappell, Samuel H.	Norwich	July 19	Deserted May 22 '63.
Carey, Charles W.	"	July 24	M. O. July 1 '65, Cumberl'd, Md.
Campbell, Peter	Preston	July 21	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Carver, James	Norwich	July 28	" " 27 '65, " "
Carney, Daniel	"	July 22	Wd. June 18 '64. M.O. May 28 '65.
Crawford, John	"	July 22	Died July 2 '63, of wounds.
Clark, James	"	July 23	Tr. to V. R. C. M. O. June 27 '65.
Cushman, David F.	"	July 21	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Clark, Francis L	Lebanon	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
Capwell, George W.	Bozrah	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
Chalmers, John	Norwich	July 22	" " 27 '65, " "
Dean, John S.	Hampton	Aug. 3	Deserted Nov. 8 '64.
Durfey, Henry M.	Norwich	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Delaney, John	"	July 17	Killed July 18 '64.
Fanning, George W.	"	July 29	Discharge, dis., March 25 '64.
Gaskill, Henry C	"	Aug. 1	Wd. June 5 '64. Died Feb. 20 '65.
Gilroy, Charles	"	July 24	Deserted Aug. 21 '62.
Gorry, John	"	July 22	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Gibson, Savillian F.	"	Aug. 2	" " 27 '65, " "
Greene, Albert C.	Canterbury	Aug. 4	" May 31 '65, Frederick, Md.
Greene John S.	"	Aug. 4	Wd. May 15 '64 Killed June 5 '64
Holdridge, William A.	Waterford	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Hili, Elisha D.	Norwich	July 21	" " 27 '65, " "
Hancock, Joseph A.	"	July 23	Wd. May 15 '64. M. O. June 27 '65.
Hanley, Michael	"	July 22	Wd. June 15 '63. Disc. June 16 '64.
Johnson, Daniel H.	"	July 29	Wd. July 18 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Kelley, Andrew J.	"	Aug. 2	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Kerr, John	"	July 23	Tr. to Invalid Corps May 1 '64.
Kingsley, Jared L.	"	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Laird, John	"	Aug. 8	" " 27 '65, " "
Leonard, M. Luther	"	July 25	Disc., to enter U. S. C. T. Mch 4 '64.
Latham, Albert	"	July 25	Discharged April 10 '64.
Martin, John W.	"	July 17	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Matthewson, Alfred	Bozrah	July 21	" " 27 '65, " "
McCracken, James	Norwich	Aug. 8	Killed June 15 '63, Winchester, Va.
Martin, Islay B.	"	Aug. 5	Died July 2 '63, of wounds



## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Mitchell, William C.	Preston	July 21	Wd. June 18 '64. M. O. June 7 '65.
Muzzey, Benjamin H.	Norwich	July 31	M. O. May 20 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Marshall, Wilson C.	"	July 23	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Miner, Charles H., Jr.,	"	Aug. 5	" " 27 '65, " "
McDavid, George	"	July 19	Discharged, dis., March 1 '63.
Mossman, Alexander	"	July 19	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
McClure, John	"	July 19	" " 27 '65, " "
Pitcher, George	"	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
Pitcher, Albert H.	"	July 23	Wd. June 15 '63. M. O. June 27 '65
Parker, Timothy	"	July 23	M. O. June 27 '65 Harper's Ferry.
Robinson, Francis	"	Aug. 4	Discharged, dis., March 2 '63.
Ray, George H.	Canterbury	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Richards, Charles J.	Norwich	Aug. 2	" May 22 '65, Jarvis Hosp.
Service, Thomas	"	Aug. 5	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Sherman, Horace U.	"	July 23	" " 27 '65 " "
Schofield, LeGrand	"	July 17	" " 27 '65 " "
Spencer, Stephen H.	"	July 26	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65.
Shaw, Daniel	"	July 25	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Semples, James W.	"	July 26	" June 27 '65, " "
Service, John	"	July 17	" June 27 '65 " "
Sullivan, Daniel B.	"	July 25	Wd. June 15 '63. M. O. May 18 '65.
Sweet, Edwin	Canterbury	Aug. 4	Discharged, dis., Feb. 7 '63.
Town, William H.	Norwich	Aug. 7	Died March 28 '64, Sandy Hook.
Thompson, Nelson C.	"	Aug. 4	Died June 30 '63, of wounds.
Taylor, Samuel	"	July 22	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Tift, John H.	"	Aug. 4	" June 27 '65, " "
Wood, Asa F.	"	Aug. 6	" " 27 '65, " "
Wood, Alfred	"	July 23	" " 27 '65, " "
Worden, Samuel D.	Canterbury	Aug. 4	Wd. June 15 '63. Disc., dis. Mch. 8 '64
Young, Robert	Norwich	July 25	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.

## COMPANY B.

<i>Captain.</i>		1862.	
THOMAS K. BATES	Brooklyn	July 16	Wd. Disc., disability, Nov. 17 '63
<i>1st Lieutenant.</i>			
HORATIO BLANCHARD	Killingly	Aug. 1	Pr. Capt. M. O. June 27 '65, H. F.
<i>2d Lieutenant.</i>			
EZRA D. CARPENTER	Putnam	July 14	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Edgar Amsbury	Killingly	July 14	M. O. May 17 '65, Frederick, Md.
Sim C. Chamberlain	Brooklyn	Aug. 2	" " 20 '65, " "
Caleb Blanchard	Killingly	July 18	" " 20 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Stephen W. Aldrich	Brooklyn	July 28	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
George Torrey	Woodstock	July 16	Disc. for app. in C. T., Dec. 8 '63
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Anson Withey	Killingly	Aug. 4	" " " " 8 '63
Laurens Card	"	Aug. 2	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Stephen J. Lee	"	July 31	" " 27 '65, " "
Henry F. Paine	Putnam	July 21	Wounded. Died Aug. 10 '64.
Samuel R. Davis	Killingly	July 28	Discharged April 1 '64.
William H. Austin	"	Aug. 1	" disability, Dec. 24 '62.
Edwin L. Joslyn	"	Aug. 26	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Thomas M. Day	"	Aug. 2	" " 27 '65, " "
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Henry B. Fuller	"	July 16	" " 27 '65, " "
Dwight C. Brown	"	July 21	" " 27 '65, " "
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
William A. Handy	"	July 21	Discharged, disability, Feb. 15 '64.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Adams, John Q.	Brooklyn	July 12	Died May '64, Martinsburg, Va.
Adams, William A.	Killingly	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Adams, Olney	"	Aug. 4	" May 18 '65, New Haven, Ct.
Aldrich, Welcome B.	Putnam	July 14	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Anderson, William H.	"	July 22	" May 24 '65, New York City.
Arnold, Lorenzo B.	Brooklyn	Aug. 4	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Armington, Joseph	Killingly	Aug. 5	" " 27 '65, " "
Burroughs, George H.	"	July 29	" " 27 '65, " "
Burroughs, Francis	"	Aug. 2	" May 23 '65, " "
Bemis, Harrison O.	"	Aug. 2	" June 27 '65, " "
Buck, Lorenzo H.	Putnam	Aug. 4	Died Dec. 28 '63, Martinsburg, Va.
Bartlett, Edwin S.	Woodstock	July 15	M. O. June 17 '65, Worcester, Mass.
Bacon, Abner F.	Killingly	Aug. 1	" May 20 '65, Hartford Ct.
Brown, Harlan P.	"	Aug. 2	Discharged, dis., March 2 '63
Bolles, Darius A.	"	July 14	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Baker, George R.	Woodstock	Aug. 5	" " 27 '65, " "
Birtlett, George W.	"	Aug. 5	" " 27 '65, Annapolis, Md.
Brewster, Sidney M.	Putnam	July 25	" " 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Cragan, Martin	Killingly	July 23	" " 27 '65, " "

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Clark, Allen	Killingly	July 24	M. O. May 30 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Colvin, David M.	Brooklyn	Aug. 4	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Cook, Elmer D.	Putnam	July 25	Wd " " 27 '65, " "
Chesbro, George L.	Killingly	Aug. 4	Discharged, dis., March 2 '63.
Campbell, Charles	Plainfield	July 17	Wd. M. O. June 2 '65, Jarvis Hos.
Corcoran, Thomas	Putnam	July 14	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Coomes, Ransalaer	Woodstock	Aug. 2	Discharged, dis. March 2 '63.
Chaffee, Myron J.	"	July 21	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Danielson, Daniel D.	Killingly	Aug. 1	" " 27 '65, " "
Dye, Van Buren	Brooklyn	July 22	" " 27 '65, " "
Donahue, John	Killingly	July 26	" May 30 '65, York, Pa.
Dagget, James	"	July 23	Killed June 15 '63, Winchester, Va.
Emerson, David	Brooklyn	July 26	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Freeman, Frederick M.	Killingly	July 18	" " 27 '65, " "
Fox, John A.	"	Aug. 1	" May 30 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Frazier, Richard	"	Aug. 1	Wd. discharged, dis., Dec. 14 '63.
Franklin, Edmund	"	Aug. 4	M. O. July 14 '65, Hartford Ct.
Gordon, Elias K.	"	July 15	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Green, David	"	July 28	Died June 20 '63, Baltimore, Md.
Geer, Henry H.	Brooklyn	July 21	Discharged, dis., March 2, '63.
Green, Clarendon M.	Woodstock	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Gould, Henry K.	Killingly	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
Gochie, Joseph	"	July 29	Discharged, dis., Dec. 18 '63.
Hart, Lewis	Brooklyn	July 22	M. O. June 19 '65, York Pa.
Heath, George W.	Putnam	July 21	" " 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Harrington, John	"	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
Houghton, Amasa	Killingly	July 24	Discharged, dis. Oct. 13 '62.
Hall, William A.	Woodstock	July 18	" " Dec. 31 '63.
Hibbard, Albert	"	July 28	Wd. Died Nov. 18 '64, And'ville, Ga.
Kilfoyle, Patrick	Killingly	July 23	Deserted.
Kelly, Norman	"	July 31	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Kinney, Nathan	"	July 28	" " 27 '65, " "
Mathewson, Hazel E.	Brooklyn	July 29	Died Dec. 11 '64, Annapolis, Md.
McIntyre, William	Killingly	July 30	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Morse, Stephen H.	Brooklyn	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
Matthews, Altiery K.	Killingly	Aug. 4	Discharged, dis., Oct. 12 '62.
McLaughlin, Hugh	Plainfield	July 28	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Morse, Needham	Killingly	July 31	Discharged June 18 '63.
Miller, Josiah	Putnam	July 31	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Neff, Hamilton H.	Brooklyn	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Olney, William F.	Killingly	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Olney, Charles E.	"	July 31	" " 27 '65, "
Paine, John M.	Woodstock	July 30	Disc. for appt. U.S.C.T., Mch. 6 '64.
Pike, William H.	Plainfield	July 29	Died Sept. 26 '64, Charleston, S. C.
Potter, Alvah D.	Putnam	July 30	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Pollock, William H.	Killingly	Aug. 5	Discharged June 18 '65
Richmond, Calvin H.	"	July 25	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Randall, John W.	"	Aug. 2	" " 27 '65, " "
Randall, Smith H.	"	July 14	" " 27 '65, " "
Smith, Isaac W.	"	July 22	Discharged, dis., March 2 '63.
Stewart, John F.	"	July 14	M. O. May 20 '65, Frederick, Md.
Simmons, Thomas	"	Aug. 4	Killed June 15 '63, Winchester, Va.
Spaulding, Samuel K.	Putnam	July 28	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's F.
Sawyer, James H.	Woodstock	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Spaulding, Edmond W.	Killingly	Aug. 1	" " 10 '65, Annapolis, Md.
Scofield, Uri B.	"	Aug. 1	" " 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Trask, William A.	Plainfield	July 29	" " 27 '65, " "
Taylor, Lucian A.	Woodstock	July 15	" " 27 '65, " "
Taylor, James A.	Killingly	Aug. 4	Discharged, disability, May '63.
Trask, Adelbert R.	Plainfield	July 14	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Ward, William H.	Putnam	July 29	" " 27 '65, " "
Wood, Edwin R.	"	July 10	Wd. Discharged, dis., May 4 '65.
Watson, James	Plainfield	July 14	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.

## COMPANY C.

<i>Captain.</i>		1862.	
ISAAC H. BROMLEY	Norwich	July 26	Honorably disc., March 31 '63.
<i>1st Lieutenant.</i>			
SAMUEL T. C. MERWIN	"	Aug. 7	Pr. Capt. M. O. 1st Lt. June 27 '65
<i>2d Lieutenant.</i>			
HENRY COWLES	"	July 26	Pr. 1st Lt. Hon. disc. May 15 '65.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Reuben B. Brown	"	Aug. 5	M. O. June 23 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Andrew Washburn	Lebanon	July 31	Pr. 2d Lt. Ap. U.S.C.T. Feb. 24 '64
Charles Robinson	"	Aug. 13	Pr. 2d Lt. Disc. for ap. U. S. C. T.
Edward S. Hinckley	"	Aug. 8	Pr. 1st Lt. M. O. June 27 '65, H. F.
Charles H. Carpenter	Norwich	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Samuel H. Freeman	"	Aug. 7	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's F

## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date	Master	Remarks
Thomas C. Abell,	Lebanon	Aug. 8	M. O. May 19 '65,	Harper's Ferry
George R. Bill	"	July 31	Discharged	April 7 '64.
Restcome Peckham	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
E. Benjamin Culver	Norwich	July 26	Pr. Adjt.	Died of wds. June 6 '64.
Alonzo S. Mather	Lebanon	Aug. 8	Discharged	March 28 '64.
Sylvanus Downer	Norwich	Aug. 11	Wd. Died Nov. 5 '64,	Ander'sville.
George E. Comins	"	Aug. 24	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's F.
<i>Musicians.</i>				
Charles E. Case	"	July 29	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Judson A. Gager	Lebanon	Aug. 7	" " 27 '65,	" "
<i>Hagener.</i>				
William A. Wetmore	"	Aug. 7	M. O. June 2 '65,	Jarvis Hospital.
<i>Privates.</i>				
Abell, John W.	"	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Anderson, Charles W.	Norwich	Aug. 7	" " 27 '65,	" "
Avery, Charles M.	Preston	Aug. 8	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's F
Avery, James H.	"	Aug. 6	M. O. May 30 '65,	Hartford, Ct.
Bacon, Harrison E.	Norwich	Aug. 1	M. O. May 23 '65,	Frederick, Md.
Blackman, B. Burrell,	"	July 26	App. in U. S. C. T.	March 23 '64.
Bingham, Henry A.	Lisbon	Aug. 11	" " " 23 '64.	
Bramble, Calvin	Lyme	Aug. 7	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65,	H. F.
Brand, Christopher A.	Norwich	July 25	Trans. to 21st C. V.	Aug. 18 '62.
Brady George W.	"	Aug. 8	Pro. Adj. M. O. June 27,	H. F.
Brockway, Thomas C.	Lyme	Aug. 7	Discharged, disability,	Dec. 23 '62
Burdick, Gilbert A.	Preston	July 26	M. O. June 22 '65,	Frederick, Md
Carr, Joel	Norwich	Aug. 2	Wd. M. O. May 22 '65,	Jarvis Hos.
Carpenter, Charles H.	"	Aug. 7	Discharged for app in U. S. C. T.	
Cogswell, George	"	Aug. 6	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's F.
Congdon, Peleg C	Lebanon	Aug. 13	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Chappell, Charles C.	"	Aug. 8	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65,	H. Ferry.
Clark, Joseph P.	Scotland	Aug. 5	M. O. May 18 '65,	New Haven.
Clark, Henry T.	Norwich	Aug. 4	" June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Cross, George W.	"	Aug. 6	" " 27 '65,	" "
Crosby, Hiram B.	"	July 26	Pr. Col. Disc. Lt. Col. Sep. 14 '64	
Davoll, Joseph G.	Lebanon	Aug. 9	Discharged, disability,	May 6 '63.
Dorrance, George E.	Norwich	Aug. 4	Tr. to Inv. Corps	March 15 '64.
Durtee, Abisha P.	Lebanon	Aug. 12	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65,	H. Ferry
Ellis, William H. H.	Norwich	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Ellsworth, Charles H.	Griswold	Aug. 8	Wd. M. O. May 18 '65,	N. Haven
Ellsworth, David	Berlin	Aug. 21	M. O. June 5 '65,	Annapolis, Md.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Fanning, Charles T.	Norwich	July 31	Killed June 5 '64, Piedmont, Va.
Fitch, Edwin S., Jr.	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Elletcher, Freeborn O.	"	July 28	" " 27 '65, " "
Gates, Alfred E.	Lebanon	Aug. 13	Wd. Died at Staunton June 10 '64
Geer, Charles F.	"	Aug. 5	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Green, Joseph B.	Griswold	Aug. 6	" " 27 '65, " "
Greenman, George	Norwich	Aug. 18	App. in U. S. C. T. March 23 '64.
Hamilton, William H.	"	July 29	Killed June 5 '64, Piedmont, Va.
Hempstead, Albert	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Holmes, John	Preston	July 26	" " 29 '65, " "
Holmes, Asher D.	Lebanon	Aug. 7	Killed June 15 '63, Winchester, Va
Huntington, J. L. W.	Franklin	July 30	Disc. to enlist U. S. A. Feb. 11 '64
Jewell, William C.	Norwich	Aug. 1	Discharged, dis., March 28 '63
Keeler, George W.	Preston	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Keables, Charles F.	Norwich	Aug. 6	Wd. Tr. V. R. C. M. O. Aug. 17 '65
Kidder, Edwin M.	Lebanon	Aug. 13	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Kraus, Adam	Norwich	Aug. 6	" " 27 '65, " "
Leach, Edwin T.	"	Aug. 7	App. in U. S. C. T. Feb. 24 '64.
Loomis, Adgate L.	Lebanon	Aug. 1	" " March 23 '64.
Lord, Nelson P.	"	July 31	Wd. Disc. disa., Dec. 16 '63.
Lombard, Marcina	"	Aug. 9	Discharged, disa., March 4 '63.
Lumis, Thomas J.	Norwich	Aug. 5	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Lynch, Charles	"	Aug. 9	" " 27 '65, " "
Manning, Lemuel A.	"	July 29	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65, H. Ferry.
McWhirr, John F.	"	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
Muzzy, Walter H.	"	Aug. 12	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65, H. Ferry.
Noyes, Charles C.	"	Aug. 11	Killed June 15 '63, Winchester, Va
Ormsby, Henry B.	Lebanon	July 31	Discharged, disa., March 4 '63.
Pember, Lucius G.	"	Aug. 8	Died Dec. 27 '64, Annapolis, Md.
Potter, Elisha R.	Norwich	Aug. 8	Wd. M. O. June 9 '65, " "
Reynolds, John M.	Lyme	Aug. 7	Discharged, disa., March 4 '63.
Richards, Wm. H. H.	N. London	Aug. 8	" " about Sep. 10 '63
Robinson, Myron W.	Lebanon	Aug. 16	Enlisted U. S. A. Nov. 16 '62.
Schalk, John	"	Aug. 7	Died Aug. 16 '63.
Spencer, Frederick L.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Stone, William	Lyme	Aug. 12	Tr. to V. R. C. M. O. June 6 '65
Sullard, Albert	Lebanon	Aug. 6	Disc. June 5 '64, New Haven, Ct
Taylor, Francis W.	Norwich	Aug. 7	Wd. Died Mar. 28 '65, Annapolis
Tilley, Charles H.	Lebanon	Aug. 7	M. O. May 24 '65, Annapolis Inc.
Tilden, Joseph A.	"	Aug. 9	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65, H. Ferry

## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

Name and Rank	Residence	Date Muster	Remarks.
Tilden, Ebenezer	Lebanon	Aug. 4	M. O. May 30 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Tisdale, James W.	Norwich	July 20	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Tracy, Joseph A.	"	Aug. 7	Died of wds. Aug. 7 '64.
Tracy, Gilbert A.	Griswold	Aug. 8	Discharged June 16 '63.
Tucker, George W.	Lyme	Aug. 12	" disability, Sep. 1 '63.
Upham, Benjamin M.	Norwich	Aug. 6	Tr. to V. R. C. Jan. 1 '65.
Ward, George W.	"	Aug. 6	Died Feb. 6 '65, Andersonville, Ga.
Weaver, George A.	Lebanon	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
White, Edwin	Norwich	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
Williams, John	Lebanon	Aug. 9	" " 27 '65, " "
Wilson, Dee Laroo	Norwich	Aug. 11	Pr. 2d Lt. 3d Md. Cav. Aug. 12 '63.
Winship, Joseph H.	"	Aug. 11	Died April 5 '64, Andersonville.
Woodmancy, Albert G.	Stonington	July 30	Killed June 15 '63, Winchester, Va.
York, James E.	Norwich	July 30	Wd. M. O. June 27 '63, H. Ferry

## COMPANY D.

*Captain.*

1862.

JOSEPH MATTHEWSON Pomfret Aug. 10 Tw. Wd. Pr. Maj. M. O. Jun. 27 '65

*1st Lieutenant*

WILLIAM L. SEAVULFING Eastford Aug. 15 Pr. Cap. Killed May 15 '64, N. M.

*2d Lieutenant*

NOADIAH P. JOHNSON Thompson Aug. 15 Pr. 1st Lt. M. O. June 27 '65.

*Sergeants.*

Thomas J. Aldrich " July 26 Wd. May 15 '64. Killed July 18 '64

Franklin G. Bixby " Aug. 9 Pr. Cap. M. O. as 2d Lt. June 27 '65

Norton Randall " July 25 M. O. June 27 '65 Harper's Ferry

Joseph E. Marcy Eastford Aug. 4 " " 27 '65, " "

*Corporals.*

William H. Paine Woodstock Aug. 12 Killed June 5 '64, Piedmont, Va.

Henry H. Brown Thompson Aug. 8 App. in U. S. C. T., Feb. 25 '64.

James H. Rickard Pomfret Aug. 8 " " March 19 '64

John R. Carter Thompson July 28 Died of wounds July 10 '64.

Chas. W. Grosvenor Pomfret Aug. 10 M. O. May 18 '65, New Haven.

George W. Phetteplace Thompson Aug. 6 " June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry

William J. Arnold " July 28 " " 27 '65, " "

Charles R. Conant " Aug. 6 Died of wounds June 26 '64.

*Musicians.*

George H. Jacobs " Aug. 8 M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry

Wanton A. Weaver, Jr. " Aug. 4 " " 27 '65, " "

# CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

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Name and Rank.	Residence	Date Muster	Remarks
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
George H. Wilson	Pomfret	Aug. 13	Tr. to V. R. Corps March 15 '64.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Aldrich, Parris H.	Thompson	Aug. 7	Wd. App. U. S. C. T. July 10 '64
Adams, Joseph P.	"	Aug. 9	Killed June 5 '64, Piedmont, Va.
Adams, William L.	Eastford	Aug. 4	" " 5 '64. " "
Aldrich, Lyman M.	Thompson	Aug. 11	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Brown, John D.	"	Aug. 8.	App. in U. S. C. T. March 16 '64
Burgess, Warren A.	"	Aug. 6	Wd. M. O. May 18 '65, N. Haven
Bickford, Erskine F.	"	Aug. 3	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. May 25 '65
Bickford, Joseph	"	Aug. 1	Discharged, disability, March 5 '63
Blackdy, Daniel	Hampton	Aug. 4	Tr. to V. R. Corps Dec. 15 '63
Buchanan, Anson A.	Thompson	July 29	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Bates, Tyler	"	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65. " "
Buckley, Joseph	"	Aug. 7	" " 27 '65. " "
Burdick, Dwight	Hampton	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65. " "
Baker, Solomon H.	Eastford	Aug. 5	" " 27 '65. " "
Buck, Edward C.	Thompson	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65. " "
Brown, Otis	"	Aug. 1	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Chaffee, Francis B.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Converse, Jesse F.	"	Aug. 4	Discharged at Baltimore, Md.
Coman, Oscar	"	Aug. 9	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 12 '65
Clapp, John W.	Pomfret	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Coman, John L.	Thompson	Aug. 9	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 14 '65
Curtiss, Prescott P.	"	July 26	Discharged, disability, Oct. 27 '62
Converse, Frank H.	"	Aug. 2	Wd. Disc., disability, March 10 '65
Child, William L.	Woodstock	Aug. 18	M. O. June 16 '65, Pleasant Hill
Cooper, Thomas D.	Pomfret	July 29	Killed June 5 '64, Piedmont, Va.
Chase, Nathan	Thompson	Aug. 6	Wd. June 17 '64. M. O. May 25 '65
Clark, Michael	Hampton	Aug. 4	" " 5 '64. " June 27 '65
Cheney, Frank W.	Eastford	Aug. 8	App. in U. S. C. T. Oct. 12 '64
Daggett, Nelson	Thompson	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Dearth, Thomas H.	"	July 25	Tr. Inv. Corps. M. O. Aug. 17 '65
Frissell, Albert	"	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Fitts, Daniel B.	Pomfret	Aug. 7	" " 27 '65, Annapolis, Md
Gifford, Silas B.	Thompson	Aug. 8	" " 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Gay, Horace	"	Aug. 2	Discharged, disa., March 25 '63.
Gould, William	Pomfret	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Green, Rufus	Thompson	Aug. 6	" " 27 '65. " "
Griggs, William H.	Pomfret	Aug. 11	" " 27 '65. " "



Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster	Remarks
Griggs, James H.	Pomfret	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Grew, Thomas W.	Hampton	Aug. 5	" " 27 '65, " "
Hall, Horatio A.	Thompson	Aug. 7	" " 27 '65, " "
Hibbard, George D.	Pomfret	Aug. 7	Disc., disa., May 10 '65, N. Haven
Heath, Joseph W.	Thompson	Aug. 8	Wd. May 15 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Johnson, William P.	"	Aug. 1	Wd. June 5 '64. " " 14 '65
Jennings, Daniel	Brooklyn	Aug. 2	Discharged, disability, March 5 '63
Johnson, Parris G.	Thompson	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Johnson, George C.	"	Aug. 9	Wd. July 18 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Joslin, Silas R.	"	Aug. 10	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Jones, Samuel N.	Woodstock	Aug. 15	" " 29 '65, " "
Johnson, Edwin F.	Thompson	Aug. 1	Killed June 5 '64, Piedmont, Va.
Leonard, Isaiah	"	Aug. 8	" " 5 '64, " "
Lynch, William	"	July 28	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Lummis, John	Pomfret	Aug. 7	Died Nov., 1864.
Leonard, Thomas J.	Union	Aug. 18	Wd. App. in U. S. C. T. Oct. 9 '64
May, George A.	Woodstock	Aug. 12	Discharged, disability, July 10 '64.
Miller, James F.	Thompson	Aug. 10	App. in U. S. C. T. Aug. 8 '64.
Miller, Abial A.	"	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Maguire, Frank Y.	Pomfret	Aug. 10	" " 27 '65, " "
May, William	Woodstock	Aug. 12	Disc. Feb. 10 '64. Furnished sub.
McLean, Rufus P.	Thompson	July 28	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Perkins, John N.	"	July 29	" " 27 '65, " "
Potter, Lucius H.	Killingly	Aug. 8	App. Hos. St. U. S. A. Nov. 22 '64
Penniman, Silas M.	Woodstock	Aug. 17	Discharged, disability, March 8 '63
Potter, Charles H.	"	Aug. 12	" March 17 '65.
Ryan, Edward P.	Thompson	Aug. 5	Wd. M. O. June 27 '65, H. Ferry
Richardson, Sherman	"	Aug. 9	Discharged March 28 '64.
Robinson, Joseph W.	"	Aug. 6	Died wounds Sep. 29 '64, And'ville
Randall, H. Monroe	"	Aug. 8	Discharged, disability, April 17 '63
Ryant, Thomas	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Robbins, Elisha K.	Eastford	July 31	Enlisted in U. S. A. Oct. 14 '62.
Randall, Peter	Thompson	Aug. 8	Died March 10 '65. Thompson, Ct
Randall, Joseph	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Sprague, Elias	"	Aug. 7	" " 27 '65, " "
Sheldon, William E.	"	Aug. 6	Discharged, disability, April 14 '63
Streeter, Moses	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Sheldon, Albert F.	"	Aug. 8	" " 19 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Seaver, George T.	"	July 29	" " 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Sharpe, Edwin	Pomfret	Aug. 10	" " 27 '65, " "

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
FAVOR, Amos W.	Thompson	July 28	Discharged, disa., March 5 '63.
FERRY, Henry C.	Woodstock	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
White, Luther	Thompson	Aug. 6	Died of wounds March 14 '65.
Whitmore, Harvey	Poinfret	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Young, George E.	"	Aug. 9	" " 12 '65, Hartford, Ct.

## COMPANY E.

## Captain.

1862.

ISAAC W. HAKES, Jr.	Norwich	July 12	Resigned Dec. 26 '62.
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## 1st Lieutenant.

FREDERICK A. PALMER	"	July 12	Pr. Cap. Discharged May 28 '64
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## 2d Lieutenant.

JOHN F. MAGINNIS	Salem	July 25	Pr. 1st Lt. Died June 6 '64, of wds
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## Sergeants.

FRANCIS M. KEAG	Norwich	July 14	Pr. 2d Lt. M. O. June 27 '65.
Anthony, Staubly	"	July 17	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
William H. Douglass,	Colchester	July 25	" " 27 '65, " "
John J. Franklin	Columbia	July 19	" " 27 '65, " "
William C. Hillard	Norwich	July 14	Wd. Discharged Dec. 3 '64.

## Privates.

Edwin Fitch	Colchester	July 25	Discharged disa., March 21 '65.
Josiah A. Coleman	"	July 25	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Gordon Wilcox	Norwich	July 21	" " 27 '65, " "
Hylon N. Perry	"	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
FRANCIS M. KEE	"	Aug. 5	" " 27 '65, " "
Chauncey J. Williams	Colchester	July 25	Wd. Died Aug. 18 '64, Ande'ville
Stephen A. Franklin	Columbia	July 25	Died Aug. 20 '64, Sandy Hook, Md
William C. Tracy	Lebanon	July 29	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry

## Musicians.

John H. Post	Andover	July 19	" " 27 '65, " "
George Maynard	Salem	Aug. 9	" " 27 '65, " "

## Wagoner.

Edward S. Clark	Norwich	July 29	" " 27 '65, " "
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## Privates.

Allen, Nelson R.	Norwich	July 16	" " 27 '65, " "
Alger, Silas J.	"	Aug. 4	Wd. June 15 '63. M. O. June 2 '65
Adams, Anthony	"	July 17	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Avery, George	Colchester	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
Albertine, E. T.	Sprague	July 16	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 19 '65

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.		Remarks.
Avery, Henry E.	Salem	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Avery, Samuel H. N.	Scotland	Aug. 7	" " 27 '65,	" "
Burdick, Joel	Norwich	July 25	Discharged Aug. 25 '62.	
Bromley, George	Griswold	July 29	Wd. June 15 '64.	M. O. June 27 '65
Burdick, Abel	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Brooks, Lorin F.	Coventry	July 14	" " 27 '65,	" "
Bogue, Henry	Bozrah	July 19	" " 27 '65,	" "
Brown, Mulford G.	Salem	Aug. 5	" " 27 '65,	" "
Beckwith, Charles A.	Colchester	July 25	Wd. June 5 '64.	Died Aug. 4 '64.
Brown, John H.	Salem	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Comstock, Alfred J.	Lebanon	July 25	Wd. Tr. V. C.	Disc. July 25 '65.
Coil, John	Norwich	July 19	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Cleveland, Henry F.	Andover	July 17	" " 6 '65,	Annapolis, Md.
Carr, Nathaniel S.	Coventry	July 25	Died May 25 '64. New Haven, Ct.	
Crawford, George H.	Salem	Aug. 1	Wd. June 15 '63.	M. O. June 27 '65
Clark, William P.	Colchester	July 25	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Daily, Charles H.	Norwich	July 24	Discharged Feb. '64.	
DeWolf, Thomas E.	Salem	July 29	Disc. Oct. 1 '63, Annapolis, Md.	
Douglass, Reuben P.	Colchester	July 25	" disability, Dec. 22, '62.	
Franklin, Albert G.	Griswold	July 16	Wd. June '63.	Killed June 5 '64.
Fox, Horace W.	Salem	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Fox, Wallace	Salem	July 28	Died Feb. 2 '64, Martinsburg, Va.	
Fleming, Patrick	Colchester	July 27	Tr. V. R. C. M. O.	July 17 '65.
Fitzpatrick, Bernard	"	July 27	Wd. June 15 '63.	M. O. June 27 '65
Ford, Alexander	"	July 25	Deserted July 24 '63.	
Ford, Christopher	"	July 25	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Gardner, Nicholas G.	Andover	July 16	Wd. July 18 '64.	M. O. June 27 '65
Gott, Chauncey E.	Colchester	July 25	Tr. Inv. Corps. M. O.	May 30 '65
Gimball, John	"	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Hollien, Chas. F. J. A.	"	July 25	" " 27 '65,	" "
Haslem, Wesley W.	Norwich	July 25	" May 18 '65.	New Haven, Ct.
Harris, George L.	"	July 19	Tr. Invalid Corps Sep. 1 '63.	
Hayward, William G.	"	Aug. 1	Died Sep. 11 '64, Andersonville.	
Hennessey, Thomas J.	"	July 31	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Holloway, Joseph C.	Salem	July 29	Discharged, disa., Nov. 16 '64.	
Hartsgrove, Chilion D.	"	July 30	Wd. June 5 '64.	M. O. June 27 '65
Jillson, Charles A.	Sprague	Aug. 2	Died Dec. 5 '64, Florence, S. C.	
Jillson, Edward T., Jr.	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Jones, John	Colchester	July 25	Wd. July 18 '64.	M. O. June 27 '65
Johnson, John	"	July 22	" June 5 '64.	" " 27 '65

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks
Jenner, Elias B	Scotland	July 22	Disc. Baltimore, by return Oct '63
Kegwin, George W.	Griswold	Aug. 4	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Kelliher, James	Colchester	July 25	" " 5 '64. " " 27 '65
Kinney, Thomas	"	July 25	Died May 1 '64, New Haven, Ct.
Kegwin, Dwight R.	Scotland	Aug. 7	M. O. June 10 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Lathrop, Albert M.	Griswold	July 25	" " 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Lewis, Henry F.	Columbia	July 27	" " 27 '65. " "
Lewis, Daniel C.	"	July 27	" " 27 '65. " "
Lewis, Charles, 2d	Colchester	July 25	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
McCracken, H. H.	Lebanon	Aug. 4	Killed June 15 '63, Winchester.
Mitchell, Charles H.	Colchester	July 22	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Massey, James	Norwich	July 15	Died Jan. 7 '65, Florence, S. C.
McCusker, John	"	July 25	Wd. Tr.V. R. C. M. O. June 27 '65
McCusker, Hugh	"	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry
Parkinson, George	"	July 17	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Palmer, Isaac	Coventry	July 22	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Payson, Ebenezer F.	Andover	Aug. 4	Discharged, disability, Feb. 3 '64.
Potter, James N.	Colchester	July 25	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Palmer, Josiah C.	"	July 25	" " 27 '65. " "
Rose, Hiram D.	Lebanon	July 25	Killed June 5 '64, Piedmont, Va.
Rood, Julius J.	Andover	July 26	Died Feb. 3 '64, Martinsburg, Va.
Reynolds, Samuel W.	Norwich	July 14	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Rathbun, George W.	Salem	July 28	Discharged, disability, Dec. 23 '62
Spencer, Lorin T.	Columbia	July 16	M. O. June 5 '65, Annapolis, Md.
Staubly, Michael	Norwich	Aug. 1	Deserted Aug. '62.
Tarbox, George W.	Columbia	July 23	Died Aug. 1, '64, Cumberland, Md.
Taft, Bezaleel W.	"	July 14	Wd. May 15 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Tourtellotte, Marvin	Norwich	July 25	" June '63. Dis., dis., Feb. 15 '64
Upham, George R.	"	July 18	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Varney, Israel	"	July 16	Died Feb. 10 '65, Florence, S. C.
Wood, Ezra H.	Griswold	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
White, Albert P.	Andover	July 14	" May 23 '65. " "
Weller, John	Norwich	Aug. 6	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Wolf, Henry	"	Aug. 11	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
West, Seth B.	Colchester	July 25	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Wade, Sylvester	Salem	July 29	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Wade, Henry H.	Colchester	July 25	Discharged, disability, April 13 '63

## COMPANY F.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster	Remarks
<i>Captain.</i>		1862	
HENRY PEALE	Norwich	July 12	Pr. Lt. Col. M. O. June 27 '65.
<i>1st Lieutenant.</i>			
JOHN E. WOODWARD	Preston	July 12	Pr. Capt. M. O. June 27 '65, H. F.
<i>2d Lieutenant.</i>			
JOHN ALBERT FRANCIS	Norwich	July 14	Pr. 1st Lt. M. O. June 27 '65, H. F.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Joseph M. Parker	"	July 15	App. in U. S. C. T. March 13 '64.
Nathan F. D. Avery,	Franklin	July 16	Discharged, disability, March 6 '63
Edward P. Rogers	Norwich	Aug. 11	App. in. U. S. C. T. Jan. 21 '64.
Charles H. Carroll,	"	July 12	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Austin G. Monroe	"	July 19	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Caleb R. Corey	"	July 21	" May 10 '65, "
Joseph Forestner	"	Aug. 7	Died Aug. 9 '63, Camp Parole.
William H. Webb	"	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Charles D. Barwick,	Preston	Aug. 6	" " 20 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Jesse Wilkinson	Norwich	July 12	App. in U. S. C. T. March 13 '64.
Charles K. T. Trenn,	"	Aug. 9	M. O. May 30 '65, York, Pa.
George W. Loomis	"	July 26	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
George W. Blake	"	Aug. 7	Wd. June 15 '63, M. O. June 27 '65
<i>Musician.</i>			
Julius Palmer,	"	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
Joseph W. Carroll	"	July 14	Tr. Inv. Corps. M. O. Aug. 17 '65
<i>Privates.</i>			
Augustus Henry	"	July 17	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Aldrich, Albert C	"	Aug. 15	M. O. July 18 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Brown, John A.	Voluntown	Aug. 11	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Billings, Samuel D.	Norwich	Aug. 4	" " 27 '65, " "
Butler, Roswell	"	July 14	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Booth, John	"	July 22	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Blake, Charles S.	"	July 21	Deserted May 25 '63.
Baldwin, Charles	Mansfield	July 30	Killed June 14 '63, Winchester, Va
Bradley, John T.	Norwich	Aug. 8	" " 5 '64, Piedmont, Va.
Brown, Russell M.	Plainfield	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Bowen, Ezra P.	Norwich	July 12	" May 29 '65, Annapolis June
Bennett, John A.	"	July 18	Discharged, disability, May 3 '63

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Botham, Daniel A.	Waterford	July 25	Wd. June '63. Dis., dis., Mch. 14 '64
Braman, Lucius R.	Norwich	July 30	Discharged, disability, Nov. 16 '64
Burnett, Albert	"	Aug. 9	Killed June 15 '63, Winchester, Va
Bennett, Joseph H.	Chaplin	July 23	Tr. to Inv. Corps Jan. 15 '64.
Cole, George	Griswold	Aug. 11	M. O. May 18 '65, New Haven, Ct
Cook, Orrin	Preston	Aug. 11	Wd. July 18 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Church, Daniel B.	Norwich	July 25	Wd. June 15 '63. " " 27 '65
Chappell, Alfred S.	"	July 22	Died Sep. 17 '63, Philadelphia, Pa
Carroll, George	"	Aug. 4	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Clark, William H.	Preston	July 16	Accid. shot. Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15 '64
Caswell, Gilford	Ledyard	Aug. 6	Discharged, disability, July 16 '64
Campbell, William H.	Mansfield	July 21	Died Sep. 10 '63, Camp Parole.
Davis, William L.	Norwich	Aug. 15	Twice wd. M. O. June 27 '65.
Deming, Alfred H.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Draper, Albion	"	Aug. 11	" " 27 '65. " "
Draper, George	"	Aug. 13	Discharged, disability, Oct. 22 '63
Doyle, Timothy O.	"	Aug. 11	M. O. July 14 '65, Hartford, Ct.
Earle, Ralph W.	Bozrah	Aug. 6	" May 30 '65, York, Pa.
Eldridge, Daniel D.	Norwich	Aug. 12	" June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Fenton, James E.	"	Aug. 9	" " 27 '65. " "
Fuller, Alden	Griswold	Aug. 11	" " 20 '65. " "
Fox, George W.	Norwich	July 26	Died April 17 '65, Martinsburg, Va
Green, Francis R.	Griswold	Aug. 7	Wd. Died April 17 '65, Staunton.
Green, Nathan B.	Scotland	Aug. 8	Died Feb. 24 '64, Martinsburg, Va
Guile, Samuel A.	Preston	July 30	Deserted Aug. 1 '63.
Humes, Charles L.	Bozrah	Aug. 8	Wd. June 5 '64. M. O. June 27 '65
Hyde, Henry R.	Franklin	July 29	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Howard, William H.	Norwich	Aug. 14	" " 27 '65. " "
Hicks, James W.	"	July 30	Died April 13 '64, Martinsburg, Va
Hyde, John P.	"	July 12	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Kenyon, Edwin	Canterbury	Aug. 11	" " 27 '65. " "
Kinney, William H.	Norwich	Aug. 12	" " 27 '65. " "
Loomis, James W.	"	Aug. 14	Disc. Nov. 1 '64, New Haven, Ct
Lamb, Horatio R.	Franklin	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Ladd, Daniel	Norwich	July 24	" " 27 '65. " "
Murray, Charles A.	"	July 12	Pr. 2d Lt. M. O. June 27 '65, H. F.
Moffat, Nelson	Griswold	Aug. 13	M. O. June 27 '65, Harper's Ferry
Marshall, John	Norwich	Aug. 12	" " 27 '65. " "
Murphy, Frank E.	"	July 16	" " 27 '65. " "
Mowry, Bernard R. O.	"	Aug. 7	Deserted Aug. 1 '63.

## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

Name and Rank	Residence	Date	Master	Remarks
Nicholson, Levi P.	Preston	July 25	M. O. June 27 '65,	Harper's Ferry
Olin, Edward	Griswold	July 14	" "	27 '65, " "
Palmer, Roswell	Norwich	Aug. 6	" "	27 '65, " "
Pearce, Martin	"	July 16	" "	27 '65, " "
Palmer, Andrew	"	July 25	" "	27 '65, " "
Palmer, Almond B.	"	Aug. 18	" "	27 '65, " "
Rudden, John	Colchester	July 21	" "	27 '65, " "
Spicer, Erastus	Griswold	Aug. 9	" "	27 '65, " "
Simmons, John H.	Norwich	July 22	" "	27 '65, " "
Spencer, Orrin N.	Norwich	July 30	M. O. June 27, '65,	Harper's Ferry.
Setchel, Charles Tracy	"	Aug. 11	Wd. June 5, '64,	M. O. June 27, '65.
Shumway, Millen	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27, '65,	Harper's Ferry.
Sanders, Ralph G.	"	Aug. 2	Trans. to Invalid Corps	Jan. 15, '64
Smith, James	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27, '65,	Harper's Ferry.
Sheriden, Cornelius F.	Colchester	July 17	Killed June 5, '64,	Piedmont, Va.
Sullivan, Timothy	Griswold	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27, '65,	Harper's Ferry.
Sweet, William H.	Ledyard	Aug. 9	" "	27, '65, " "
Trinnier, Richard	Norwich	July 14	" "	27, '65, " "
Thurber, Charles F.	"	July 28	Wd. June 5, '64,	M. O. 27, '65
Tefft, William H.	"	July 26	M. O. May 30, '65,	York Pa.
Valentine, John	Canterbury	July 29	Wd. June 5, '64,	M. O. June 27, '65.
West, George A.	Preston	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27, '65,	Harper's Ferry.
Warren, William	Mansfield	July 21	" May 24, '65,	Annap Junc., Md.
Wright, Alanson	Griswold	Aug. 4	Deserted June 1,	1865.
Whaley, George G.	Norwich	Aug. 11	M. O. June 27, '65,	Harper's Ferry.
Weeks, James M. Jr.	Griswold	Aug. 9	Killed June 5, '64,	Piedmont, Va.
Ward, James	Norwich	July 16	M. O. June 27, '65,	Harper's Ferry.
Welden, Leonard P.	Bozrah	Aug. 6	" "	27, '65, " "
Whaley, William H.	Preston	July 25	Deserted August 1,	1863.
Wright, Albert	Griswold	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27, '65,	Harper's Ferry.
Wilber, Daniel	Norwich	July 23	Accidentally killed	Jan. 5, 1863.

## COMPANY G

Captain.

1862.

GEORGE W. WARNER Woodstock July 9 Wd. Discharged Oct. 4, '64.

1st Lieutenant.

ISRAEL N. KIRBE Putnam Aug. 6 Pr. Capt. M. O. June 27, '65, H. F.

2d Lieutenant.

LUTHER E. RAWSON Woodstock Aug. 7 Resigned Dec. 22, '62.

## Name and Rank

## Residence.

## Date Mustered.

## Comments.

*Sergeants.*

Albert S. Granger	Putnam	July 31	Pr. 1st Lt. M. O. June 27, '65, H. F.
Prescott M. Lyon	Woodstock	July 21	Discharged, disability, Dec. 22, '63.
Edward T. Warner	"	July 16	M. O. June 27, '65 Harper's Ferry.
Daniel A. Lyon	"	Aug. 9	Dis for appt.in U.S.C.T.,Feb.24,'64
John B. Scott	Putnam	Aug. 7	Killed June 5, '64, Piedmont, Va.

*Corporals.*

Charles A. Bosworth	Woodstock	Aug. 8	Died Dec. 2, '62, Camp Lundy, Md.
Samuel L. Marcy	"	July 16	Died July 15, '63, Annapolis, Md.
Moses J. Chandler	Putnam	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Joseph E. Rawson	Woodstock	July 10	" " 27, '65, " "
Edwin S. Tabor	"	July 21	Wd. Died Aug.22,'63, A'apolis, Md.
Lucian H. Medbury	Pomfret	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
James Clapp	Woodstock	Aug. 8	" " 27, '65, " "
Shrimpton H. Gallup	Putnam	Aug. 7	Wd. Disch'd, disability, May 4, '65.

*Musicians.*

William E. Card	Putnam	Aug. 6	M. O. May 19, '65, Frederick, Md.
Edward Welch	Lebanon	Aug. 18	" June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.

*Hospital.*

William H. Chamberlin	Putnam	Aug. 11	M. O. June 7, '65, Jarvis Hospital.
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*Privates.*

Aldrich, Charles C.	Woodstock	Aug. 9	Trans.Vet.Res C'ps. M.O.Aug 9, '65
Arnold, George E.	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Adams, Wellington W.	"	Aug. 8	Died Nov. 15, '64, Florence, S. C.
Bostow, George	Killingly	Aug. 8	Trans.Inv.Corps. M.O.June 29, '65.
Baker, Darwin W.	Windham	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Burrows, Joseph	Woodstock	July 16	" " 27, '65, " "
Birch, William H.	Sprague	July 21	Discharged, disability, Feb. 15, '63.
Brainard, Michael	Bozrah	July 21	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Bundy, Henry M.	Putnam	Aug. 6	" " 27, '65, " "
Boutelle, Lorestus V.	Woodstock	Aug. 16	" " 27, '65, " "
Bugbee, George F.	"	Aug. 8	" " 27, '65, " "
Bundy, Asa H.	"	Aug. 8	Died Feb. 6, '63, Baltimore, Md.
Burrows, Charles	"	July 16	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Blackmar, Francis	Putnam	Aug. 8	" " 27, '65, " "
Burnes, Robert	Woodstock	Aug. 15	Deserted Aug. '63.
Bercume, Peter	"	July 21	Wd. Trans. Inv.Corps Feb. 15, '64.
Chandler, Seth E.	"	Aug. 12	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Cummings, William W.	Putnam	July 30	Wd. Disc'd May 27, '65, N.Hav'n,Ct.
Currier, George	Woodstock	July 12	Tran.Inv.Corps. M. O. July 11, '65.



## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Davison, Peter	Woodstock	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Davis, Ichabod C.	"	Aug. 21	Wd. and captured June 5, '64.
Darby, Daniel R.	Putnam	Aug. 5	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Davenport, Cyrus C.	Woodstock	Aug. 8	Discharged, disability, Feb. 27, '64.
Eddy, Albert S.	Putnam	July 31	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Fox, Walter T.	Woodstock	Aug. 12	" " 27, '65, " "
Foster, Alonzo	Putnam	Aug. 11	" " 27, '65, " "
Gleason, Lawrenc F.	"	Aug. 13	" " 27, '65, " "
Gerue, Peter	Woodstock	Aug. 13	Wd. M.O. May 18, '65, New Haven.
Hempstead, Charles J.	Windham	July 28	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Howard, Willis G.	Woodstock	Aug. 12	" " 27, '65, " "
Howard, George E.	"	Aug. 13	Killed June 15, '63, Winchester, Va.
Kinnie, Thomas	Colchester	July 25	Discharged, disability, Mar. 25, '63.
Ladd, George W.	Tolland	July 26	Tr. Inv. Corps. M. O. Jun. 29, '65, Phila.
Leitcher, Gilbert	Woodstock	July 26	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Lapoint, Stephen	Putnam	July 28	" " 27, '65, " "
Morrison, John	"	July 19	Mis. in action, May 15, '64. Sup.d'd.
Main, Gershom P.	Windham	Aug. 6	Discharged, disability, Mar. 1, '63.
Marcy, John N.	Woodstock	July 16	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Moore, William F.	"	July 18	" " 27, '65, " "
Newton, Enoch E.	"	July 26	" May 18, '65, New Haven.
Neill, Henry P.	Norwich	July 28	" June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Ockery, Samuel C.	Putnam	July 26	Wd. M. O. June 27, '65, " "
Oatley, Stephen H.	Killingly	Aug. 9	Killed June 14, '63, Winchester, Va.
Pettit, Matthew	Woodstock	July 16	Discharged, disability, Mar. 25, '63.
Parsons, Willard O.,	"	July 16	Killed June 15, '63, Winchester, Va.
Pickett, George W.	Putnam	Aug. 8	" " " "
Robinson, Henry	"	July 30	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Redhead, Frederick W.	Woodstock	Aug. 5	" " 27, '65, " "
Rawson, Stiles	"	Aug. 8	Died Dec. 3, '62, at camp in Md.
Randall, Prescott J.	Putnam	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Rogers, Tracy	"	Aug. 6	Wd. M. O. June 27, '65, " "
Riley, John	Windham	July 30	Discharged, disability, Dec. 22, '62.
Read, Frank	Putnam	Aug. 12	Wd. M.O. Jun. 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Smith, Abner P., Jr.	Woodstock	July 17	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Smith, Henry A.	Killingly	July 30	Tr. In. Corps. M.O. Jul. 14, '65, Elmira.
Sanders, John	Putnam	Aug. 5	Disch'd May 28, '64, New Haven.
Smith, Joseph	Windham	July 22	M. O. May 31, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Snow, William N.	"	July 26	" June 27, '65, " "
Smith, Hiram	Tolland	Aug. 6	Wd. M. O. May 30, '65, York.

# CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

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Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Stone, James M.	Woodstock	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Scott, John G.	Windham	Aug. 7	Discharged, disability, May 14, '64.
Smith, Wallace	Woodstock	Aug. 1	Killed June 15, '63, Winchester.
Spaulding, Francis M.	Putnam	Aug. 6	M. O. May 17, '65, Gratton.
Taft, Lowell	Killingly	Aug. 14	" June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Thornton, Cyrus	Putnam	Aug. 9	" " 27, '65, " "
Tripp, James E.	"	Aug. 21	Wd. Dis. May 27, '65, New Haven.
Underwood, George W.	Windham	July 27	" Died Jan. 27, '65, Florence.
Whitney, Josiah W.	Putnam	Aug. 7	" Dis. May 30, '65, Worcester.
Weeks, Marquis J.	Eastford	Aug. 1	Killed July 18, '64, Snicker's F'y.
Walker, Vernon E.	Woodstock	July 12	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Wilcox, Lowell	"	July 24	" " 27, '65, " "
Wells, John D.	"	Aug. 6	" " 27, '65, " "
Weeks, Benjamin P.	Eastford	July 16	" " 27, '65, " "
Wilcox, John H.	Woodstock	Aug. 30	Died July 20, '64, w'ds rec. in ac'n.
Young, Richmond A.	"	July 22	Trans. to Inv. Corps Sept. 30, '63.

## COMPANY H.

<i>Captain</i>		1862.
CHARLES D. BOWEN	Windham	July 22 Wd. June 15, '64. M.O. June 27, '65
<i>1st Lieutenant.</i>		
JAMES F. LONG, JR.	Windham	July 24 Resigned November 9, '62.
<i>2d Lieutenant.</i>		
ANDREW W. LOOMIS	Tolland	July 22 Pr. 1st Lt. Nov. 9, '62. M.O. June 27, '65
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
William H. Locke	Windham	July 12 " 2d Lt. " Hon. dis. May 15, '65
George E. Jordan	"	July 22 M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Thomas Spencer	"	July 22 " " 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Chester A. Tourtelott	Tolland	July 21 Died of wds Aug. 15, '64, L'chb'g, Va.
Albert S. Blish	Windham	July 24 M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
<i>Corporals.</i>		
Sanford A. Comins	Windham	July 24 Wd. June 5, '64. M.O. June 27, '65.
John E. Barrows	"	Aug. 5 M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Hezekiah Thompson	"	July 24 " " 27, '65, " "
Seth S. Chapman	Chaplin	Aug. 5 Died Sept. 17, '63, Annapolis, Md.
William H. Boyden	Windham	July 22 M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Thomas Jordon	"	July 24 " " 27, '65, " "
Charles H. Chase	"	Aug. 4 Deserted April 11, '63.
William J. Whiteside	Coventry	July 29 Wd. June 15, '63. M.O. June 27, '65.

## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Mustered.	Remarks.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
William W. Perry	Windham	July 23	M. O. May 18, '65, New Haven, Ct.
Van Buren Jordan	"	July 24	" " 18, '65, "
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
George W. Herrick	Windham	July 24	M. O. May 30, '65, York, Pa.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Adams, Russell W.	Tolland	July 31	Died Aug. 8, '63, Annapolis, Md.
Adams, John Q.	Chaplin	Aug. 5	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Apley, Henry	"	Aug. 4	Died Jan. 9, '64, Annapolis, Md.
Ashley, Earl	"	Aug. 4	Killed June 15, '63, Winchester, Va.
Apley, Andrew J.	"	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Bingham, Elsworth W.	"	Aug. 5	Wd. July 18, '64. M.O. June 27, '65
Barber, Charles A.	Tolland	July 22	Killed June 15, '63, Winchester, Va.
Buchanan, Moses	Windham	July 23	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Briggs, George S.	"	July 26	Tr.I.C'ps May 15, '64. M.O. July 15, '65
Buckley, Alfred	"	July 23	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Babcock, Courtland, Jr.	"	Aug. 6	" " 27, '65. " "
Buckingham, Wm. H.	"	July 21	" May 18, '65, New Haven, Ct.
Bennett, Nathaniel W.	"	July 25	Wd. June 5, '64. D.Oct. 13, '64, An'vle
Bull, George A.	"	July 12	Trans. V. R. C. M.O. June 28, '65.
Backus, Albert H.	Windham	July 26	M. O. July 5, '65, Hartford, Ct.
Blivin, George R.	"	July 22	Wd. June 15, '63. M.O. June 27, '65.
Brooks, Charles U.	Tolland	Aug. 6	" May 15, '64. " " 27, '65.
Brown, William B.	"	July 22	" June 5, '64. Disc.dis. Mar. 25, '65
Cushman, Izart P.	Windham	Aug. 5	Died April 7, '63, Baltimore, Md.
Connor, Thomas	"	July 16	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Colburn, Jonathan S.	Chaplin	Aug. 6	Died Feb. 15, '65, Danville, Va.
Carney, James	Windham	July 23	Wd. June 5, '64. M. O. June 27, '65.
Crandall, Amos G.	"	July 28	" " 18, '64. " " 27, '65.
Carney, John	"	Aug. 9	Kld. July 18, '64, Snicker's Ferry, Va.
Dean, William	Hampton	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Dawley, Andrew H.	Windham	Aug. 5	Discharged, disability, Oct. 14, '62.
Dilliber, Andrew N.	"	Aug. 5	Killed June 15, '63, Winchester, Va.
Eaton, Eben R.	"	July 28	Wd. May 15, '64. M.O. June 27, '65.
Farnham, Martin V. B.	Tolland	July 24	" June 5, '64. " " 27, '65.
Fenton, Anson A.	Chaplin	Aug. 2	Killed June 15, '63, Winchester, Va.
Foss, Ambrose	Coventry	Aug. 1	Deserted May 13, '63.
Farnham, Dwight C.	Tolland	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Gurley, Franklin E.	Chaplin	Aug. 4	Died Oct. 17, '64, Cumberland, Md.
Gleason, Willbur H.	Windham	Aug. 5	Tr.I. Cor. Jan. 15, '64, M.O. Jul. 2, '65.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Mustered.	Remarks.
Gager, John F.	Coventry	Aug. 5	Died Feb. 15, '65, Florence, S. C.
Green, Amos P.	"	Aug. 5	Tr.I.Cor.Feb.15,'64.M.O.Jul.14,'65.
Golding, Joseph	Windham	July 23	Died Oct. 11,'64, Charleston, S. C.
Griggs, William W.	Ellington	Aug. 1	Wd. June 5,'64. Died June 15,'64.
Grundy, John	Windham	Aug. 1	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Holland, Eber S.	"	July 22	Discharged, disability, Mar. 25,'63.
Harris, Horatio A.	"	July 24	" " " 5,'63.
Harris, George D.	"	July 23	Wd. June 15,'63. M. O. Jun.27,'65.
Haskell, Charles	"	July 25	Died Feb. 19,'65, Salisbury, N. C.
Harrington, Francis S.	Coventry	Aug. 5	Wd. June,'63. M. O. June 27,'65.
Hall, William H.	Windham	Aug. 6	" May 15,'64. Killed May 20,'64.
Hall, Origen	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Heverin, Patrick J.	"	July 23	Wd. May 15,'64. M.O. June 27,'65.
Johnson, Richard M.	"	July 23	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Kenyon, Otis G.	"	Aug. 1	" " 27,'65. " "
Kenworthy, Joseph	"	July 23	Wd. July 18,'64. Disch. June 9,'65.
Lewis, William	"	July 23	Wd. May 15,'64. Died Sep. 7,'64.
Lewis, Francis E.	"	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Lewis, Charles H.	"	Aug. 5	Discharged, disability, Sep. 20,'63.
Long, James F.	"	July 24	" May 28,'64. S.O.W.D.
Metcalf, Job	"	July 24	Wd. June 15,'64. M.O.June 27,'65.
Miller, Frederick	Tolland	July 29	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Newcomb, Lucius H.	Coventry	July 29	Died Feb. 13,'65, Danville, Va.
Niles, John	Franklin	July 15	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Pilling, James	Windham	July 23	" " 27,'65. " "
Perkins, Joseph M.	"	Aug. 1	" " 27,'65. " "
Palmer, Pierce	Tolland	July 24	Fr. Inv. Corps Sept. 30,'63.
Reffelt, Frederick	Coventry	July 29	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Rogers, Emery D.	Tolland	Aug. 6	Wd. Dis. June 3,'65,ap.in U.S.C.T.
Ripley, Edward F.	Windham	July 22	Tr.In.Cor.May 1,'64.M.O.Jul.21,'65.
Robinson, John M.	Coventry	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Robertson, Lacon W.	"	Aug. 5	" " 27,'75. " "
Sullivan, Dennis	Windham	July 24	Wd. June 5,'64. M. O. June 27,'65.
Snell, Alfred A.	Tolland	July 25	Died Aug. 25,'63, Annapolis, Md.
Smith, Lester C.	Chaplin	Aug. 5	" July 26,'64, Martinsburg, Va.
Shay, John	Windham	July 18	Deserted Aug. 27,'63.
Sweet, Daniel K.	Thompson	July 26	Wd. June 5,'64. M. O. June 27,'65.
Thomas, Edwin	Windham	Aug. 7	Died June 4,'63, Willimantic, Ct.
Tracy, Alfred E.	Tolland	July 30	Killed June 15,'63, Winchester, Va.
Tracy, Henry G.	Coventry	Aug. 6	Wd. July 18,'64. M.O. June 27,'65.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Wilson, Albert C.	Windham	July 25	M. O. May 19, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Watts, Joseph	"	Aug. 4	" June 27, '65, " "
Webster, John R.	Tolland	July 21	" " 27, '65, " "
Wise, Jacob	Coventry	July 29	Deserted Aug., 1863.
Weldon, Alonzo	Thompson	July 26	Wounded and captured June 5, '64.
Wilber, Amariah	Coventry	July 26	Died May 3, '65, Wilmington, N. C.
Williams, Everett	Willington	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Wilber, George H.	Coventry	Aug. 5	Discharged, disability, Mar. 14, '63.

## COMPANY I.

<i>Captain.</i>		1862.	
SAMUEL R. KNAPP	Norwich	Aug. 21	Resigned June 6, '63.
<i>1st Lieutenant.</i>			
JOHN H. MORRISON	"	Aug. 21	Pro. Capt. Dismissed Sep. 1, '64.
<i>2d Lieutenant.</i>			
MARTIN V. B. TIFFANY	"	Aug. 21	Wd. Pro. Capt. M. O. June 27, '65.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
John Lilley	"	Aug. 14	Wd. Pro. Capt. M. O. June 27, '65.
James R. Pilkenton	Middletown	Aug. 20	Deserted August 26, '64.
Bently Shaw	Norwich	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Allen L. Moore	"	Aug. 13	" " 27, '65, " "
James A. Allen	"	July 30	" " 27, '65, " "
<i>Corporals.</i>			
William Finken	"	Aug. 6	" " 27, '65, " "
George Cook	Preston	Aug. 14	" " 27, '65, " "
Gardner A. Lewin	Putnam	Aug. 5	Deserted May 4, '63.
Daniel E. Beebe	Norwich	Aug. 5	M. O. May 30, '65, York, Pa.
Sebastian P. Kepler,	"	Aug. 12	Wd. M.O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Charles Derby,	"	Aug. 4	M. O. " 27, '65, " "
Isaac Roath	Preston	July 30	Wd. M.O. " 27, '65, " "
Henry D. Gleason	Norwich	Aug. 6	" Capt'd " 11, '64, Staunton, Va.
<i>Musician.</i>			
Harvey L. Muzzy	"	May 30	M. O. " 10, '65, Hartford.
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
Henry Frink	Plainfield	July 30	" " 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Albee, William H.	Lyme	Aug. 8	Wd. M. O. " 27, '65, " "
Acksler, Adam	Norwich	July 15	" Died Oct. 5, '64, Madisonville.
Brown, Wheaton	Sprague,	July 22	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Bigelow, James S.	Sprague	July 22	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Beckwith, Charles H.	Norwich	July 30	Died December 1, '62, Norwich.
Bogue, Jabez H.	Lyme	Aug. 8	Killed June 5, '64, Piedmont, Va.
Bliss, William H.	Plainfield	Aug. 5	M. O. " 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Bliss, Levi C.	"	Aug. 5	" " 27, '65, " "
Bingham, Charles K.	Canterbury	July 25	Deserted Sept. 9, '62.
Benjamin, James E.	Preston	Aug. 8	Wd. M. O. June 23, '65, Annapolis.
Biggs, Abram	Norwich	Aug. 4	Deserted Nov. 11, '64.
Barnes, William	Tolland	July 24	Discharged, disability, Mar. 8, '63.
Carpenter, Judson T.	Mansfield	July 17	" " Dec. 23, '62.
Corey, John F.	Norwich	Aug. 7	Wd. M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Couch, Thomas T.	Griswold	Aug. 7	M. O. " 27, '65, " "
Carl, Martin	Norwich	Aug. 5	Died Sep. 25, '64, Sandy Hook, Md.
Church, Charles H.	Lyme	Aug. 7	M. O. July 25, '65, York, Pa.
Clark, Lucius P.	Mansfield	July 21	" June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Donahue, Daniel	Sprague	July 22	" " 27, '65, " "
Dean, Andrew	Tolland	July 17	" " 27, '65, " "
Eccleston, Thomas H.	Preston	Aug. 10	" " 27, '65, " "
Earl, William R.	Sprague	Aug. 11	" " 27, '65, " "
Gordon, Archibald	Brooklyn	Aug. 10	Discharged, disability, May 18, '64.
Green, Palmer S.	Griswold	Aug. 8	Wd. M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Hall, William S.	Lyme	Aug. 9	M. O. 27, '65, " "
Harris, George W.	Preston	July 19	Discharged, disability, Feb. 15, '63.
Hall, William	Norwich	Aug. 11	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Hall, Charles H.	Lyme	Aug. 9	" " 27, '65, " "
Hayes, William	Norwich	Aug. 2	Deserted December 16, '62.
Handy, Hiram	Griswold	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Hall, Harvey	Lyme	Aug. 8	" " 27, '65, " "
Herrick, John P.	Griswold	Aug. 8	Died Jan. 26, '64, Martinsburg, Va.
Hills, Herman	Norwich	Aug. 8	Deserted Aug. 30, '62.
Higginbotham, D. P.	Coventry	July 18	Discharged, disability, Mar. 8, '63.
Kent, Harrison A.	Willington	Aug. 6	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Lathrop, Joseph O.	Norwich	Aug. 6	Wd. M. O. " 27, '65, " "
Leary, Timothy	Griswold	July 26	Discharged, disability, Dec. 16, '63.
Laferty, James	Norwich	Aug. 11	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Linton, Benjamin	Griswold	Aug. 2	Discharged Dec. 27, '62.
Long, John	Norwich	July 15	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Miller, Charles S.	Sprague	Aug. 13	Wd. M. O. May 20, '65, Frederick.
McEwin, Hugh	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Miner, Charles C.	Lyme	Aug. 8	Discharged, disability, April 28, '63.

## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Morfitt, James	Killingly	Aug. 5 M. O. July 25, '65, York, Pa.	
Newcomb, Jason	Tolland	July 23 " " May 18, '65, NewHaven.	
Peckham, Gardner C.	Lyme	Aug. 8 " June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.	
Peter, William	Norwich	July 28 Deserted Aug. 30, '62.	
Porter, Charles F.	Tolland	July 17 M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.	
Quinley, James K. P.	Lyme	Aug. 8 " " 27, '65, " "	
Quigley, Edward	Griswold	Aug. 21 Discharged, disability, Mar. 8, '63.	
Ringross, Michael	Norwich	July 28 Discharged Nov. 23, '63.	
Rand, William G.	Lyme	Aug. 9 M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.	
Rogers, Henry	Griswold	Aug. 11 " " 27, '65, " "	
Robertson, William	Sprague	Aug. 13 " " 27, '65, " "	
Robbins, Miner	Plainfield	July 25 " " 27, '65, " "	
Spencer, James G.	Preston	Aug. 7 " " 27, '65, " "	
Stocking, Theodore B.	Norwich	Aug. 11 " " 27, '65, " "	
Spaulding, Edwin		Aug. 12 Wd. M. O. June 27, '65, " "	
Stanton, Solomon	Plainfield	Aug. 10 M. O. June 27, '65, " "	
Steers, Thomas A.	Norwich	Aug. 21 " " 27, '65, " "	
Taylor, William H.	"	July 14 Discharged June 1, '64.	
Thornhill, William S.	Sprague	Aug. 9 Wd.M.O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.	
Wallace, William	Norwich	Aug. 14 Deserted August 22, '62.	
Wilber, John A.	"	Aug. 17 Wd. Dischd., disability, May 8, '65.	
Woodward, Elisha A.	Canterbury	July 20 M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.	
Wright, Franklin S.	Norwich	Aug. 17 Discharged, disability, Jan. 26, '65.	
Wild, Lineaus	Griswold	Aug. 11 Wd. June 5, '64. Cap. June 11, '64.	
Williams, David	Willington	Aug. 17 " " 5, '64. M. O. July 5, '65.	

## COMPANY K.

<i>Captain.</i>		1862.				
EZRA J. MATTHEWSON	Killingly	Aug. 8 M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.				
<i>1st Lieutenant.</i>						
GEORGE KIES	"	Aug. 10 " " 27, '65, " "				
<i>2d Lieutenant</i>						
ASAHEL G. SCRANTON	"	Aug. 5 " " 27, '65, " "				
<i>Sergeants.</i>						
Atwood Kimball	"	Aug. 8 " " 27, '65, " "				
Reuben W. Scott	Plainfield	Aug. 9 " " 27, '65, " "				
Walter Young	"	Aug. 7 Killed Jan. 6, '63, Havre de Grace.				
Jerome B. Cahoon	"	Aug. 9 " June 5, '64, at Piedmont, Va.				

# CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

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Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Mustered.	Remarks.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Joseph D. Hall	Killingly	Aug. 13	Wd. June 5, '64. M. O. June 27, '65.
Alonzo B. Potter	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
George H. Curtiss	Brooklyn	Aug. 5	" " 27, '65. " "
Joseph F. Griffiths	Killingly	Aug. 9	" " 15, '65. " "
James L. Adams	Plainfield	Aug. 9	" " 27, '65. " "
Charles Bartlett	Killingly	Aug. 9	Died Feb. 20, '64, Richmond, Va.
Erastus E. Potter	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 21, '65, Annapolis, Md.
Alfred Pray	"	Aug. 9	" " 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Daniel Pray	Plainfield	Aug. 9	" " 27, '65. " "
Daniel G. Bennett	Killingly	Aug. 9	Killed June 15, '63, Winchester, Va.
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
William Comins	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Adams, William H.	"	July 31	" " 27, '65. " "
Burroughs, Cyrus	"	July 27	Trans. Vet. Res. Corps Mch. 4, '64.
Bassett, Thomas D.	"	Aug. 4	Discharged, disability, Feb. 15, '64.
Burdick, Asher	"	Aug. 5	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Brown, George	"	Aug. 6	" " 27, '65. " "
Bowes, Edward E.	"	Aug. 8	" " 27, '65. " "
Burnham, Oliver B.	"	Aug. 13	Died of wds. Feb. 12, '64, Mart'bg.
Bates, Sheldon, Jr.,	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Billington, Randall	"	Aug. 9	Deserted Sept. 2, 1863.
Bowen, Jabez L.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Bowen, Leonard	"	Aug. 9	Wd. June 63. M. O. June 27, '65.
Baker, Albert	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Babson, Henry W.	"	Aug. 9	" " 27, '65. " "
Bartlett, Almond	"	Aug. 9	Wd. June '63. M. O. June 27, '65.
Bates, Thomas T.	"	Aug. 13	Wd. July 18, '64. " " "
Burroughs, Cyrus, Jr.,	"	Aug. 13	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Burns, John W.	"	Aug. 8	" " 27, '65. " "
Curtis, Rufus D.	"	Aug. 1	Wd. June 5, '64. M. O. June 27, '65.
Crandall, Thomas	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 26, '64, Harper's Ferry.
Covell, Arba R.	"	Aug. 7	" " 27, '65. " "
Champlin, Oliver W.	Plainfield	Aug. 7	Wd. July 18, '64. M. O. June 27, '65.
Casey, Michael	Killingly	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Chase, Frank A.	"	Aug. 11	" " 27, '65. " "
Carder, James A.	"	Aug. 11	" " 27, '65. " "
Day, Charles	"	Aug. 9	" " 27, '65. " "



## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Duprey, John H.	Killingly	Aug. 8	Deserted Aug. 16, 1863.
Fisk, Erastus E.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Goodell, William	"	Aug. 8	" " 27,'65, " "
Griffiths, Charles K.	"	Aug. 13	" " 27,'65, " "
Graves, Edwin P.	"	Aug. 3	" " 27,'65, " "
Glinn, John	"	Aug. 9	Wd. June 5,'64. M. O. June 27,'65.
Handy, Davis U.	"	Aug. 10	" 5,'64. " May 18,'65.
Harrington, Ira	"	Aug. 13	Tr. V. R. C. M. O. Aug. 13,'65.
Hughes, John	Plainfield	Aug. 9	Deserted June 18, 1863.
Handy, Francis H.	Killingly	Aug. 5	Discharged, disability, Feb. 3,'64.
Harrington, William B.	Sterling	Aug. 7	Deserted May 13, 1863.
Halleck, Moses	Killingly	Aug. 8	Dis. Feb. 22,'64, order Sec. of War.
James, Roland R.	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Jackson, Jerome A.	"	Aug. 1	" " 27,'65, " "
Jordan, Denison P.	Plainfield	Aug. 9	Wd. Tr. Inv. Corps. M. O. July 3,'65.
Keach, John	Killingly	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
King, Benoni	"	Aug. 5	" May 25,'65, Worcester, Mass.
Kelly, John	"	July 30	Discharged June 9, 1864.
Leavens, William H. H.	Plainfield	Aug. 4	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Law, Parris M.	Killingly	Aug. 13	" " 27,'65, " "
Moffit, Eber, Jr.,	"	Aug. 8	Discharged, disability, Mch. 2,'63.
Miller, Jabez	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
McDougal, Daniel	"	Aug. 5	" " 27,'65, " "
Miller, James D.	"	Aug. 9	" " 27,'65, " "
Niles, Sumner	"	Aug. 13	" " 27,'65, " "
Niles, Edmund	"	Aug. 13	" " 2,'65, Jar. U.S.A. Hos.
Newell, William H.	"	Aug. 8	Wd. June 5,'64. M. O. June 27,'65.
Potter, James	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Penry, John	"	Aug. 13	Died Nov. 28,'62, Havre de Grace.
Penry, Charles O.	"	Aug. 13	Wd. June 5. M. O. June 27,'65.
Pike, Reuben A.	Plainfield	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Pike, John	"	Aug. 7	Discharged Nov. 26, 1863.
Robbins, Albert	Brooklyn	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Reynolds, Charles	Plainfield	Aug. 13	Deserted Aug. 1, 1863.
Sharkey, Robert	Killingly	Aug. 7	Killed June 15,'63, Winchester, Va.
Short, Levi M.	"	Aug. 9	Wd. June 5,'64. Died June 30,'64.
Sweet, William W.	Plainfield	Aug. 4	Discharged, disability, June 15,'63.
Sullivan, Lawrence	Killingly	Aug. 8	" " Dec. 19,'63.
Scholes, Robert	"	Aug. 7	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's Ferry.
Smith, Barnard	"	Aug. 11	Deserted May 23, 1863.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Sweet, John H.	Killingly	Aug. 5	M. O. May 19, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Short, Daniel S.	"	Aug. 9	Discharged, disability, Mch. 2, '63.
Smith, Samuel	"	Aug. 9	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Smith, James M.	"	Aug. 9	Killed in act'n July 18, '64, S. F. Va.
Smith, Almanzo M.	"	Aug. 8	Wd. June 5, '64. M. O. June 27, '65.
Sparks, Henry K.	"	Aug. 5	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Trask, Albert D.	Plainfield	Aug. 11	" " 27, '65, " "
Taylor, William A.	Sterling	Aug. 11	" " 27, '65, " "
Taylor, Henry G.	"	Aug. 11	" " 27, '65, " "
Wade, Henry L.	Pomfret	Aug. 8	" " 27, '65, " "
Wilmot, Felix W.	Killingly	Aug. 8	Deserted Dec. 8, 1862.
Wood, Franklin	"	Aug. 10	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Wilson, George L.	"	July 29	Disch. May 19, '65, New Haven, Ct.
Walker, Lewis	"	Aug. 8	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's Ferry.
Young, James H.	Pomfret	Aug. 9	" " 27, '65, " "
Young, Maxcy	Killingly	Aug. 8	Discharged, disability, July 1863.
Young, Charles	"	Aug. 10	Wd. June, '63. Dis. disab., June 8, '65.

# RECRUITS.

## COMPANY A.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Allen, Alonzo N.	Canterbury	Jan. 4,'64	M.O. June 27,'65, Harper's F'y.
Allen, Charles	Norwich	Dec. 28,'64	" " 27,'65, " "
Baker, Erastus	Canterbury	Dec. 29,'63	" May 31,'65, " "
Brown, Francis	Stonington	Jan. 17,'65	" June 27,'65, " "
Congdon, Benjamin	Lebanon	Jan. 2,'64	" " 27,'65, " "
Carver, William	Norwich	Apr. 21,'64	Dishon. discharged May 8,'65.
Clark, John	"	Dec. 24,'64	M.O. June 27,'65, Harper's F'y.
*Carpenter, Daniel	On roll	Feb. 28,'65	" " 27,'65, " "
Dewing, James	Canterbury	Dec. 29,'63	" " 27,'65, " "
Jones, Thomas F.	Bridgeport	May 13,'63	Killed June 15,'63, Winchester.
Johnson, William H.	Canterbury	Dec. 29,'63	M.O. May 31,'65, Harper's F'y.
McDavitt, Arthur	Stonington	Jan. 17,'65	" June 27,'65, " "
McKackine, James	Putnam	Jan. 18,'65	" " 27,'65, " "
Phinney, John	Canterbury	Jan. 4,'64	" " 27,'65, " "
Wells, Joseph A.	Marlboro'	Dec. 31,'64	" " 27,'65, " "
Wetherel, Benjamin S.	Norwich	Jan. 3,'65	" " 27,'65, " "

## COMPANY B.

Armington, Samuel	Killingly	Dec. 31,'63	M. O. June 27,'65, Harper's F'y.
Armington, Charles	"	Dec. 31,'63	" " 27,'65, " "
Blanchard, C. F. C.	"	Feb. 5,'64	" " 27,'65, " "
Clemons, George	"	Jan. 25,'64	" " 27,'65, " "
Durfee, Leonard	"	Dec. 3,'63	Discharged disability Oct. 13,'64.

\*Substitute or drafted.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Jencks, Albert L.	Sterling	Dec. 7, '63	M. O. June 7, '65, Jarvis Hosp.
Knowlton, George H.		Nov. 23, '63	Trans. July 15, '64, to 15th Ct.
McRoy, William	Lebanon	Mar. 2, '64	Died Oct. 27, '64, Annapolis.
Ninis, William	"	Mar. 2, '64	M. O. July 15, '65, "
Smith, Charles W.	Killingly	Dec. 3, '63	" June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Smith, Elisha	"	Dec. 1, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Smith, John F.	"	Feb. 29, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Sherman, Willet H	Lebanon	Mar. 2, '64	" " 27, '65, " "

## COMPANY C.

Adams, Judson M. L.	Killingly	Feb. 5, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Brown, Benjamin B.	Lebanon	Dec. 30, '63	" May 18, '65, New Haven.
Bates, Charles E.	Thompson	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Burnham, James T.	Willimantic	Dec. 30, '63	Killed June 5, '64, Piedmont, V.
Cady, James	Woodstock	Dec. 16, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Cryne, Martin	Windham	Jan. 5, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Connell, Joseph	Norwich	Jan. 25, '64	Disch. disab. June 21, '65, N. H
Corey, Richmond	Lebanon	Mar. 16, '64	" March 25, '65.
*Crudy, Patrick	Pomfret	Sept. 2, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y
Fry, Joseph R.	Hartford	Dec. 21, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Gamble, James	Canterbury	Dec. 21, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Gott, Gilbert H.	Colchester	Jan. 23, '64	Died Aug. 30, '64, Andersonville.
Gordon, Frank H.		Dec. 30, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y
Haggerty, James	Windham	Jan. 5, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Hauerwas, Ludwig	Lebanon	Dec. 22, '63	Disch. disab. May 6, '65, N. H
Lee, Charles C.	Norwich	Dec. 24, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Lombard, Orvando	Lebanon	Jan. 15, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Loomis, Thomas A.	"	Feb. 5, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
McNamara, Patrick	Norwich	Jan. 1, '64	Died January 19, 1865.
Munroe, Thomas	Sprague	Feb. 11, '64	M. O. June 27, 1865.
Trueman, Frank M.	Norwich	Dec. 16, '63	Deserted November 27, 1864.
Warren, John E.	Woodstock	Dec. 16, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Withey, William H.	New Haven	Dec. 2, '63	" " 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Wolf, Aaron	Lebanon	Dec. 31, '63	Deserted June 2, 1865.
Washburn, Edwin	"	Feb. 5, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.

\* Substitute or drafted.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
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*COMPANY D.*

Aldrich, Frederick A.	Thompson	Aug. 18 '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Buck, George C.	"	Dec. 1, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Brayton, Charles E.	"	Dec. 1, '63	Trans. to V. R. C., May 7, 1865.
Buckley, James F.	"	Nov. 2, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Bickford, Vernon	"	Dec. 14, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Babbitt, Allen	"	Dec. 14, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Buck Joseph W.	Woodstock	Dec. 21, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Bates, Samuel H.	Thompson	Jan. 4, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Bradley, Mitchell	Plainfield	Sept. 9, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Converse, Joel T.	Thompson	Jan. 4, '64	Wd. and captured June 5, '64.
Clark Patrick	Norwich	Feb. 29, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Dodge, George W.	Eastford	Dec. 10, '63	Died Oct. 11, '64, Florence, S. C.
*Ellis, Lutus C.	Stonington	Aug. 9, '64	Deserted November 14, 1864.
Fox, David C.	Woodstock	Jan. 29, '64	Disch. disab. Aug. 18, '65, N. H.
Green, Lyman W.	New London	Sept. 10, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Grealy, John	Hampton	Feb. 25, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
*Griggs, Stephen A.	"	Aug. 18, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Handy, William H.	Franklin	Aug. 5, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Long, Edward		Apr. 16, '63	Deserted September 1, 1863.
Miller, Melancthon P.	Thompson	Apr. 13, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
O'Donnell, George		Apr. 10, '63	Deserted September 1, 1863.
Sanford, John	Groton	Feb. 25, '64	Deserted November 14, 1864.
Wakeley, Clarence	Waterbury	Jan. 17, '65	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.

*COMPANY E.*

Clark, Albert A.	Bozrah	Dec. 7, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Clark, Henry G.	Wethersfield	Oct. 4, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Fogtmau, John	Colchester	Jan. 4, '64	Disch. disab. May 27, 1865.
Lewis, Horatio H.	Columbia	April 9, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
McKenna, Tole	Woodstock	Sept. 28, '64	Deserted.
Martin James F.	Middletown	Nov. 26, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Palmer, Frank J.	Colchester	Jan. 4, '64	Disch. dis. Nov. 1, '64, N. H.
Snow, Hiram	"	Dec. 22, '63	" " March 25, 1865.
Simson, William	Saybrook	Nov. 22, '64	Deserted January 6, 1865.
Wallace, Michael	Canterbury	Sept. 27, '64	Deserted.

\* Substitute or drafted.

## COMPANY F.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Mustered.	Remarks.
Avery, Northam F. D.	East Haven	Dec. 2, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Edwards, Thomas L.	Montville	Jan. 4, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Edwards, Alfred	"	Jan. 4, '64	Disch. disability, Feb. 13, 1865.
McMahon, Thomas	Norwich	Nov. 16, '63	Killed June 5, '64, Piedmont, Va.
Miner, Sylvester P.	Bozrah	Jan. 2, '64	Captured June 11, 1864.
McGrath, John	Norwich	Jan. 6, '64	Deserted November 13, 1864.
Mahoney, Dennis D.	Colchester	Jan. 5, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Martin, James W.	Ledyard	Apr. 7, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Nugent, James	Colchester	Jan. 5, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Palmer, Orrin V.	Norwich	Jan. 14, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Rath, Ferdinand	Essex	Jan. 8, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Smith, Samuel J.		Jan. 21, '63	Deserted May 29, 1864.
Sweet, James L.	Norwich	Jan. 8, '64	Disch. disability, March 25, '65.
Tough, George E.	Hartford	Dec. 21, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
West, Albert K.	Preston	Dec. 29, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
*Williams, Robert	Pomfret	Sept. 3, '64	Deserted November 13, 1864.
*White, James W.	Preston	Sept. 6, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.

## COMPANY G.

Bowen, David A.	Woodstock	Dec. 30, '63	Deserted November 14, 1864.
Browning, James	Greenwich	Feb. 1, '65	" April 12, 1865.
Hibbard, Henry W.	Woodstock	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Hiscox, Albert	Union	Jan. 28, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Henry, Charles E.	on rolls		Trans. 2d C.V. Art. Mar. 7, '63.
Lake, Thomas A.	Woodstock	Dec. 16, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Mark, Louis	Bridgeport	Jan. 18, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Navin, Patrick	Putnam	Nov. 9, '63	Deserted June 15, 1865.
Smith, Abner P.	Woodstock	Dec. 21, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Smith, Abner	Stonington	Jan. 4, '64	Dis. Oct. 17, '64, on furlough.
Smith, Theodore	Salisbury	Jan. 25, '65	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Stuart, David	"	Jan. 28, '65	" " 27, '65, " "
Underwood, Charles H.	Windham	Dec. 8, '63	Deserted May 17, 1865.
Weeks, Francis E.	Union	Feb. 25, '64	M. O. Aug. 1, '65, Washington.

\* Substitute or drafted.

## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

## COMPANY II.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Abbe, Joseph	Wolcott	Mar. 22, '64	M. O. May 30, '65, Hartford, Ct.
Brown, James K.	Windham	Dec. 10, '63	" June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Brady, Laughlin	"	Jan. 5, '64	Died July 28, '64, on furlough.
Chappell, Cortland G.	"	Dec. 10, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Hayes, George S.		Dec. 1, '62	Died Oct. 27, '63, Martinsburg, Va.
Harris, Elijah F.		Jan. 5, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Kaiser, Matthias	So. Coventry	Feb. 23, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Miller, William H.		May 13, '63	Deserted August 27, 1863.
Spencer, Thomas D.	Windham	Dec. 14, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Wilson, Jared F.		Dec. 10, '63	" " 27, '65, " "

## COMPANY I.

Bugbee, Henry S.	Hamden	Dec. 28, '63	Deserted November 11, 1864.
Buchanan, John M.	Thompson	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Donahue, John	Sprague	Jan. 5, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Foster, Charles	Norwich	Jan. 18, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Glasgow, John		Nov. 30, '62	Deserted January 23, 1863.
Grant, Albert F.	Mansfield	Dec. 31, '63	M. O. June 19, '65, Baltio, Md.
Harbison, William C.	Killingly	Sep. 15, '62	Tr. Inv. C. M. O. Sep. 14, '65.
Holmes, Asa L.	Lebanon	Jan. 2, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
*Haskell, Albert L.	New London	June 28, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
King, Andrus H.	Woodstock	Sep. 24, '62	Discharged May 30, 1865.
Keigwin, Daniel	Norwich	Dec. 19, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Kenyon, Leander A.	Canterbury	Sep. 27, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
McShean, Owen,	Killingly	Oct. 7, '62	" " 27, '65, " "
Quigley, Patrick J.	Woodstock	Sep. 28, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Richardson, Charles H.	Killingly	Oct. 9, '62	" " 27, '65, " "
Robinson, Franklin E.	Mansfield	Dec. 31, '63	Deserted November 11, 1864.
Tucker, James	E. Windsor	Dec. 30, '63	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Town, Franklin	Thompson	Jan. 4, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Taylor, John E.	E. Windsor	Dec. 30, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Weaver, Joseph	Sprague	Dec. 1, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Waite, Prescott	Mansfield	Dec. 31, '63	Tr. 1st U.S.V. M. O. Oct. 20, '65
Yannon, Christian J.	Pomfret	Oct. 28, '62	Deserted October 28, 1863.

## COMPANY A.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
Baker, Henry E.	Killingly	Feb. 29, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y
Baker, William C.	"	Feb. 29, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Cooper, George P.	"	Dec. 17, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Cole, Thomas W.	Putnam	Feb. 25, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Geer, Nelson	Killingly	Jan. 4, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Hall, George F.	Plainfield	Feb. 4, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Hyde, William J.	"	Mar. 31, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Hopkins, Michael	"	Oct. 4, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Lathrop, David D.	Brooklyn	Apr. 16, '63	Discharged, disability, July 6, '65
Locke, George H.	Killingly	Jan. 4, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y.
Potter, Rouse	"	Feb. 29, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Robbins, Thomas J.	"	Dec. 17, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Randall, Henry F.	"	Dec. 29, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Shepardson, Albert F.	Plainfield	Feb. 4, '64	" " 27, '65, " "
Short, Linus E.	Killingly	Feb. 29, '64	Died Sept. 7, '64, Andersonville.
Stewart, Charles	Montville	Mar. 7, '64	M. O. June 27, '65, Harper's F'y
Taylor, James A.	Plainfield	Dec. 11, '63	" " 27, '65, " "
Wade, Otis S.	Killingly	Dec. 17, '63	" " 27, '65, " "



## UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Mustered.	Remarks.
Avery, George F.	Preston	Feb. 27, '64	Died March 7, '64, West Haven.
Brady, Charles	Salisbury	Mar. 19, '64	Ford. April 7, '64. Not on roll.
Baker, Arthur C.	Sterling	May 25, '64	" June 28, '64. " "
Brown, Charles	"	May 25, '64	" " 2, '64. " "
Brady, Edward	Plainfield	Oct. 18, '64	Dis. Nov. 18, '64, draft rend.
Clark, Warren A.	Milford	Dec. 9, '63	Ford. Dec. 16, '64. Not on roll.
Collins, Daniel	Sterling	May 5, '64	" June 2, '64. " "
Coleman, John T.	Granby	July 29, '64	" Sep. 17, '64. " "
Clancy, John J.	"	July 29, '64	" " 17, '64. " "
Crowley, Frank	Salem	Sep. 3, '64	" " 17, '64. " "
Clark, Oliver	Washington	Nov. 15, '64	Deserted Nov. 18, 1864.
Clarey, Michael	Saybrook	Nov. 22, '64	Ford. Jan. 29, '65. Not on roll.
Daggett, Henry A.		Oct. 9, '62	Deserted Oct. 22, 1862.
Ellis, Thomas S.	Norwich	Mar. 23, '63	" June 19, 1863.
Eaton, Thomas	Portland	Mar. 17, '64	Ford. Apr. 7, '64. Not on roll.
Finner, Thomas	Hartford	Jan. 8, '64	Deserted Jan. 17, 1864.
Greene, Lafayette	Preston	Sep. 1, '64	Dis. Nov. 18, '64, draft rend.
Harrington, Parley	Bozrah	Dec. 25, '63	Not taken up on roll Dec. 31, '64
Littlefield, George T.	Montville	Jan. 18, '64	Deserted March 28, 1864.
Leonard, Charles	Portland	Mar. 17, '64	Ford. Apr. 7, '64. Not on roll.
Loonun, John	Stonington	Feb. 3, '65	Deserted <i>en route</i> .
Marsh, George W.	N. Canaan	Dec. 16, '64	Ford. Dec. 30, '64. Not on roll.
Neuergert, John	Canton	Dec. 5, '63	Not taken up on roll Dec. 31, '64.
Noble, John	Lyme	Mar. 7, '64	Ford. Dec. 7, '64. Not on roll.
O'Neal, Timothy	Granby	July 29, '64	" Sep. 17, '64. " "
Owen, James	Colchester	Dec. 13, '64	" Dec. 30, '64. " "
Roberts, Orrin	Middletown	Apr. 3, '63	Deserted April 23, 1863.
Ryan, Patrick	Berlin	July 29, '64	Ford. Sep. 17, '64. Not on roll.
Shay, Jeremiah		Sep. 29, '62	Deserted Oct. 10, 1862.
Sweet, James L.	Norwich	Dec. 31, '63	" Jan. 14, 1864.
Stewart, William J.	Salisbury	Mar. 19, '64	Ford. April 7, '64. Not on roll.
Shepard, George W.	Preston	Sep. 3, '64	" Sep. 17, '64. " "
Townsend, Charles	Sterling	Apr. 21, '64	" June 2, '64. " "
Warren, Charles A.	Woodstock	Sep. 14, '64	Dis. Oct. 8, '64, draft rend.
Woods, Patrick	Bridgewater	Sep. 17, '64	Ford. Sep. 26, '64. Not on roll.
West, Charles W.	Middletown	Dec. 16, '64	Dis. Jan. 15, '65, draft rend.
Williams, George	Stonington	Feb. 3, '65	Deserted <i>en route</i> .
Yarrington, Henry	Preston	Apr. 7, '63	Dis. April 13, '63, Ft. Trumbull.

## CHANGES AND PROMOTIONS

18.

## COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Mustered.	Remarks.
<i>Colonel.</i>			
William G. Ely,	Norwich	July 24, '62	Dis. Sep. 18, '64. Pr. Bvt. Brig. Gen.
<i>Lieut. Colonel.</i>			
Monroe Nichols,	Thompson	Aug. 18, '62	Resigned April 26, 1864.
Henry Peale,	Norwich	Sep. 24, '64	M. O. June 27, 1865.
<i>Majors.</i>			
Monroe Nichols,	Thompson	Aug. 18, '62	Prom. Lt. Col. Aug. 18, 1862.
Ephraim Keech, Jr.,	Killingly	Aug. 18, '62	Hon. dis. May 20, 1863.
Henry Peale,	Norwich	May 20, '63	Prom. Lt. Col. Sep. 24, 1864.
Joseph Mathewson,	Pomfret	Oct. 3, '64	M. O. June 27, 1865.
<i>Adjutants.</i>			
Edward L. Porter,	New London	Aug. 4, '62	Prom. Capt. May 20, 1863.
E. Benjamin Culver,	Norwich	May 26, '63	Killed in action June 5, 1864.
Joseph P. Rockwell,	"	Jun. 5, '64	Prom. Capt. Oct. 17, 1864.
George W. Brady,	"	Oct. 17, '64	M. O. June 27, '65.
<i>Quarter-Masters.</i>			
Dwight W. Hakes,	Norwich	Aug. 4, '62	Dis. for prom. April 13, 1865.
Noadiah P. Johnson,	Thompson	Jun. 22, '65	M. O. (as 1st Lt.) June 27, '65.
<i>Chaplains.</i>			
Varnum A. Cooper,	New London	Aug. 27, '62	Resigned Mar. 4, 1863.
William C. Walker,	Putnam	Jan. 19, '64	M. O. June 27, 1865.
<i>Surgeons.</i>			
Charles M. Carleton,	Norwich	Aug. 6, '62	Hon. Dis. April 17, 1863.
Lowell Holbrook,	Thompson	Apr. 23, '63	M. O. June 27, 1865.
<i>1st Asst. Surgeon.</i>			
Josiah V. Harrington	Sterling	Aug. 11, '62	Died Dec. 1, 1864.

## EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
<i>2d Asst. Surgeons.</i>			
Henry W. Hough,	Putnam	Sep. 20, '62	Resigned March 6, 1863.
William B. North,	New Britain	Mar. 20, '63	Resigned May 9, 1864.
Charles H. Kowe,	Farmington	Sep. 2, '64	M. O. June 27, 1865.
<i>Captains.</i>			
Henry C. Davis,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	Hon. dis. April 25, 1865.
Thomas K. Bates,	Brooklyn	Aug. 8, '62	Res. for disability Nov. 17, '63.
Isaac H. Bromley,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	Hon. dis. Mar. 31, 1863.
Monroe Nichols,	Thompson	Aug. 8, '62	Prom. Major Aug. 18, 1862.
Isaac W. Hakes, Jr.,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	Resigned Dec. 26, 1862.
Henry Peale,	"	Aug. 8, '62	Prom. Major May 20, 1863.
George W. Warner,	Woodstock	Aug. 8, '62	Hon. dis. Oct. 4, 1864.
Charles D. Bowen,	Willimantic	Aug. 8, '62	M. O. June 27, 1865.
Samuel R. Knapp,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	Resigned June 6, 1863.
Ephriam Keech, Jr.,	Killingly	Aug. 8, '62	Prom. Major Aug. 18, 1862.
Joseph Mathewson,	Pomfret	Aug. 18, '62	" " Oct. 3, 1864.
Ezra J. Mathewson,	Killingly	Aug. 18, '62	M. O. June 27, 1865.
Frederick A. Palmer,	Norwich	Dec. 26, '62	Dis. May 28, 1864.
Edward L. Porter,	New London	May 20, '63	Killed in action June 15, 1863.
John E. Woodward,	Preston	Oct. 10, '63	M. O. June 27, 1865.
John H. Morrison,	Norwich	Oct. 19, '63	Dismissed Sep. 1, 1864.
William L. Spalding,	Eastford	Nov. 30, '63	Killed in action May 15, 1864.
Israel N. Kibbie,	Putnam	Aug. 12, '64	M. O. June 27, 1865.
Martin V. B. Tiffany,	Norwich	Aug. 12, '64	" " 27, "
Noadiah P. Johnson,	Thompson	Oct. 17, '64	Declined commission.
John Lilley,	Norwich	Oct. 17, '64	M. O. June 27, 1865.
Joseph P. Rockwell,	"	Oct. 17, '64	" " 27, "
Horatio Blanchard,	Killingly	Jan. 30, '63	" " 27, "
Samuel T. C. Merwin,	Norwich	Jun. 22, '65	" (as 1st Lt.) June 27, '65.
Franklin B. Bixby,	Thompson	Jun. 22, '65	" " " " 27, '65.
<i>1st Lieutenants.</i>			
Adam H. Lindsay,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	Hon. dis. Apr. 17, 1865.
Horatio Blanchard,	Killingly	Aug. 8, '62	Prom. Capt. Jan. 30, 1865.
Samuel T. C. Merwin,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	" " June 22, 1865.
Joseph Mathewson,	Pomfret	Aug. 8, '62	" " Aug. 18, 1862.
Frederick A. Palmer,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	" " Dec. 26, 1862.
John E. Woodward,	Preston	Aug. 8, '62	" " Oct. 10, 1862.
Israel N. Kibbie,	Putnam	Aug. 8, '62	" " Aug. 12, 1864.
James F. Long,	Willimantic	Aug. 8, '62	Resigned Nov. 9, 1862.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date Muster.	Remarks.
John H. Morrison,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	Prom. Capt. Oct. 19, 1863.
Ezra J. Mathewson,	Killingly	Aug. 8, '62	" " Aug. 18, 1862.
William L. Spalding,	Eastford	Aug. 18, '62	" " Nov. 30, 1863.
George Kies,	Killingly	Aug. 18, '62	M. O. June 27, 1865.
Andrew Loomis,	Tolland	Nov. 9, '62	" " 27, 1865.
John T. Maginnis,	Salem	Dec. 26, '62	Killed in action June 5, 1864.
Henry F. Cowles,	Norwich	Oct. 10, '63	Hon. dis. May 15, 1865.
Martin V. B. Tiffany,	"	Oct. 19, '63	Prom. Capt. Aug. 12, 1864.
Noadiah Johnson,	Thompson	Nov. 30, '64	" Quar-Master June 22, '65.
John Lilley,	Norwich	Jun. 5, '64	" Capt. Oct. 17, 1864.
Edward S. Hinckley,	Lebanon	Aug. 12, '64	M. O. June 27, 1865.
Albert S. Granger,	Putnam	Oct. 8, '64	" " 27, 1865.
Franklin B. Bixby,	Thompson	Oct. 17, '64	Prom. Capt. June 22, 1865.
William Caruthers,	Norwich	Jan. 7, '65	M. O. June 27, 1865.
John A. Francis,	"	Jan. 3, '65	" " 27, 1865.
Robert Kerr,	"	Jun. 22, '65	" (as 2d Lt.) June 27, '65.

*2d Lieutenants.*

James D. Higgins,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	Hon. dis. Oct. 27, 1864.
Ezra D. Carpenter,	Putnam	Aug. 8, '62	M. O. June 27, 1865.
Henry F. Cowles,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	Prom. 1st Lt. Oct. 10, 1863.
William L. Spalding,	Eastford	Aug. 8, '62	" " Aug. 18, 1862.
John T. Maginnis,	Salem	Aug. 8, '62	" " Dec. 26, 1862.
John A. Francis,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	" " Jan. 30, 1865.
Luther E. Rawson,	Woodstock	Aug. 8, '62	Resigned Dec. 22, 1862.
Andrew W. Loomis,	Tolland	Aug. 8, '62	Prom. 1st Lt. Nov. 9, 1862.
Martin V. B. Tiffany,	Norwich	Aug. 8, '62	" " Oct. 19, 1863.
George Kies,	Killingly	Aug. 8, '62	" " Aug. 18, 1862.
Noadiah P. Johnson,	Thompson	Aug. 18, '62	" " Nov. 30, 1863.
Asahel G. Scranton,	Killingly	Aug. 18, '62	M. O. June 27, 1865.
William H. Locke,	Windham	Nov. 9, '62	Hon. Dis. May 15, 1865.
Joseph P. Rockwell,	Norwich	Dec. 22, '62	Prom. Adj. June 5, 1864.
Francis McKeag,	"	Dec. 26, '62	M. O. June 27, 1865.
Andrew Washburn,	Lebanon	Oct. 10, '63	Dis. (as Sgt.) Feb. 24, 1864.
John Lilley,	Norwich	Oct. 19, '63	Prom. 1st Lt. June 5, 1864.
Franklin B. Bixby,	Thompson	Nov. 30, '63	" " Oct. 17, 1864.
Edward S. Hinckley,	Lebanon	Apr. 12, '64	" " Aug. 12, 1864.
Robert Kerr,	Norwich	Jun. 5, '64	" " June 22, 1865.
*William Caruthers,	"	Jun. 12, '63	" " Jan. 7, 1865.
Charles A. Murray,	"	Jan. 30, '65	M. O. June 27, 1865.

Recommenced for promotion.

# CHANGES AND PROMOTIONS

## IN

### NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

#### STAFF.

Sergt-Major, George E. Comins.	Promoted from corporal.
Q. M. Sergeant, Albert H. Pitcher.	Promoted from private.
Com. Sergeant, Timothy Parker.	Promoted from private.
Drum Major, Albert Pray.	
Fife Major, Judson M. Gager.	
Wagon-master, H. M. Durfey.	Promoted from private.

#### COMPANY A.

1st Sergeant, Samuel J. Lee.	Promoted from sergeant.
2d " George C. Setchel.	Promoted from corporal.
4th " John Chalmers.	Promoted from private.
5th " Benjamin F. Jaques.	Promoted from corporal.
3d Corporal, John W. Martin.	Promoted from private.
4th " John Laird.	Promoted from private.
5th " Milan W. Adams.	Promoted from private.
6th " Horace U. Sherman.	Promoted from private.
7th " John Service.	Promoted from private.

#### COMPANY B.

1st Sergeant, Thomas M. Day.	Promoted from corporal.
3d " Laurens Card.	Promoted from corporal.
4th " William A. Trask.	Promoted from private.
5th " Harrison O. Bemish.	Promoted from private.
1st Corporal, Frederick M. Freeman.	Promoted from private.
2d " John W. Randall.	Promoted from private.
3d " James H. Sawyer.	Promoted from private.
4th " William H. Ward.	Promoted from private.
5th " Sidney M. Brewster.	Promoted from private.
6th " Charles E. Olney.	Promoted from private.
7th " Calvin H. Richmond.	Promoted from private.
8th " Smith E. Randall.	Promoted from private.

## COMPANY C.

1st Sergeant,	Edwin S. Fitch.	Promoted from private.
2d       "	Frederick L. Spencer.	Promoted from private.
3d       "	Charles C. Chappell.	Promoted from private.
4th       "	William H. H. Ellis.	Promoted from private.
5th       "	Restcome Peckham.	Promoted from corporal.
1st Corporal,	George W. Cross.	Promoted from private.
2d       "	Abisha P. Durfee.	Promoted from private.
3d       "	Thomas J. Lumis.	Promoted from private.
4th       "	Charles H. Lynch.	Promoted from private.
5th       "	Joseph B. Green.	Promoted from private.
6th       "	Adam Kraus.	Promoted from private.
7th       "	Charles M. Avery.	Promoted from private.
8th       "	Lemuel A. Manning.	Promoted from private.

## COMPANY D.

1st Sergeant,	Joseph E. Marcy.	Promoted from sergeant.
3d       "	George W. Phetteplace.	Promoted from corporal.
4th       "	William J. Arnold.	Promoted from corporal.
5th       "	Henry C. Torrey.	Promoted from private.
1st Corporal,	Edwin Sharpe.	Promoted from private.
2d       "	John N. Perrin.	Promoted from private.
3d       "	John W. Clapp.	Promoted from private.
4th       "	Joseph W. Heath.	Promoted from private.
5th       "	Thomas W. Grow.	Promoted from private.
6th       "	George T. Seaver.	Promoted from private.
7th       "	William Lynch.	Promoted from private.
8th       "	Abial A. Miller.	Promoted from private.

## COMPANY E.

1st Sergeant,	Anthony Staubly.	Promoted from sergeant.
4th       "	James McKee.	Promoted from corporal.
5th       "	Hylon N. Perry.	Promoted from corporal.
4th Corporal,	Nelson R. Allen.	Promoted from private.
5th       "	John Weller.	Promoted from private.
6th       "	Albert M. Lathrop.	Promoted from private.
7th       "	George Crawford.	Promoted from private.
8th       "	William P. Clark.	Promoted from private.

*COMPANY F.*

1st Sergeant,	Richard Trinnier.	Promoted from private.
3d "	William H. Webb.	Promoted from corporal.
4th "	Henry Appleton.	Promoted from private.
1st Corporal,	Daniel B. Church.	Promoted from private.
3d "	Charles F. Thurber.	Promoted from private.
4th "	Samuel D. Billings.	Promoted from private.
5th "	Levi P. Nickolson.	Promoted from private.
6th "	Edwin Kenyon.	Promoted from private.
7th "	William L. Davis.	Promoted from private.
8th "	Frank E. Murphy.	Promoted from private.

*COMPANY G.*

1st Sergeant,	Edward T. Warner.	Promoted from sergeant.
2d "	Joseph E. Rawson.	Promoted from corporal.
3d "	Lucian H. Medbury.	Promoted from corporal.
4th "	Prescott J. Randall.	Promoted from private.
1st Corporal,	Benjamin P. Weeks.	Promoted from private.
2d "	Willis G. Howard.	Promoted from private.
4th "	Lowell Wilcox.	Promoted from private.
5th "	Tracy Rogers.	Promoted from private.
6th "	Lawrence F. Gleason.	Promoted from private.
7th "	Charles Burrows.	Promoted from private.

*COMPANY H.*

1st Sergeant,	George E. Jordon.	Promoted from sergeant.
4th "	Sanford A. Comins.	Promoted from corporal.
5th "	William H. Boyden.	Promoted from corporal.
3d Corporal,	Moses Buchanan.	Promoted from private.
4th "	Joseph Watts.	Promoted from private.
5th "	Eben R. Eaton.	Promoted from private.
6th "	Elsworth W. Bingham.	Promoted from private.
7th "	Job Metcalf.	Promoted from private.
8th "	Frank S. Harrington.	Promoted from private.

*COMPANY I.*

1st Sergeant,	Bently Shaw.	Promoted from sergeant.
2d "	William Finken.	Promoted from corporal.
3d "	George Cogswell.	Promoted from private.
4th "	James G. Spencer.	Promoted from private.
5th "	Charles Derby.	Promoted from corporal.

3d Corporal,	Levi C. Bliss.	Promoted from private.
4th	" Hugh McEwen.	Promoted from private.
5th	" Andrew Dean.	Promoted from private.
6th	" William Hall.	Promoted from private.
7th	" Charles Foster.	Promoted from private.

COMPANY K.

3d Sergeant,	Joseph D. Hall.	Promoted from corporal.
4th	" Alonzo B. Potter.	Promoted from corporal.
5th	" James L. Adams.	Promoted from corporal.
1st Corporal,	Charles K. Griffiths.	Promoted from private.
2d	" Roland R. James.	Promoted from private.
3d	" Almond Bartlett.	Promoted from private.
4th	" William A. Taylor.	Promoted from private.
5th	" Frank A. Chase.	Promoted from private.



## RECAPITULATION.

THE muster rolls of the regiment bear the names of 1,170 officers and enlisted men.

The regiment participated in the following battles and skirmishes :

Winchester, Va., June 13 and 14, 1863.  
 Summit's Point and Carter's Farm, Va., June 15, 1863.  
 New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.  
 Piedmont, Va., June 5, 1864.  
 Lynchburg, Va., June 18, 1864.  
 Snicker's Ford, Va., July 18, 1864.  
 Kearntown and Winchester, Va., July 24, 1864.  
 Cedar Creek, Va., Aug. 12, 1864.  
 Berryville, Va., Sept. 3, 1864.  
 Harrisonburg, Va., June 3, 1864.  
 Lexington, Va., June 11, 1864.  
 Buchanan, Va., June 14, 1864.  
 Liberty, Va., June 16, 1864.  
 Quaker Church, Va., June 17, 1864.  
 Salem, Va., June 21, 1864.  
 Hedgesville, Va., July 10, 1864.  
 Kearntown, Va., July 23, 1864.  
 Martinsburg, Va., July 25, 1865.  
 Stoney Point and Middletown, Va., Aug. 11 and 12, 1864.  
 Hupp's Hill, Va., Aug. 13, 1864.  
 Opequon, Va., Aug. 21, 1864.  
 Halltown and Charlestown, Va., Aug. 22 to 26, 1864.

### CASUALTIES.

Killed,	55
Wounded,	246
Died of wounds while prisoners,	13
Died of disease while prisoners,	27
Died of wounds and disease,	50
Discharged prior to mustering out of regiment,	323
Missing at mustering out of regiment,	12

## ERRATA.

PAGE 143. Should read *Color Sergt. Geo. Torrey, Co. B.*

Page 148. Should read *Upperville*, instead of *Pepperville*.

Page 151. Sergt. Caruthers should read *2d Lt., who had been recommended for promotion June 12, and acting as such with Co. H, when wounded June 14, 1863*  
Lt. McGinnis should read *Maginnis*.

Page 176. Should read *Sutler*, instead of *Sulter*.

Page 296. Should read *Burkittsville*, not *Banksville*.

Pages 297 and 298. Should read *Wolfsburg*, instead of *Wolfsville*.

## APPENDIX.

## I.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE DEFENCE AND CAPTURE AT WINCHESTER IS PARTLY TAKEN FROM GEN. O. O. HOWARD'S "REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR."

IN the soberer judgment and temper of twenty years after the war, not only has the storm of sectional passions and prejudice nearly spent its bitter fury, but, also, in a large degree in our military record has truth been sifted of error, misconception or misrepresentation given place to accurate appreciation, and many an act that was strange at the time, with the seal of popular condemnation, is now justified—even lauded—as eminently wise and patriotic.

A notable example of the fallibility, often injustice of hasty judgment, is afforded in the case of General Milroy, who commanded the division of the Union army operating in the Shenandoah Valley prior to Gen. Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, and who has been severely criticised for allowing himself to be surprised by the Rebel general, Ewell, in command of a portion of the invading forces. Recent dispassionate examination of the situation in Virginia at that critical period in the rebellion proves conclusively that Gen. Milroy could not reasonably have foreseen the Rebel advance into the Valley; that he was acting by orders from the commander of the Army of the Potomac, who was to notify him of any formidable movement in his quarter on the part of the Confederates; that his force was numerically inadequate to cope with such a movement, and that the blame of his discomfiture, if blame there was, must rest on other shoulders than his. It is always easy to discern and interpret the shadow of a coming event after that event has become a part of history. The fact is in this case, that Lee's first movements in his north-west march in 1863 was totally mis-

apprehended by the Union commanders. There were several courses that he might follow in his anticipated offensive movement. He might simply turn the right of the Union army, or he might cross the Shenandoah with his army, drawing the Union forces to a selected battle ground, defeat them, and advance toward Maryland and Virginia; or, he might do what he really did do, send a corps under cover of his light infantry to make feints here and there on the Union front, and by thus deceiving the enemy with a show of force, enable the rest of his army to slip across the Shenandoah River, rapidly advance against Gen. Milroy's little command, surprise and destroy it, and thence push north-west before the Army of the Potomac had fairly apprehended his purpose.

The Rebel commander's wily policy was entirely successful. On the tenth of June the old Stonewall Jackson corps, now under command of Gen. Ewell, was on its march for the Valley. The situation of the Union forces at this time may be briefly noted: Gen. Milroy, who was of the department which had its headquarters at Baltimore, under Gen. Schenck, was stationed with about 7,000 men at Winchester; and west of him, at Harper's Ferry, was Gen. Tyler, of the same department, with between 9,000 and 10,000 men; Hooker was to cover Washington and Harper's Ferry, and yet the troops at and beyond the last named station were not under his command. Gen. Schenck was in the mountains, guarding the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and whose supplementary duty it was to prevent an invasion of Maryland. It would be difficult to imagine any disposition of the Northern army that would have been more scattered, or that would have been more satisfactory to the Rebel commander. All circumstances seemed conjoined to deceive Gen. Milroy, and facilitate his destruction. For months the Rebel Jenkin's cavalry brigade had been giving his little army plenty of lively work up and down the Valley, cutting telegraph wires, destroying railroad crossings, and capturing adventurers, officers and stragglers. This force, which was still operating in front, was at once attached to Gen. Ewell's column as scouts, skirmishers and flankers, and afforded an excellent cover for the Confederate advance. What more natural than that Gen. Milroy should credit a hostile demonstration before any part of his lines to the restless operations of this turbulent cavalry, particularly as Gen. Milroy received no intimation from headquarters to expect an organized Rebel advance? The Confederate general, Imboden, was already in the mountains to strike a blow at Schenck, and to cut the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad west of Winchester, and thus prevent that general from moving any of his troops to the assistance of either Milroy or Tyler. Thus is clearly apparent the trap that was swiftly closing around Gen. Milroy and his command. To render his situation still more desperate, the country roundabout was intensely Rebel in its sympathy, and men and women vied with each other in carrying accurate information concerning the Federal forces to the Confederate general. The result was, that Ewell's army was enabled to approach even to

the outposts without exciting Gen. Milroy's suspicions; and it was not until after the initial collision between the opposing forces that the Union commander was apprized that he had to do with other than marauding bands of Jenkin's cavalry. The surprise was complete, and it is a matter for no small wonder that Gen. Milroy, with his small command, was able to hold the Rebel column in check during three days of desperate fighting—a delay in the Rebel advance that materially interfered with the complete success of their plans. This fact is undeniably a splendid attestation of the military capabilities of Gen. Milroy, as well as those of his brave and able lieutenants, Gen. Elliot and Col. Ely in command of brigades, who contested every inch of ground as they fell back before an overwhelming enemy. Later and impartial history has not only cleared away whatever of doubt had been thrown around Gen. Milroy's fame as a soldier and a patriot, but has stamped his military record in the Shenandoah Valley and at Winchester as that of a wise, loyal and able commander.

The story of Winchester and its results has already been related, and it is not necessary to repeat it. Though the immediate wager of battle was overwhelmingly with the Rebel commander, the indirect results, as has been urged elsewhere, were of incalculable benefit to the Union cause.

## II.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FIGHT.

SURG. Goldsborough, of the 5th Maryland Regt., in his account of the battle of Winchester, Va., under Milroy, June 13, 14, and 15, 1863, says: "that after severe fighting against great odds for two days, a retreat was ordered and begun the 15th, about one A. M., Elliot's leading, followed by Ely's brigade, then McReynolds', who had come up the night before from Berryville. The head of the column, Elliot's brigade, having reached Carter's house—about four miles out on the Martinsburg pike was met by part of Johnson's division, who immediately opened fire from his batteries and infantry. Here Elliot's brigade passed and continued on. Ely at once formed his brigade in line and charged the guns, which Walker's brigade and Johnson's division were supporting, and who drove us back, but only to form for a second charge, which was a bloody one—the men fighting with desperation, although our line was fast melting away.

"It was now getting towards daylight, and the 5th Maryland, 18th Conn., and a part of the 87th Penn., finding themselves cut off, surrendered; also, an Ohio regiment just across from us in the woods. These regiments had been the nucleus of the battle while the rest were leaving.

"My recollection of the last I saw of Gen. Milroy was after the last terrible charge. He galloped from the field with some others off to the left, with the most pained expression on his face I ever saw. After the surrender, we were

marched back to Winchester, where I found my Rebel brother the major of the 2d Maryland, who had been appointed provost marshal of the town for gallantry displayed in the fight. After obtaining a pass and parole, I set about collecting our wounded from the field, and moving them to the Taylor Hotel in town, used by us for a hospital. Among them was a lieutenant of the 18th Conn., whom I had seen fall on the afternoon before, shot through the body, and picking him up I left him at the house of Mr. Lewis, where I extracted the bullet. As I was sent off to Libby Prison in a few days I never saw him afterwards, and often wondered if he ever recovered."

### III.

#### ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

It is due Gen. Milroy to say that if he, with his little army, numbering less than 7,000 men, had not held in check the advance of Lee's army at Winchester for three days, by which the Army of the Potomac gained time, the battle fought at Gettysburg would probably have taken place nearer Philadelphia—and, perhaps with different results.

### IV.

#### LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN MCCALL, OF THE 122d OREGON.

On the evening of June 12, 1863, I stood, with a company of singers in the streets of Winchester, Virginia, singing a patriotic song to General Milroy, commander of our division, who was standing at the window of what was known as the Logan mansion, listening to our song. A scout galloped up and announced to the general that the enemy was approaching in great force. General Milroy sent for his cavalry, and went in person to reconnoiter, and struck the advance guard of Lee's army a few miles south of Winchester. Considerable skirmishing ensued, and Milroy withdrew for the night to his defenses. He might have retreated then, but he chose to stop and fight, and impede Lee's march all he could. He succeeded in holding his position during the thirteenth and fourteenth of June, and on the morning of the fifteenth, at two o'clock A. M., he made an effort to cut his way out to Harper's Ferry. Four miles from Winchester the road was blocked by a large force of the enemy. A terrible battle ensued, which resulted in great loss of our forces in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The chaplains and surgeons and captured officers, among them Col. Wm. G. Ely and Lieut.-Col. Nichols, of the 18th Conn., were marched to Libby Prison, and confined there for months. It was the most exciting time of the war. Tidings of constant victories for our arms filled our hearts with exultation for many

days. We heard first of Gettysburg, then of Vicksburg and Port Hudson; and patriotic songs, sung by 500 voices, announced to Richmond that the Yankee prisoners had heard the glorious news. Milroy has often been blamed for remaining at Winchester so long. But, although his action resulted in disaster to his gallant little army, the outcome was a great blessing to the Army of the Potomac, for the Winchester fight occasioned three days of delay to General Lee in getting his advance into Pennsylvania.

His plans were disconcerted; he had to call another council of war, and make new plans for his campaign. Meantime the Army of the Potomac reached Pennsylvania and secured the strong position at Gettysburg, the strength of which was needed in the mighty conflict which was impending. If it had not been for Milroy's defense at Winchester, Lee would have been in Pennsylvania June 13, instead of 16, and the Army of the Potomac would have been compelled to fight the enemy in an inferior position, and without rest, after a forced march. And I verily believe the Union army would have been defeated under such circumstances. Milroy stubbornly refused to retire without a fight, although strongly advised to do so by many of his best officers. The authorities at Washington supposed he would retire in presence of such overwhelming odds; and he was tried before a military court in Washington after the campaign was over for his action at Winchester; but when the facts above mentioned were brought out, the prosecution was summarily stopped, and a gallant officer restored to the army.

As to our life in Libby Prison, we tried to make it as cheerful as possible. We could not be depressed, even with empty larder and scanty wardrobe, in a prison reeking with filth and vermin, when the news of so many glorious victories announced to us that whatever should become of the inmates of Libby Prison, government for the people and by the people was not to perish from the earth. Col. Ely was my intimate friend, as were Lieut.-Col. Nichols and Dr. Holbrook. They were members of our literary circle, and perhaps Col. Ely will remember that his efforts to get me to pronounce the French *u* were not very successful. With such men it was easy to become absorbed in hard study and inspiring conversation until it may be said that in Libby Prison we had a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." The songs we sang, and the stories we told, will live in our memories forever.

Yours, faithfully,

*C. C. McCabe.*

## V.

## A LOTTERY, AND LIFE AS A PRISONER.

WHILE at Libby Prison, I had a part in the lottery in which Captains Sawyer and Flynn drew tickets for "immediate execution." They were plunged into the dungeon, but never executed, for reasons well known. We were in Libby Prison, on the hard floor, barely subsisting on short rations, till May 7, 1864, when we were sent to Macon, Ga., arriving there July 30. While at Macon, firing was heard, and on the evening of August 1 Gen. Stoneman and his officers were brought in prisoners. I am bareheaded and barefooted, and sick beneath a burning sun. Aug. 11, 1864, a squad of 300 officers were started for Charleston, S. C. Here I parted from Lieuts. Lindsay and Higgins, leaving them at Macon. On arriving at Charleston we were confined in the county jail, under fire of Federal guns—the batteries on Morris Island pouring a torrent of shells into the city. The rations were better here than in Richmond or Macon, but the prisoners being extremely filthy, yellow fever broke out, which was given as a reason for moving. On Oct. 5, 1864, we were jammed into box cars and started for Columbia, S. C., a distance of 137 miles from Charleston, arriving there Oct. 6. That night we camped out in a drenching rain, without shelter, and many without blankets. The cold tells on men unused to such exposure. I tried to keep awake all night, but exhausted nature could not be prevailed on, so I wrapped myself in my wet blanket to lie down on the wet ground and sleep in the rain till morning. Oct. 7 we were marched out to camp—two miles from the city. Here I met Lieut. Lindsay, and others. It seems more social than to mess alone, as I did at Charleston. While here I saw a Federal prisoner shot down several yards from the dead line, and knew that his murderer was rewarded by a furlough. Such was Southern chivalry at this time. The last of October, 1864, I, with others, escaped from Columbia, intending to reach Federal lines, but was apprehended in Edgefield District, S. C., by one Chamberlain, and after a fight with dogs which had been set on our trail, a musket was pointed at my head after several blows had been struck, inflicting severe bruises, and with loud threats about blowing Yankee brains out the scene closed. We were then remanded to prison in Columbia, arriving there Nov. 10, 1864. In February, 1865, we were sent to Charleston for exchange. At this time I was sick, and feared I should be left behind, but arrived in Annapolis soon afterwards, having passed through Federal lines March 1, 1865.

*Capt. H. C. Davis.*



## VI.

SPEECH OF "DADDY MELLO" AT MALLINSBURG.

## SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH:

I am glad to see you once more : I am happy to see you looking so hearty and well : happy to welcome you back again beneath the folds of your own stars and stripes, which you so nobly defended at the three days' fight at Winchester. Since I last saw you, you have suffered captivity in Rebel prisons. We have been separated since then ; but I have come to see you, and to praise you for your gallantry. I saw you in the second days' fight as you charged the enemy from your rifle pits and drove them back upon their reserves, holding them in check until night ; when you fell back, but with your face to the foe. Again I saw you the next morning, facing as hot a fire as I ever witnessed. I looked in vain to see you waver. Boys, it was a hot place,—a hot place. I saw you go where none but brave men dare to go ; saw you make three successful charges, preserving your line as well as if on dress-parade. I witnessed it all. I saw you as you broke the first line of Rebel infantry, and charged up to their batteries ; driving away their gunners, still pressing on, and breaking their reserves. But a third line was too strong for you. I knew it was. Only then did you fall back, when your lines were broken, and many brave Connecticut men lay bleeding on the field. But you only fell back to reform, and give them another taste of your steel. I knew it was madness to order you forward again ; it was ordering you to death and annihilation ; for I well knew you would attempt anything for your general. Boys, I watched you with pride as you charged the third time ; but when I saw your ranks withering, and your comrades falling, it made my heart grow sad within me, and I ordered you to fall back. You know the rest. You were surrounded, and there was no escape. But I miss your noble commander, Col. Ely ; may he soon return to you ! Boys, to your valor I owe my safety. You come from a State whose soldiers never disgrace themselves nor their flag. I am proud of you, and ever shall be of such soldiers.

And now accept my wishes for your safe return to your New England homes, when our flag shall wave in triumph over our whole country. Good-by.







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